

School Edition



THE WORKS
OF
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON
POET LAUREATE

IN FOUR PARTS

PART IV

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QUEEN MARY.

A DRAMA



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

QUEEN MARY

PHILIP, *King of Naples and Sicily, afterwards King of Spain*

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH

REGINALD POLE, *Cardinal and Papal Legate*

SIMON RENARD, *Spanish Ambassador*

LE SIEUR DE NOAILLES, *French Ambassador*

THOMAS CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury*

SIR NICHOLAS HEATH, *Archbishop of York, Lord Chancellor after Gardiner*

EDWARD COURTENAY, *Earl of Devon*

LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, *afterwards Lord Howard, and Lord High Admiral*

LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME LORD PAGET LORD PETRE

STEPHEN GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor*

EDMUND BONNER, *Bishop of London* THOMAS THIRLBY, *Bishop of Ely*

SIR THOMAS WYATT

SIR THOMAS STAFFORD } *Insurrectionary Leaders*

SIR RALPH BAGENHALL SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL

SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD SIR WILLIAM CECIL

SIR THOMAS WHITE *Lord Mayor of London*

THE DUKE OF ALVA

THE COUNT DE FERIA } *attending on Philip*

PETER MARTYR FATHER COLE FATHER BOURNE

VILLA GARCIA SOTO

CAPTAIN BRETT

ANTHONY KNYVETT } *Adherents of Wyatt*

PETERS, *Gentleman of Lord Howard*

ROGER, *Servant to Noailles* WILLIAM, *Servant to Wyatt*

STEWART OF HOUSEHOLD *to the Princess Elizabeth*

OLD NOKES and NOKES

MARCHIONESS OF EVETER, *Mother of Countess*

LADY CLARENCE

LADY MAGDALEN DACRES } *Ladies in Waiting to the Queen*

ALICE

MAID OF HONOUR *to the Princess Elizabeth*

JOAN

TIB } *two Country Wives*

Lords and other Attendants, Members of the Privy Council, Members of Parliament, Two Gentle men, Aldermen, Citizens, Peasants, Ushers, Messengers, Guards, Pages, Gospellers, Marshal men, &c

ACT I

SCENE I —ALDGATE RICHLY DECORATED

CROWD MARSHALMEN

Marshalman Stand back, keep a clear lane! When will her Majesty pass, sayst thou? why now, even now, wherefore draw back your heads and your

horns before I break them, and make what noise you will with your tongues, so it be not treason. Long live Queen Mary, the lawful and legitimate daughter of Harry the Eighth! Shout, knaves! Citizens Long live Queen Mary! First Citizen That's a hard word, legitimate, what does it mean? Second Citizen It means a bastard. Third Citizen Nay, it means true-born

First Citizen Why, didn't the Parliament make her a bastard?

Second Citizen No, it was the Lady Elizabeth

Third Citizen That was after, man, that was after

First Citizen Then which is the bastard?

Second Citizen Troth, they be both bastards by Act of Parliament and Council

Third Citizen Ay, the Parliament can make every true born man of us a bastard. Old Nokes, can't it make thee a bastard? thou shouldst know, for thou art as white as three Christmasses

Old Nokes (dramily) Who's a passing? King Edward or King Richard?

Third Citizen No, old Nokes

Old Nokes It's Henry!

Third Citizen It's Queen Mary

Old Nokes The blessed Mary's a passing!

[Falls on his knees]

Nokes Let father alone, my masters! he's past your questioning

Third Citizen Answer thou for him, then! thou'rt no such cockle! thyself, for thou was born in the tail end of old Henry the Seventh

Nokes Eh! that was afore bastard-making began. I was born true man at five in the forenoon in the tail of old Henry, and so they can't make me a bastard

Third Citizen But if Parliament can make the Queen a bastard, why, it follows all the more that they can make thee one, who art fry'd in the knees, and out at elbow, and bald o' the back, and bursten at the toes, and down at heels

Nokes I was born of a true man and a ring'd wife, and I can't argue upon it, but I and my old woman 'ud brin upon it, that would we

Manxman What are you cackling of bastardy under the Queen's own nose? I'll have you flogg'd and burnt too, by the Rood I will

First Citizen He swears by the Rood. Whew!

Second Citizen Hark! the trumpets

[The Procession passes, Mary and Elizabeth riding side by side, and disappears under the gate]

Citizens Long live Queen Mary! down with all traitors! God save her Grace, and death to Northumberland!

[Exeunt]

MANENT TWO GENTLEMEN

First Gentleman By God's light a noble creature, right royal!

Second Gentleman She looks comelier than ordinary to day, but to my mind the Lady Elizabeth is the more noble and royal

First Gentleman I mean the Lady Elizabeth. Did you hear (I have a daughter in her service who reported it) that she met the Queen at Wansterd with five hundred horse, and the Queen (tho' some say they be much divided) took her hand, call'd her sweet sister, and kiss'd not her alone, but all the ladies of her following

Second Gentleman Ay, that was in her hour of joy, there will be plenty to sunder and unsister them again this Girdener's one, who is to be made Lord Chancellor, and will pounce like a wild beast out of his cage to worry Cranmer

First Gentleman And furthermore, my daughter said that when there rose a talk of the late rebellion, she spoke even of Northumberland pitifully, and of the good Lady Jane as a poor innocent child who had but obeyed her father, and furthermore, she said that no one in her time should be burnt for heresy

Second Gentleman Well, sir, I look for happy times

First Gentleman There is but one thing against them. I know not if you know

Second Gentleman I suppose you touch upon the rumour that Charles, the master of the world, has offend'd her his son Philip, the Pope and the Devil. I trust it is but a rumour

First Gentleman She is going now

to the Tower to loose the prisoners there, and among them Courtenay, to be made Earl of Devon, of royal blood, of splendid feature, whom the council and all her people wish her to marry. May it be so, for we are many of us Catholics, but few Papists, and the Hot Gospellers will go mad upon it.

Second Gentleman Was she not betroth'd in her babyhood to the Great Emperor himself?

First Gentleman Ay, but he's too old.

Second Gentleman And again to her cousin Reginald Pole, now Cardinal, but I hear that he too is full of aches and broken before his day.

First Gentleman O, the Pope could dispense with his Cardinalate, and his aching, and his breakage, if that were all will you not follow the procession?

Second Gentleman No, I have seen enough for this day.

First Gentleman Well, I shall follow, if I can get near enough I shall judge with my own eyes whether her Grace incline to this splendid scion of Plantagenet.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

A ROOM IN LAMBETH PALACE

Cranmer To Strasburg, Antwerp, Frankfort, Zurich, Worms, Geneva, Basle—our Bishops from their sees

Or fled, they say, or flying—Poinet, Bailow,

Bale, Scory, Coverdale, besides the Deans

Of Christchurch, Durham, Exeter, and Wells—

Ailmer and Bullingham, and hundreds more,

So they report I shall be left alone

No Hooper, Ridley, Latimer will not fly

Enter PETER MARTYR

Peter Martyr Fly, Cranmer! were there nothing else, you name

IV.

Stands first of those who sign'd the Letters Patent

That gave her royal crown to Lady Jane
Cranmer Stand first it may, but it was written last

Those that are now her Privy Council, sign'd

Before me nay, the Judges had pronounced

That our young Edward might bequeath the crown

Of England, putting by his father's will Yet I stood out, till Edward sent for me The wren boy king, with his fast-fading eyes Fixt hard on mine, his frail transparent hand,

Damp with the sweat of death, and gripping mine,

Whisper'd me, if I loved him, not to yield His Church of England to the Papal wolf And Mary, then I could no more—I sign'd

Nay, for bare shame of inconsistency, She cannot pass her traitor council by, To make me headless

Peter Martyr That might be forgiven I tell you, fly, my Lord You do not own The bodily presence in the Eucharist, Then wafer and perpetual sacrifice Your creed will be your death

Cranmer Step after step, Thro' many voices crying right and left, Have I climb'd back into the primal church,

And stand within the porch, and Christ with me.

My flight were such a scandal to the faith, The downfall of so many simple souls, I dare not leave my post

Peter Martyr But you divorced Queen Catharine and her father, hence, her hate

Will burn till you are burn'd

Cranmer I cannot help it The Canonists and Schoolmen were with me

'Thou shalt not wed thy brother's wife' —'Tis written,

'They shall be childless' True, Mary was born,

But Fiance would not accept hei for a
bude
As being born from incest, and this
wrought
Upon the king, and chuld by child, you
know,
Were momentuy sparkles out as quicl
Almost as-kindled, and he brought his
doubts

And fears to me. Peter, I'll swear for him
He *did* believe the bond incestuous
But wherefore am I trenching on the
time
That should already have seen your steps
a mile
From me and Lambeth? God be with
you! Go

Peter Martyr Ah, but how fierce a
letter you wrote agunst
Their superstition when they slander'd
you
For setting up a mass at Cunterbury
To please the Queen

Cranmer It was a wheedling monk
Set up the mass

Peter Martyr I know it, my good
Lord

But you so bubbled over with hot teams
Of Satan, liars, blasphemy, Antichrist,
She never will forgive you Fly, my
Lord, fly!

Cranmer 'Tis wrote it, and God grant
me power in!

Peter Martyr They have given me a
safe conduct for all that
I dare not stay I fear, I fear, I see you,
Dear friend, for the last time, farewell,
and fly

Cranmer Fly and farewell, and let
me die the death

[*Exit* Peter Martyr]

Enter OLD SERVANT

O, kind and gentle master, the Queen's
Officers

Are here in force to take you to the Tower

Cranmer Ay, gentle friend, admit
them I will go

I thank my God it is too late to fly

[*Exit*]

SCENE III — ST PAUL'S CROSS

FATHER BOURNE *in the pulpit* A crowd
MARCHIONESS OF EXETER, COURGE
NAY The SIEUR DE NOAILLES and
his man ROGEL *in front of the stage*
Hubbub

Noailles Hast thou let fall those
papeis in the palace?

Roger Ay, sir

Noailles 'There will be no perce for
Mary till Elizabeth lose hei head'

Roger Ay, sir

Noailles And the other, 'Long live
Elizabeth the Queen!'

Roger Ay, sir, she needs must tread
upon them

Noailles Well

These beastly swine in like such a grunting
here,

I cannot catch what Father Bourne is
saying

Roger Quiet a moment, my masters,
hear what the shaveling has to say for
himself

Crowd Hush—hear!

Bourne —and so this unhappy land,
long divided in itself, and sever'd from
the faith, will return into the one true fold,
seeing that our gracious Virgin Queen
hath—

Crowd No pope! no pope!

Roger (*to those about him, mimicing*
Bourne) —hath sent for the holy legate
of the holy father the Pope, Cardinal
Pole, to give us all that holy absolution
which—

First Citizen Old Bourne to the life!

Second Citizen Holy absolution! holy
Inquisition!

Third Citizen Down with the Papist!
[*Hubbub*]

Bourne —and now that your good
bishop, Donnei, who hath lam so long
under bonds for the faith— [Hubbub]

Noailles Friend Roger, stiel thou in
among the crowd,

And get the swine to shout Elizabeth

Yon gray old Gospeller, sou as midwinter,
Begin with him

Roger (goes) By the mass, old friend,
we'll have no pope here while the Lady
Elizabeth lives

Gospeller Art thou of the true faith,
fellow, that swearest by the mass?

Roger Ay, that am I, new converted,
but the old leaven sticks to my tongue
yet

First Citizen He says right, by the
mass we'll have no mass here

Voices of the crowd Perce! heu him,
let his own words damn the Papist From
thine own mouth I judge thee—tear him
down!

Bonnie —and since our Gracious
Queen, let me call her our second Virgin
Mary, hith begun to re-edify the true
temple—

First Citizen Virgin Mary! we'll have
no virgins here—we'll have the Lady
Elizabeth!

[*Swords are drawn, a knife is hurled
and sticks in the pulpit. The mob
throng to the pulpit stairs*

Marchioness of Exeter Son Courtenay,
wilt thou see the holy father
Murdered before thy face? up, son, and
save him!

They love thee, and thou canst not come
to him

Courtenay (in the pulpit) Shame,
shame, my masters! are you Eng-
lish born,
And set yourselves by hundreds against
one?

Crowd A Courtenay! a Courtenay!

[*A train of Spanish servants crosses
at the back of the stage*

Noailles These birds of passage come
before their time
Stave off the crowd upon the Spaniard
there

Roger My masters, yonder's fatter
game for you
Than this old griping gurgyle look you
there—

The Prince of Spain coming to wed our
Queen!

After him, boys! and pelt him from the
city

[*They seize stones and follow the
Spaniards. Exeunt on the other
side Marchioness of Exeter and
Attendants*

Noailles (to Roger) Stand from me
If Elizabeth lose her head—

That makes for France
And if her people, anger'd thereupon,
Arise against her and dethrone the Queen—
That makes for France

And if I breed confusion anyway—
That makes for France

Good-day, my Lord of Devon,
A bold heart yours to beard that raging
mob!

Courtenay My mother said, Go up,
and up I went

I knew they would not do me any wrong,
For I am mighty popular with them,
Noailles

Noailles You look'd a king

Courtenay Why not? I am
king's blood

Noailles And in the whirl of change
may come to be one

Courtenay Ah!

Noailles But does your gracious
Queen entreat you kinglike?

Courtenay 'Fore God, I think she
entreats me like a lord

Noailles You shall live in this
maiden court,

I fear, my Lord?

Courtenay A life of nods and yawns

Noailles So you would honour my
poor house to night,

We might enliven you Divers honest
fellows,

The Duke of Suffolk lately freed from
prison,

Sir Peter Carew and Sir Thomas Wyatt,
Sir Thomas Stafford, and some more—
we play

Courtenay At what?

Noailles The Game of Chess

Courtenay The Game of Chess!

I can play well, and I shall beat you
there

Noailles Ay, but we play with Henry,
King of France,
And certain of his court
His Highness makes his moves across the
Channel,
We answer him with ours, and there are
messengers
That go between us
Courtenay Why, such a game, sir,
were whole years a playing
Noailles Nay, not so long I trust
That all depends
Upon the skill and swiftness of the players
Courtenay The King is skilful at it?
Noailles Very, my Lord
Courtenay And the stakes high?
Noailles But not beyond your means
Courtenay Well, I'm the first of
players I shall win
Noailles With our advice and in our
company,
And so you well attend to the king's moves,
I think you may
Courtenay When do you meet?
Noailles To night
Courtenay (aside) I will be there, the
fellow's at his tricks—
Deep—I shall fathom him (*Aloud*)
Good morning, *Noailles*
[*Exit Courtenay*]
Noailles Good day, my Lord Strange
game of chess! a King
That with her own pawns plays against a
Queen,
Whose play is all to find herself a King
Ay, but this fine blue blooded *Courtenay*
seems
Too princely for a pawn Call him a
Knight,
That, with an ass's, not a horse's head,
Skips every way, from levity or from fear
Well, we shall use him somehow, so that
Gardiner
And Simon Renaid spy not out our game
Too early Roger, thinkest thou that
anyone
Suspected thee to be my man?
Roger No! one, sir
Noailles No! the disguise was perfect
Let's away [Exit]

SCENE IV

LONDON A ROOM IN THE PALACE

ELIZABETH Enter COURTENAY

Courtenay So yet am I,
Unless my friends and minions lie to me,
A goodlier looking fellow than this Philip
Pah!
The Queen is ill advised shall I turn
traitor?
They've almost talked me into it yet the
word
Affrights me somewhat to be such a one
As Harry Bolingbroke hath a lure in it
Good now, my Lady Queen, tho' by your
age,
And by your looks you are not worth the
having,
Yet by your crown you are

[Seeing Elizabeth]

The Princess there?

If I tied her and let—she's amorous
Have we not heard of her in Edward's
time,
Her freaks and frolics with the late Lord
Admiral?
I do believe she'd yield I should be
still

A party in the state, and then, who
knows—

Elizabeth What are you musing on,
my Lord of Devon?

Courtenay Has not the Queen—

Elizabeth Done what, Sir?

Courtenay —made you follow
The Lady Suffolk and the Lady Lennox?—
You,

The heir presumptive

Elizabeth Why do you ask? you
know it

Courtenay You needs must bear it
hardly

Elizabeth No, indeed!

I am utterly submissive to the Queen

Courtenay Well, I was musing upon
that, the Queen

Is both my foe and yours we should be
friends

Elizabeth My Lord, the hatred of
another to us
Is no true bond of friendship

Courtenay Might it not
Be the rough preface of some closer bond?

Elizabeth My Lord, you late were
loosed from out the Tower,
Where, like a butterfly in a chrysalis,
You spent your life, that broken, out
you flutter

Thro' the new world, go zigzag, now
would settle

Upon this flower, now that, but all things
here

At court are known, you have solicited
The Queen, and been rejected

Courtenay Flower, she!
Half faded! but you, cousin, are fresh and
sweet

As the first flower no bee has ever tried

Elizabeth Are you the bee to try me?
why, but now

I called you butterfly

Courtenay You did me wrong,
I love not to be called a butterfly

Why do you call me butterfly?

Elizabeth Why do you go so gay then?

Courtenay Velvet and gold
This dress was made me as the Eail of
Devon

To take my seat in, looks it not right
royal?

Elizabeth So royal that the Queen
forbad you wearing it

Courtenay I wear it then to spite her

Elizabeth My Lord, my Lord,
I see you in the Tower again! Hei
Majesty

Hears you affect the Prince—prelates
kneel to you—

Courtenay I am the noblest blood in
Europe, Madam,

A Courtenay of Devon, and her cousin

Elizabeth She hears you make your
boast that after all

She means to wed you Folly, my good
Lord

Courtenay How folly? a great party
in the state

Wills me to wed her

Elizabeth Failing hei, my Lord,
Doth not as great a party in the state
Will you to wed me?

Courtenay Even so, fair lady

Elizabeth You know to flatter ladies

Courtenay Nay, I meant

True matters of the heart

Elizabeth My heart, my Lord,
Is no great party in the state as yet

Courtenay Great, said you? nay, you
shall be great I love you,

Lay my life in your hands Can you be
close?

Elizabeth Can you, my Lord?

Courtenay Close as a miser's casket
Listen

The King of France, Noailles the Am-
bassador,

The Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter Carew,
Sir Thomas Wyatt, I myself, some
others,

Have sworn this Spanish marriage shall
not be

If Mary will not hear us—well—conjec-
ture—

Were I in Devon with my wedded bride,
The people there so worship me—You

ear,
You shall be Queen

Elizabeth You speak too low,
my Lord,

I cannot hear you

Courtenay I'll repeat it

Elizabeth No!
Stand further off, or you may lose your
head

Courtenay I have a head to lose for
your sweet sake

Elizabeth Have you, my Lord? Best
keep it for your own

Nay, pout not, cousin

Not many friends are mine, except indeed
Among the many I believe you mine,

And so you may continue mine, farewell,
And that at once

Enter MARY, behind

Mary Whispering—leagued together
To bar me from my Philip

Courtenay Pray—consider—

Elizabeth (*seeing the Queen*) Well,
that's a noble horse of yours, my
Lord

I trust that he will carry you well to day,
And heal your headache

Courtney You are wild, what head
ache?

Heartache, perchance, not headache

Elizabeth (*aside to Courtney*) Are
you blind?

[*Courtney sees the Queen and exit
East Mary*]

Enter LORD WILLIAM HOWARD

Howard Was that my Lord of Devon?
do not you

Be seen in corners with my Lord of
Devon

He hath fallen out of favour with the
Queen

She fears the Lords may side with you
and him

Against her marriage, therefore is he
dangerous

And if this Prince of fluff and feather
come

To woo you, niece, he is dangerous every-
way

Elizabeth Not very dangerous that
way, my good uncle

Howard But your own state is full
of danger here

The disaffected, heretics, reformers,
Look to you as the one to crown their
ends

Mix not yourself with any plot I pray
you,

Nay, if by chance you hear of any such,
Speak not thereof—no, not to your best
friend,

Lest you should be confounded with it
Still—

Perinde ac cadaver—as the priest says,
You know your Latin—quiet as a dead
body

What was my Lord of Devon telling you?

Elizabeth Whether he told me any-
thing or not,

I follow your good counsel, gracious uncle
Quiet as a dead body

Howard You do right well
I do not care to know, but thus I charge
you,

Tell Courtney nothing The Lord
Chancellor

(I count it as a kind of virtue in him,
He hath not many), as a mastiff dog
May love a puppy cub for no more reason
Than that the twain have been tied up
together,

Thus Gardiner—for the two were fellow
prisoners

So many years in your accused Tower—
Hath taken to this Courtney Look to
it, niece,

He hath no fence when Gardiner ques-
tions him,

All oozes out, yet him—because they
know him

The last White Rose, the last Plantagenet
(Nay, there is Cardinal Pole, too), the
people

Claim as their natural leader—ay, some
say,

That you shall marry him, make him King
belike

Elizabeth Do they say so, good
uncle?

Howard Ay, good niece!

You should be plain and open with me,
niece

You should not play upon me

Elizabeth No, good uncle

Enter GARDINER

Gardiner The Queen would see you.
Grace upon the moment

Elizabeth Why, my lord Bishop?

Gardiner I think she means to coun-
sel your withdrawing

To Ashridge, or some other country house

Elizabeth Why, my lord Bishop?

Gardiner I do but bring the message,
know no more

Your Grace will hear her reasons from
herself

Elizabeth 'Tis mine own wish fulfill'd
before the word

Was spoken, for in truth I had meant to
have

Permission of her Highness to retire
To Ashridge, and pursue my studies there
Gardiner Madam, to have the wish
before the word

Is man's good Fanny—and the Queen is
yours

I left her with such jewels in her hand,
Whereof 'tis like enough she means to
make

A farewell present to your Grace

Elizabeth My Lord,

I have the jewel of a loyal heart

Gardiner I doubt it not, Madam,
most loyal [*Bows low and exits*]

Howard See,

This comes of praying with my Lord of
Devon

Well, well, you must obey, and I myself
Believe it will be better for your welfare

Your time will come

Elizabeth I think any time will come
Uncle,

I am of sovereign nature, that I know,
Not to be quell'd, and I have felt within
me

Stirrings of some great doom when God's
just hour

Peals—but this fierce old Gardiner—his
big baldness,

That nutable forelock which he rubs,
His buzzard beak and deep incavend
eyes

Half fright me

Howard You've a bold heart, keep
it so

He cannot touch you save that you turn
traitor,

And so take heed I pray you—you are one
Who love that men should smile upon
you, niece

They'd smile you into treason—some of
them

Elizabeth I spy the rock beneath the
smiling sea

But if this Philip, the proud Catholic
prince,

And this bold priest, and she that hates
me, seek

In that lone house, to practise on my life
By poison, fire, shot, stab—

Howard They will not, niece
Mine is the fleet and all the power at
sea—

O! will be in a moment If they dared
To hum you, I would blow this Philip
and all

Your trouble to the dogstun and the devil
Elizabeth To the Pleiad, uncle, they
have lost a sister

Howard But why say that? what have
you done to lose her?

Come, come, I will go with you to the
Queen [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V

A ROOM IN THE PALACE

MARY with PHILIP's miniature ALICE

Mary (*Viewing the miniature*) Most
goodly, Kinglike and an Emperor's
son,—

A king to be,—is he not noble, girl?

Alice Goodly enough, your Grace,
and yet, methinks,

I have seen goodlier

Mary Ay, some waxen doll

Thy baby eyes have rested on, belike,
All red and white, the fashion of our land
But my good mother came (God rest her
soul)

Of Spain, and I am Spanish in myself,
And in my likings

Alice By your Grace's leave
Your royal mother came of Spain, but
took

To the English red and white Your
royal father

(For so they say) was all pure hily and rose
In his youth, and like a lady

Mary O, just God!
Sweet mother, you had time and cause
enough

To sicken of his lilies and his roses
Cast off, betray'd, defamed, divorced,
forlorn!

And then the King—that traitor past
forgiveness,

The false archbishop fawning on him,
murder

The mother of Elizabeth—a heretic
 Ev'n as *she* is, but God hath sent me here
 To take such order with all heretics
 That it shall be, before I die, as tho'
 My father and my brother had not lived
 What wist thou saying of this Lady Jane,
 Now in the Tower?

Alice Why, Madam, she was passing
 Some chapel down in Essex, and with her
 Lady Anne Whaiton, and the Lady Anne
 Bow'd to the Pyx, but Lady Jane stood
 up

Stiff as the very backbone of heresy
 And wherefore bow ye not, says Lady
 Anne,

To him within there who made Heaven
 and Earth?

I cannot, and I dare not, tell you Grace
 What Lady Jane replied

Mary But I will have it

Alice She said—play pardon me, and
 pity her—

She hath haiken'd evil counsel—ah! she
 said,

The baker made him

Mary Monstrous! blasphemous!
 She ought to burn Hence, thou (*Exit*

Alice) No—being traitor

Her head will fall shall it? she is but a
 child

We do not kill the child for doing that
 His father whipt him into doing—a head
 So full of grace and beauty! would that
 mine

Were half as gracious! O, my lord to be,
 My love, for thy sake only

I am eleven years older than he is

But will he care for that?

No, by the holy Virgin, being noble,

But love me only then the bastard sprout,

My sister, is far fairer than myself

Will he be drawn to her?

No, being of the true faith with myself

Prget is for him—for to wed with Spain

Would trouble England—Gardiner is
 against him,

The Council, people, Parliament against
 him,

But I will have him! My hard father
 hated me,

My brother rather hated me than loved,
 My sister cowers and hates me Holy
 Virgin,

Plead with thy blessed Son, grant me my
 prayer

Give me my Philip, and we two will lead

The living waters of the Faith again

Back thio' then widow'd channel here,
 and watch

The parch'd banks rolling incense, as of
 old,

To heaven, and kindled with the palms
 of Christ!

Enter USHER

Who waits, sir?

Usher Madam, the Lord Chancellor

Mary Bid him come in (*Enter*

GARDINER) Good morning, my

good Lord [*Exit Usher*]

Gardiner That every morning of your

Majesty

May be most good, is every morning's
 prayer

Of your most loyal subject, Stephen
 Gardiner

Mary Come you to tell me this, my
 Lord?

Gardiner And more

Your people have begun to learn your
 worth

Your pious wish to pay King Edward's
 debts,

Your lavish household curb'd, and the
 remission

Of half that subsidy levied on the
 people,

Make all tongues praise and all hearts
 beat for you

I'd have you yet more loved the realm
 is poor,

The exchequer at neap-tide ~~we~~ might
 withdraw

Part of our garrison at Calais

Mary Calais!

Oui one point on the main, the gate of
 France!

I am Queen of England, take mine eyes,
 mine heart,

But do not lose me Calais

Gardiner Do not fear it
Of that hereafter I say you Grace is
loved
That I may keep you thus, who am your
friend
And ever faithful counsellor, might I
speak?

Mary I can forespeak your speaking
Would I marry
Prince Philip, if all England hate him?
That is
Your question, and I front it with another
Is it England, or a party? Now, your
answer

Gardiner My answer is, I wear be-
neath my dress
A shirt of mail my house hath been
assaulted,
And when I walk abroad, the populace,
With fingers pointed like so many daggers,
Stab me in fancy, hissing Spain and
Philip,
And when I sleep, a hundred men at
arms

Guard my poor dreams for England
Men would murder me,
Because they think me favourer of this
marriage

Mary And that were hard upon you,
my Lord Chancellor

Gardiner But our young Earl of
Devon—

Mary Earl of Devon?
I fled him from the Tower, placed him
at Court,
I made him Earl of Devon, and—the
fool—

He wicks his health and wealth on
courtesans,
And rolls himself in carrion like a dog

Gardiner More like a school boy that
hath broken bounds,
Sickening himself with sweets

Mary I will not hear of him
Good, then, they will revolt but I am
Tudor,
And shall control them

Gardiner I will help you, Madam,
Even to the utmost All the church is
grateful

You have ousted the mock priest, re-
pulpited

The shepherd of St Peter, rused the
rood again,

And brought us back the mass I am all
thanks

To God and to you Grace yet I know
well,

Your people, and I go with them so far,
Will brook not Pope nor Spaniard here
to play

The tyrant, or in commonwealth or
church

Mary (showing the picture) Is this the
face of one who plays the tyrant?
Peruse it, is it not goodly, ay, and gentle?

Gardiner Madam, methinks a cold
face and a haughty

And when your Highness talks of Cour-
tenay—

Ay, true—a goodly one I would his
life

Were half as goodly (*aside*)

Mary What is that you mutter?

Gardiner Oh, Madam, take it bluntly,
marry Philip,

And be stepmother of a score of sons!
The prince is known in Spain, in Flanders,
ha!

For Philip—

Mary You offend us, you may leave
us

You see thro' wringing glasses

Gardiner If your Majesty—

Mary I have sworn upon the body
and blood of Christ

I'll none but Philip

Gardiner Hath your Grace so sworn?

Mary Ay, Simon Renard knows it

Gardiner News to me!

It then remains for your poor Gardiner,
So you still cue to trust him somewhat
less

Than Simon Renard, to compose the
event

In some such form as least may harm
your Grace

Mary I'll have the scandal sounded
to the mud

I know it a scandal

Gardiner All my hope is now
It may be found a scandal

Mary You offend us

Gardiner (aside) These princes be
like children, must be physick'd,
The bitter in the sweet I have lost
mine office,

It may be, thro' mine honesty, like a fool
[Exit

Enter USHER

Mary Who waits?

Usher The Ambassador from France,
your Grace

Mary (sits down) Bid him come in
Good morning, Sir de Noailles -
[Exit Usher

Noailles (entering) A happy morning
to your Majesty

Mary And I should some time have
a happy morning,
I have had none yet What says the
King your master?

Noailles Madam, my master heus
with much alarm,
That you may marry Philip, Prince of
Spain—

Foreseeing, with white'ei unwillingness,
I hat if this Philip be the titular king
Of England, and at war with him, your
Grace

And kingdom will be suck'd into the war,
Ay, tho' you long for peace, wherefore,
my master,

If but to prove your Majesty's goodwill,
Would fain have some flesh treaty drawn
between you

Mary Why some flesh treaty? where-
fore should I do it?

Sir, if we marry, we shall still maintain
All former treaties with his Majesty
Our royal word for that! and your good
master,

Pity God he do not be the first to break
them,

Must be content with that, and so, fare
well

Noailles (going, returns) I would your
answer had been other, Madam,
For I foresee dark days

Mary And so do I, sir,
You master works against me in the dark
I do believe he help Northumberland
Against me

Noailles Nay, pure phantasy, your
Grace

Why should he move against you?

Mary Will you hear why?
Mary of Scotland,—for I have not own'd
My sister, and I will not,—after me

Is heir of England, and my royal father,
To make the crown of Scotland one with
ours,

Had mark'd her for my brother Edward's
bide,

Ay, but your king stole her a babe from
Scotland

In order to betroth her to your Dauphin
See then

Mary of Scotland, married to your
Dauphin,

Would make our England, France,
Mary of England, joining hands with
Spain,

Would be too strong for France

Yea, were there issue born to her, Spain
and we,

One crown, might rule the world There
lies your fear

That is your drift You play at hide and
seek

Show me your faces!

Noailles Madam, I am amazed
Ficnch, I must needs wish all good thing,
for France

That must be pridon'd me, but I protest
Your Grace's policy hath a further flight
Than mine into the future We but
seek

Some settled ground for peace to stand
upon

Mary Well, we will leave all this,
sir, to our council

Have you seen Philip ever?

Noailles Only once

Mary Is this like Philip?

Noailles Ay, but nobler looking

Mary Hath he the large ability of
the Emperor?

Noailles No, surely

Mary I can make allowance for thee,
Thou speakest of the enemy of thy king
Noailles Make no allowance for the
naked truth

He is every way a lesser man than Charles,
Stone hard, ice cold—no dash of daring
in him

Mary If cold, his life is pure

Noailles Why (*smiling*), no, indeed

Mary Sayst thou?

Noailles A very wanton life indeed
(*smiling*)

Mary Your audience is concluded,
sir [*Exit Noailles*]

You cannot

Learn a man's nature from his natural foe

Enter USHER

Who waits?

Usher The Ambassador of Spain,
your Grace [*Exit*]

Enter SIMON RENARD

Mary (*rising to meet him*) Thou
art ever welcome, Simon Renard
Hast thou

Brought me the letter which thine
Emperor promised

Long since, a formal offer of the hand
Of Philip?

Renard Nay, your Grace, it hath not
reached me

I know not wherefore—some mischance
of flood,

And broken bridge, or spavin'd horse, or
wave

And wind at their old battle he must
have written

Mary But Philip never writes me
one poor word,

Which in his absence had been all my
wealth

Strange in a wooer!

Renard Yet I know the Prince,
So your king parliament suffers him to
land,

Yeans to set foot upon your island shore

Mary God change the pebble which
his lingly foot

First presses into some more costly stone

Thou ever blindest eye I'll have one
mark it

And bring it me I'll have it burnish'd
firchlike,

I'll set it round with gold, with pearl,
with diamond

Let the great angel of the church come
with him,

Stand on the deck and spread his wings
for sail!

God by the waves and strow the storms
at sea,

And here at land among the people! O
Renard,

I am much beset, I am almost in despair
Paget is ours Grudine's perchance is
ours,

But for our heretic Parliament—

Renard O Madam,
You fly your thoughts like kites My
master, Charles,

Bid you go softly with your heretics here,
Until your throne had ceased to tremble
Then

Spit them like larks for aught I care
Besides,

When Henry broke the curse of your
church

To pieces, there were many wolves among
you

Who dragg'd the scatter'd lambs into their
den

The Pope would have you make them
render these,

So would your cousin, Cardinal Pole, all
counsel!

These let them keep at present, still not
yet

This matter of the Church lands At
his coming

Your star will rise

Mary My star! a baleful one
I see but the black night, and how the
wolf

What star?

Renard Your star will be your princely
son,

Heir of this England and the Netherlands!
And if your wolf the while should howl
for more,

We'll dust him from a bag of Spanish gold

I do believe, I have dusted some already,
That, soon or late, your Parliament is ours

Mary Why do they talk so foully of
your Prince,
Renard?

Renard The lot of Princes To sit
high

Is to be lied about

Mary They call him cold,
Haughty, ay, worse

Renard Why, doubtless, Philip shows
Some of the bearing of your blue blood—
still

All within measure—nay, it well becomes
him

Mary Hath he the large ability of
his father?

Renard Nay, some believe that he
will go beyond him

Mary Is this like him?

Renard Ay, somewhat, but your
Philip

Is the most princelike Prince beneath the
sun

This is a daub to Philip

Mary Of a pure life?

Renard As an angel among angels

Yea, by Heaven,

The text—Your Highness knows it,
'Whosoever

Looketh after a woman,' would not graze
The Prince of Spain You are happy in
him there,

Chaste as your Grace!

Mary I am happy in him there

Renard And would be altogether
happy, Madam,

So that your sister were but look'd to
close

You have sent her from the court, but
then she goes,

I wariant, not to hear the nightingales,
But hatch you some new treason in the
woods

Mary We have our spies abroad to
catch her tipping,

And then if caught, to the Tower

Renard The Tower! the block!

The word has turn'd your Highness pale,
the thing

Was no such scarecrow in your father's
time

I have heard, the tongue yet quiver'd
with the jest

When the head leapt—so common! I
do think

To save your crown that it must come to
this

Mary No, Renard, it must never
come to this

Renard Not yet, but your old
Traitors of the Tower—

Why, when you put Northumberland to
death,

The sentence having past upon them
all,

Spared you the Duke of Suffolk, Guild-
ford Dudley,

Ev'n that young gill who dared to wear
your crown?

Mary Dared? nay, not so, the child
obey'd her father

Spite of her tears her father forced it on
her

Renard Good Madam, when the
Roman wish'd to reign,

He slew not him alone who wore the
purple,

But his assessor in the throne, perchance
A child more innocent than Lady Jane

Mary I am English Queen, not
Roman Emperor

Renard Yet too much mercy is a
want of mercy,

And wastes more life Stamp out the
fire, or this

Will smoulder and re flame, and burn the
throne

Where you should sit with Philip he
will not come

Till she be gone

Mary Indeed, if that were true—
For Philip comes, one hand in mine,
and one

Steadying the tremulous pillars of the
Church—

But no, no, no Farewell I am some-
what faint

With our long talk Tho' Queen, I am
not Queen

Of mine own heart, which every now and
then

Beats me half dead yet stay, this golden
chain—

My father on a birthday gave it me,
And I have broken with my father—take
And wear it as memorial of a morning
Which found me full of foolish doubts,
and leaves me

As hopeful

Renard (aside) Whew—the folly of
all follies

Is to be love sick for a shadow (*Aloud*)
Madam,

This chains me to your service, not with
gold,

But dearest links of love Farewell, and
trust me,

Philip is yours [*Exit*

Mary Mine—but not yet all mine

Enter USHER

Usher Your Council is in Session,
please your Majesty

Mary Sir, let them sit I must have
time to breathe

No, say I come (*Exit Usher*) I won
by boldness once

The Emperor counsell'd me to fly to
Flanders

I would not, but a hundred miles I rode,
Sent out my letters, call'd my friends
together,

Struck home and won

And when the Council would not crown
me—thought

To bind me first by oaths I could not keep,
And keep with Christ and conscience—
was it boldness

Or weakness that won there? when I,
their Queen,

Cast myself down upon my knees before
them,

And those hard men brake into woman
tears,

Even Gardiner, all amazed, and in that
passion

Gave me my Crown

Enter ALICE

Gil, hast thou ever heard
Slanders against Prince Philip in our
Court?

Alice What scandals? I, your Grace,
no, never

Mary Nothing?

Alice Never, your Grace

Mary See that you neither hear them
nor repeat!

Alice (aside) Good Lord! but I have
heard a thousand such
Ay, and repeated them as often—mum!
Why comes that old fox Fleming back
again?

Enter RENARD

Renard Madam, I scarce had left
your Grace's presence
Before I chanced upon the messenger
Who brings that letter which we waited
for—

The formal offer of Prince Philip's hand
It craves an instant answer, Ay or No

Mary An instant Ay or No! the
Council sits
Give it me quick

Alice (stepping before her) Your High-
ness is all trembling

Mary Make way

[*Exit into the Council Chamber*

Alice O, Master Renard, Master
Renard,
If you have falsely painted your fine
Prince,

Praised, where you should have blamed
him, I pray God

No woman ever love you, Master Renard
It breaks my heart to hear her moan at
night

As tho' the nightmare never left her
bed

Renard My pretty maiden, tell me,
did you ever

Sigh for a beard?

Alice That's not a pretty question

Renard Not prettily put? I mean,
my pretty maiden,

A pretty man for such a pretty maiden

Alice My Lord of Devon is a pretty man
I hate him Well, but if I have, what then?

Roland Then, pretty maiden, you should know that whether
A wind be warm or cold, it serves to fan
A kindled fire

Alice According to the song

His friends would praise him, I believed em,
His foes would blame him, and I scorn'd em,
His friends—as Angels I received 'em,
His foes—the Devil had suborn'd em

Roland Peace, pretty maiden
I hear them stirring in the Council Chamber
Lord Paget's 'Ay' is sure—who else?
and yet,
They are all too much at odds to close at once
In one full throated No! Her Highness comes

Enter MARY

Alice How deathly pale!—a chair,
your Highness

[*Bringing one to the Queen*

Roland Madam,
The Council?

Mary Ay! My Philip is all mine
[*Sinks into chair, half fainting*

ACT II

SCENE I—ALINGTON CASTLE

Sir Thomas Wyatt I do not hear from
Carew or the Duke
Of Suffolk, and till then I should not move
The Duke hath gone to Leicester, Carew
stirs
In Devon that fine porcelain Courtenay,
Save that he fears he might be crack'd in
using,
(I have known a semi-madman in my
time
So fancy-ridd'n) should be in Devon
too

Enter WILLIAM

News abroad, William?

William None so new, Sir Thomas,
and none so old, Sir Thomas No new
news that Philip comes to wed Mary, no
old news that all men hate it Old Sir
Thomas would have hated it The bells
are ringing at Maidstone Doesn't you
worship hear?

Wyatt Ay, for the Saints are come to
reign again
Most like it is a Saint's day There's no
call

As yet for me, so in this pause, before
The mine be fired, it were a pious work
To string my father's sonnets, left about
Lake loosely scatter'd jewels, in fan order,
And heard them with a lame rhyme of
mine,

To grace his memory

William Ay, why not, Sir Thomas?
He was a fine courtier, he, Queen Anne
loved him All the women loved him
I loved him, I was in Spain with him
I couldn't eat in Spain, I couldn't sleep
in Spain I hate Spain, Sir Thomas

Wyatt But thou could'st drink in
Spain if I remember

William Sir Thomas, we may grant
the wine Old Sir Thomas always
granted the wine

Wyatt Hand me the casket with my
father's sonnets

William Ay—sonnets—a fine courtier
of the old Court, old Sir Thomas [*Exit*

Wyatt Courtier of many courts, he
loved the more

His own gray towers, plain life and
letter'd peace,

To read and rhyme in solitary fields,
The lark above, the nightingale below,
And answer them in song The sun
begets

Not half his likeness in the son I feel
Where he was fullest yet—to write it
down [*He writes*

Re-enter WILLIAM

William There is news, there is news,

and no call for sonnet sooting now, nor
for sonnet making either, but ten thousand
men on Penenden Heath all calling after
you worship, and your worship's name
heard into Maidstone market, and you
worship the first man in Kent and Chris-
tendom, for the Queen's down, and the
world's up, and you worship a top of it

Wyatt Inverted Æsop—mountain
out of mouse

Say for ten thousand ten—and pothouse
knives,

Brain dizzied with a draught of morning
ale

Enter ANTONY KNYVETT

William Here's Antony Knyvett

Knyvett Look you, Master Wyatt,
Tear up that woman's work there

Wyatt No, not these,
Dumb children of my father, that will
speak

When I and thou and all rebellions lie
Dead bodies without voice Song flies
you know

For ages

Knyvett Tut, your sonnet's a flying
ant,

Wing'd for a moment

Wyatt Well, for mine own work,
[*Tearing the paper*]

It lies there in six pieces at your feet,
For all that I can carry it in my head

Knyvett If you can carry your head
upon your shoulders

Wyatt I fear you come to carry it off
my shoulders,

And sonnet-making's safer

Knyvett Why, good Lord,

Write you as many sonnets as you will
Ay, but not now, what have you eyes,
ears, brains?

This Philip and the black faced swarms
of Spain,

The hardest, cruellest people in the world,
Come locusting upon us, eat us up,

Confiscate lands, goods, money—Wyatt,
Wyatt,

Wake, or the stout old island will become
A rotten limb of Spain They roar for you

On Penenden Heath, a thousand of them
—more—

All arm'd, waiting a leader, there's no
glory

Like his who saves his country and you
sit

Sing singing here, but, if I'm any judge,
By God, you are as poor a poet, Wyatt,

As a good soldier

Wyatt You are poor a critic
As an honest friend you stroke me on
one cheek,

Buffet the other Come, you bluster,
Antony!

You know I know all this I must not
move

Until I hear from Cresset and the Duke
I fear the mine is fired before the time

Knyvett (*showing a paper*) But here's
some Hebrew Futh, I half
forgot it

Look, can you make it English? A
strange youth

'Suddenly thrust it on me, whisper'd,
'Wyatt,'

And whisking round a corner, show'd his
back

Before I read his face

Wyatt Ha! Courtenay's cipher
[*Reads*]

'Sir Peter Cresset fled to France it is
thought the Duke will be taken I am
with you still, but, for appearance sake,
stay with the Queen Grudiner knows,
but the Council are all at odds, and the
Queen hath no force for resistance
Move, if you move, at once'

Is Peter Cresset fled? Is the Duke taken?
Down scabbard, and out sword! and let

Rebellion
Rout till throne rock, and crown fall

No, not that,
But we will teach Queen Mary how to
reign

Who are those that shout below there?

Knyvett Why, some fifty
That follow'd me from Penenden Heath
in hope

To hear you speak

Wyatt Open the window, Knyvett,
The mine is fired, and I will speak to
them

Men of Kent, England of England,
you that have kept your old customs
upright, while all the rest of England
bow'd theirs to the Noiman, the cause
that hath brought us together is not the
cause of a county or a shire, but of this
England, in whose crown our Kent is the
fairest jewel Philip shall not wed Mary,
and ye have called me to be your leader
I know Spain I have been there with
my father, I have seen them in their own
land, have marked the haughtiness of
their nobles, the cruelty of their priests
If this man marry our Queen, however
the Council and the Commons may fence
round his power with restriction, he will
be King, King of England, my masters,
and the Queen, and the laws, and the
people, his slaves What? shall we have
Spain on the throne and in the parlia-
ment, Spain in the pulpit and on the
law bench, Spain in all the great offices
of state, Spain in our ships, in our forts,
in our houses, in our beds?

Crowd No! no! no Spain!

William No Spain in our beds—that
were worse than all I have been there
with old Sir Thomas, and the beds I
know I hate Spain

A Peasant But, Sir Thomas, must
we levy war against the Queen's Grace?

Wyatt No, my friend, war for the
Queen's Grace—to save her from herself
and Philip—war against Spain And
think not we shall be alone—thousands
will flock to us The Council, the Court
itself, is on our side The Lord Chancellor
for himself is on our side The King of
France is with us, the King of Denmark
is with us, the world is with us—war
against Spain! And if we move not now,
yet it will be known that we have moved,
and if Philip come to be King, O, my
God! the rope, the rack, the thumbscrew,
the stake, the fire If we move not now,
Spain moves, bribes our nobles with her

gold, and creeps, creeps snake-like about
our legs till we cannot move at all, and
ye know, my masters, that wherever
Spain hath ruled she hath wither'd all
beneath her Look at the New World—
a paradise made hell, the red man, that
good helpless creature, starved, maim'd,
flogg'd, flay'd, burn'd, boil'd, buried
alive, worried by dogs, and here, nearer
home, the Netherlands, Sicily, Naples,
Lombardy I say no more—only this,
their lot is yours Forward to London
with me! forward to London! If ye
love your liberties or your skins, forward
to London!

Crowd Forward to London! A
Wyatt! A *Wyatt!*

Wyatt But first to Rochester, to take
the guns
From out the vessels lying in the river
Then on

A Peasant Ay, but I fear we be too
few, Sir Thomas

Wyatt Not many yet The world is
yet, my friend,
Is not half waked, but every parish
tower
Shall clang and clash alarm as we
pass,
And pour along the land, and swollen and
fed
With indraughts and side currents, in full
force

Roll upon London

Crowd A *Wyatt!* A *Wyatt!* Forward!

Knyvett Wyatt, shall we proclaim
Elizabeth?

Wyatt I'll think upon it, Knyvett

Knyvett O! Lady Jane?

Wyatt No, poor soul, no
Ah, gray old castle of Alington, green field
Beside the brimming Medway, it may
chance

That I shall never look upon you more

Knyvett Come, now, you're sonnet-
ting again

Wyatt Not I
I'll have my head set higher in the state,
Or—if the Lord God will it—on the stake
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — GUILDHALL

SIR THOMAS WHITE (The Lord Mayor),
LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, SIR
RALPH BAGENHALL, ALDERMEN and
CITIZENS

White I trust the Queen comes hither
with her guards

Howard Ay, all in arms

[Several of the citizens move hastily out of the hall]

Why do they hurry out there?

White My Lord, out the rotten
from your apple,

Your apple eats the better. Let them go.
They go like those old Phariſees in John
Convicted by their conscience, afraid
cowards,

Oh tamperers with that treason out of
Kent

When will her Grace be here?

Howard In some few minutes
She will address your guilds and com-
panies

I have even sworn to raise a man for her
But help her in this exigency, make
Your city loyal, and be the mightiest man
This day in England

White I am Thomas White
Few things have fail'd to which I set my
will

I do my most and best

Howard You know that after
The Captain Brette, who went with your
train bands

To fight with Wyatt, had gone over to him
With all his men, the Queen in that
distress

Sent Cornwallis and Hastings to the
traitor,

Feigning to treat with him about her
marriage—

Know too what Wyatt said

White He'd sooner be,
While this same marriage question was
being argued,

Trusted than trust—the scoundrel—and
demanded

Possession of her person and the Tower

Howard And four of her poor Coun-
cil too, my Lord,

As hostages

White I know it. What do and say
Your Council at this hour?

Howard I will trust you
We fling ourselves on you, my Lord
The Council,

The Parliament as well, are troubled
waters,

And yet like waters of the fen they know
not

Which way to flow. All hangs on her
address,

And upon you, Lord Mayor

White How look'd the city
When now you part it? Quiet?

Howard Like our Council,
Your city is divided. As we part,
Some hail'd, some hiss'd us. There were
citizens

Stood each before his shut up booth, and
look'd

As grim and grave as from a funeral
And here a knot of ruffians all in rags,

With execrating execrable eyes,

Glared at the citizen. Here was a young
mother,

Her face on flame, her head all blown
back,

She shrilling 'Wyatt,' while the boy she
held

Mimick'd and piped her 'Wyatt,' as I led
as she

In hair and cheek, and almost elbowing
her,

So close they stood, another, mute as
death,

And white as her own milk, her babe in
arms

Had felt the faltering of his mother's
heart,

And look'd as bloodless. Here a pious
Catholic,

Mumbling and mixing up in his scared
prayers

Heaven and earth's Maries, over his
bow'd shoulder

Scowl'd that would hated and would
hating beast,

A haggard Anabaptist Many such
groups

The names of Wyatt, Elizabeth, Com-
tenay,

Nay the Queen's right to reign—'foie God,
the rogues—

Were freely buzzed among them So I say
Your city's divided, and I fear

One scruple, this or that way, of success
Would turn it thither Wherefore now
the Queen

In this low pulse and palsy of the state,
Bad me to tell you that she counts on you
And on myself as her two hands, on you,
In your own city, as her right, my Lord,
For you are loyal

White Am I Thomas White ?
One word before she comes Elizabeth—
Her name is much abused among these
traitors

Where is she ? She is loved by all of us
I scarce have heart to mingle in this
matter,

If she should be mishandled

Howard No, she shall not
The Queen had written her word to come
to count

Methought I smelt out Renard in the
letter,

And fearing for her, sent a secret missive,
Which told her to be sick Happily or
not,

It found her sick indeed

White God send her well,
Here comes her Royal Grace

Enter Guards, MARY, and GARDINER
SIR THOMAS WHITE leads her to a
raised seat on the dais

White I, the Lord Mayor, and these
our companies

And guilds of London, gathered here,
beseech

Your Highness to accept our lowliest
thanks

For your most princely presence, and we
pray

That we, your true and loyal citizens,
From your own royal lips, at once may
know

The wherefore of this coming, and so learn
Your royal will, and do it—I, Lord
Mayor

Of London, and our guilds and companies
Mary In mine own person am I come
to you,

To tell you what indeed ye see and know,
How traitorously these rebels out of Kent
Have made strong head against ourselves
and you

They would not have me wed the Prince
of Spain,

That was their pretext—so they spake at
first—

But we sent divers of our Council to them,
And by then answers to the question ask'd,
It doth appear this marriage is the least
Of all their quarrel

They have betrayed the treason of their
hearts

Seek to possess our person, hold our
Tower,

Place and displace our councillors, and use
Both us and them according as they will
Now what I am ye know right well—your
Queen,

To whom, when I was wedded to the realm
And the realm's laws (the spousal ring
whereof,

Not ever to be laid aside, I wear
Upon this finger), ye did promise full
Allegiance and obedience to the death
Ye know my father was the rightful heir
Of England, and his right came down to
me,

Corroborate by your acts of Parliament
And as ye were most loving unto him,
So doubtless will ye show yourselves to
me

Wherefore, ye will not brook that anyone
Should seize our person, occupy our state,
More specially a traitor so presumptuous
As this same Wyatt, who hath tamper'd
with

A public ignorance, and, under colour
Of such a cause as hath no colour, seeks
To bend the laws to his own will, and yield
Full scope to persons rascal and forlorn,
To make free spoil and havock of your
goods

Now as you Prince, I say,
 I, that was never mother, cannot tell
 How mothers love their children, yet,
 methinks,
 A pounce as naturally may love his people
 As these their children, and be sure your
 Queen
 So loves you, and so loving, needs must
 deem
 This love by you return'd as heartily,
 And thro' this common knot and bond of
 love,
 Doubt not they will be speedily over-
 thrown
 As to this marriage, ye shall understand
 We made thereto no treaty of ourselves,
 And set no foot theretoward unadvised
 Of all our Privy Council, furthermore,
 This marriage had the assent of those to
 whom
 The king, my father, did commit his trust,
 Who not alone esteem'd it honourable,
 But for the wealth and glory of our realm,
 And all our loving subjects, most ex-
 pedient
 As to myself,
 I am not so set on wedlock as to choose
 But where I list, nor yet so amorous
 That I must needs be husbanded, I thank
 God,
 I have lived a virgin, and I noway doubt
 But that with God's grace, I can live so
 still
 Yet if it might please God that I should
 leave
 Some fruit of mine own body after me,
 To be your king, ye would rejoice thereat,
 And it would be your comfort, as I trust,
 And truly, if I either thought or knew
 This marriage should bring loss or danger
 to you,
 My subjects, or impair in any way
 This royal state of England, I would never
 Consent thereto, nor marry while I live,
 Moreover, if this marriage should not
 seem,
 Before our own High Court of Parliament,
 To be of rich advantage to our realm,
 We will refrain, and not alone from this,
 Likewise from any other, out of which

Looms the least chance of peril to our
 realm
 Wherefore be bold, and with your lawful
 Prince
 Stand fast against our enemies and yours,
 And fear them not I fear them not
 My Lord,
 I leave Lord William Howard in your city,
 To guard and keep you whole and safe
 from all
 The spoil and sackage aim'd at by these
 rebels,
 Who mouth and foam against the Prince
 of Spain
Voices Long live Queen Mary!
 Down with Wyatt!
 The Queen!
White Three voices from our guilds
 and companies!
 You are shy and proud like Englishmen,
 my masters,
 And will not trust your voices Under
 stand
 Your lawful Prince hath come to cast
 herself
 On loyal hearts and bosoms, hoped to fall
 Into the wide spread arms of fealty,
 And finds you statues Speak at once—
 and all!
 For whom?
 Our sovereign Lady by King Henry's will,
 The Queen of England—or the Kentish
 Squire?
 I know you loyal Speak! in the name
 of God!
 The Queen of England or the rabble of
 Kent?
 The reeking dungfork master of the mace!
 Your havings wasted by the scythe and
 spade—
 Your rights and charters hobnail'd into
 slush—
 Your houses fired—your gutters bubbling
 blood—
Acclamation No! No! The Queen!
 the Queen!
White Your Highness hears
 This bust and bass of loyal harmony,
 And how we each and all of us abhor
 The venomous, bestial, devilish revolt

Of Thomas Wyatt Hear us now make
oath
To raise you Highness thirty thousand
men,

And aim and strike as with one hand,
and brush

This Wyatt from our shoulders, like a flier
That might have leapt upon us unawares
Swear with me, noble fellow citizens, all,
With all your trades, and guilds, and
companies

Citizens We swear!

Mary We thank your Lordship and
your loyal city

[*Exit Mary attended*
White I trust this day, thro' God, I
have saved the crown

First Alderman Ay, so my Lord of
Pembroke in command
Of all her force be safe, but there are
doubts

Second Alderman I hear that Gar-
diner, coming with the Queen,
And meeting Pembroke, bent to his
saddle bow,

As if to win the man by flattering him
Is he so safe to fight upon her side?

First Alderman If not, there's no
man safe

White Yes, Thomas White
I am safe enough, no man need flatter
me

Second Alderman Nay, no man need,
but did you mark our Queen?
The colour freely play'd into her face,
And the half sight which makes her look
so stern,
Seem'd that dim dilated world of
hers,

To read our faces, I have never seen her
So queenly or so goodly

White Courage, sir,
That makes on man or woman look their
goodliest

Die like the torn fox dumb, but never
whine

Like that poor heart, Northumberland,
at the block

Bagenhall The man had children,
and he whined for those

Methinks most men are but poor hearted,
else

Should we so doat on courage, were it
commoner?

The Queen stands up, and speaks for her
own self,

And all men cry, She is queenly, she is
goodly

Yet she's no goodlier, tho' my Lord
Mayor here,

By his own rule, he hath been so bold
to dry,

Should look more goodly than the rest of
us

White Goodly? I feel most goodly
heart and hand,
And strong to throw ten Wyatts and all.
Kent

Ha! ha! sir, but you jest, I love it a
jest

In time of danger shows the pulses even
Be merry! yet, Sir Ralph, you look but
sad

I dare avouch you'd stand up for yourself,
Tho' all the world should bay like winter
wolves

Bagenhall Who knows? the man is
proven by the hour

White The man should make the
hour, not this the man,
And Thomas White will prove this
Thomas Wyatt,

And he will prove an Iden to this Cad-
And he will play the Walworth to this
Wat,

Come, sirs, we part, hence all—gather
you men—

Myself must bustle Wyatt comes to
Southwark,

I'll have the drawbridge hewn into the
Thames,

And see the citizens arm'd Good day,
good day [*Exit White*

Bagenhall One of much outdoor
bluster

Howard For all that,
Most honest, brave, and skilful, and his
wealth

A fountain of perennial woes—his fault
So thoroughly to believe in his own self

Bagenhall Yet thoroughly to believe
in one's own self,
So one's own self be thorough, were to do
Great things, my Lord

Howard It may be
Bagenhall I have heard
One of your Council flee and jeer at him
Howard The nursery cocker'd child
will jeer at aught
That may seem strange beyond his nursery
The statesman that shall jeer and flee at
men,

Makes enemies for himself and for his king,
And if he jeer not seeing the true man
Behind his folly, he is thrice the fool,
And if he see the man and still will jeer,
He is child and fool, and traitor to the
State

Who is he? let me shun him
Bagenhall Nay, my Lord,
He is damn'd enough already

Howard I must set
The guard at Ludgate Fare you well,
Sir Ralph

Bagenhall 'Who knows?' I am for
England But who knows,
That knows the Queen, the Spaniard, and
the Pope,
Whether I be for Wyatt, or the Queen?
[Exit

SCENE III — LONDON BRIDGE

Enter SIR THOMAS WYATT and BRETT

Wyatt Brett, when the Duke of
Norfolk moved against us
Thou criest 'A Wyatt!' and flying to
our side
Left his all bare, for which I love thee,
Brett

Have for thine asking aught that I can give,
For thro' thine help we are come to
London Bridge,
But how to cross it barks me I fear we
cannot

Brett Nay, hardly, save by boat,
swimming, or wings

Wyatt Last night I climb'd into the
gate house, Brett,

And scared the gray old porter and his wife
And then I crept along the gloom and saw
They had hewn the drawbridge down into
the river

It roll'd as black as death, and that same
tide

Which, coming with our coming, seem'd
to smile

And sparkle like our fortune as thou
saigest,

Ran sunless down, and moan'd against
the piers

But o'er the chasm I saw Lord William
Howard

By torchlight, and his guard, four guns
graped at me,

Black, silent mouths had Howard spied
me there

And made them speak, as we'll he might
have done,

Their voice had left me none to tell you
this

What shall we do?

Brett On somehow To go back
Were to lose all

Wyatt On over London Bridge
We cannot stay we cannot, there is
ordnance

On the White Tower and on the Devil's
Tower,

And pointed full at Southwark, we must
round

By Kingston Bridge

Brett Ten miles about

Wyatt Even so

But I have notice from our partisans
Within the city that they will stand by us
If Ludgate can be reach'd by dawn to
morning

Enter one of WYATT'S men

Man Sir Thomas, I've found this
paper, pray your worship read it, I
know not my letters, the old priests
taught me nothing

Wyatt (reads) 'Whosoever will ap-
prehend the traitor Thomas Wyatt shall
have a hundred pounds for reward'

Man Is that it? That's a big lot of
money

Wyatt Ay, ay, my friend, not read it? 'tis not written
Half plain enough Give me a piece of paper!

[*Writes* 'THOMAS WYATT' large
There, any man can read that

[*Sticks it in his cap*
Brett - But that's foolhardy

Wyatt No! boldness, which will give my followers boldness

Enter MAN with a prisoner

Man We found him, your worship, a plundeing o' Bishop Winchester's house, he says he's a poor gentleman

Wyatt Gentleman! a thief! Go hang him Shall we make Those that we come to seive our sharpest foes?

Brett Sir Thomas—

Wyatt Hang him, I say

Brett Wyatt, but now you promised me a boon

Wyatt Ay, and I warrant this fine fellow's life

Brett Ev'n so, he was my neighbour once in Kent

He's poor enough, has drunk and gambled out

All that he had, and gentleman he was We have been glad together, let him live

Wyatt He has gambled for his life, and lost, he hangs

No, no, my word's my word Take thy poor gentleman!

Gamble thyself at once out of my sight, Or I will dig thee with my dagger Away! Women and children!

Enter a Crowd of WOMEN and Children

First Woman O Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, pray you go away, Sir Thomas, or you'll make the White Tower a black 'un for us this blessed day He'll be the death on us, and you'll set the Devil's Tower a-spitting, and he'll smash all our bits o' things worse than Philip o' Spain

Second Woman Don't ye now go to think that we be for Philip o' Spain

Third Woman No, we know that ye

be come to kill the Queen, and we'll pray for you all on our bended knees But o' God's mercy don't ye kill the Queen here, Sir Thomas, look ye, here's little Dickon, and little Robin, and little Jenny—though she's but a side cousin—and all on our knees, we pray you to kill the Queen further off, Sir Thomas

Wyatt My friends, I have not come to kill the Queen

Or here or there I come to save you all, And I'll go further off

Crowd Thanks, Sir Thomas, we be beholden to you, and we'll pray for you on our bended knees till our lives' end

Wyatt Be happy, I am your friend To Kingston, forward! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV — ROOM IN THE GATEHOUSE OF WESTMINSTER PALACE

MARY, ALICE, GARDINER, RENARD, LADIES

Gardiner Then c'y is, Philip never shall be king

Mary Lord Pembroke in command of all our force Will front then c'y and shatter them into dust

Alice Was not Lord Pembroke with Northumberland?

O madam, if this Pembroke should be false?

Mary No, guil, most brave and loyal, brave and loyal

His breaking with Northumberland broke Northumberland

At the park gate he hovers with our guards

These Kentish ploughmen cannot break the guards

Enter MESSENGER

Messenger Wyatt, your Grace, hath broken thro' the guards

And gone to Ludgate

Gardiner Madam, I much fear That all is lost, but we can save your Grace

The river still is free I do beseech
you,

There yet is time, take boat and pass to
Windsor

Mary I pass to Windsor and I lose
my crown

Gardener Pass, then, I pray your
Highness, to the Tower

Mary I shall but be then prisoner
in the Tower

Cries without The traitor! treason!
Pembroke!

Ladies Treason! treason!

Mary Peace

False to Northumberland, is he false to
me?

Bear witness, Renard, that I live and
die

The true and faithful bride of Philip—A
sound

Of feet and voices thickening hither—
blows—

Hark, there is battle at the palace
gates,

And I will out upon the gallery

Ladies No, no, your Grace, see there
the arrows flying

Mary I am Harry's daughter, Tudor,
and not fear

[*Goes out on the gallery*]

The guards are all driven in, skulk into
corners

Like rabbits to their holes A gracious
guard

Truly, shame on them! they have shut
the gates!

Enter SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL

Southwell The porter, please your
Grace, hath shut the gates

On friend and foe You gentlemen at-
arms,

If this be not your Grace's order, cry
To have the gates set wide again, and they

With their good battle-axes will do you
right

Against all traitors

Mary They are the flower of
England, set the gates wide

[*Exit* Southwell]

Enter COURTENAY

Courtenay All lost, all lost, all
yielded! A barge, a barge!

The Queen must to the Tower

Mary Whence come you, sir?

Courtenay From Charing Cross, the
rebels broke us there,

And I sped hither with what haste I might
To save my royal cousin

Mary Where is Pembroke?

Courtenay I left him somewhere in
the thick of it

Mary Left him and fled, and thou
that would'st be King,

And hast nor heart nor honour I myself
Will down into the battle and there bide

The upshot of my quarrel, or die with those
That are no cowards and no Courtenays

Courtenay I do not love you Grace
should call me coward

Enter another MESSENGER

Messenger Over, your Grace, all
crush'd, the brave Lord William

Thrust him from Ludgate, and the traitor
flying

To Temple Bar, there by Sir Maurice
Berkeley

Was taken prisoner

Mary To the Tower with him!

Messenger 'Tis said he told Sir
Maurice there was one

Cognisant of this, and party thereunto,
My Lord of Devon

Mary To the Tower with him!

Courtenay O la, the Tower, the
Tower, always the Tower,

I shall grow into it—I shall be the Tower!

Mary Your Lordship may not have
so long to wait

Remove him!

Courtenay La, to whistle out my life,
And carve my coat upon the walls again!

[*Exit* Courtenay guarded]

Messenger Also this Wynt did con-
fess the Princess

Cognisant thereof, and party thereunto

Mary What? whom—whom did you
say?

Messenger Elizabeth,
Your Royal sister
Mary To the Tower with her !
My foes are at my feet and I am Queen
[*Gardiner and her Ladies kneel to her*
Gardiner (rising) There let them lie,
your footstool ! (*Aside*) Can I
strike
Elizabeth ?—not now and save the life
Of Devon if I save him, he and his
Are bound to me—may strike hereafter
(*Aloud*) Madam,
What Wyatt said, or what they said he said,
Cries of the moment and the street—
Mary He said it
Gardiner Your courts of justice will
determine that
Renard (*advancing*) I trust by this
your Highness will allow
Some spice of wisdom in my telling you,
When last we talk'd, that Philip would
not come
Till Guildford Dudley and the Duke of
Suffolk,
And Lady Jane had left us
Mary They shall die
Renard And your so loving sister ?
Mary She shall die
My foes are at my feet, and Philip King
[*Exeunt*]

ACT III

SCENE I —THE CONDUIT IN GRACE
CHURCH,

*Painted with the Nine Worthies, among
them King Henry VIII holding a book,
on it inscribed 'Verbum Dei'*

Enter SIR RALPH BAGENHALL and SIR
THOMAS STAFFORD

Bagenhall A hundred here and
hundreds hung'd in Kent
The tigress had unsheath'd her nails at
last,
And Renard and the Chancellor sharpen'd
them
In every London street a gibbet stood
They are down to day Here by this
house was one,

The traitor husband dangled at the door,
And when the traitor wife came out for
bread
To still the petty treason therewithin,
Her cap would brush his heels
Stafford It is Sir Ralph,
And muttering to himself as heretofore
Sir, see you aught up yonder ?
Bagenhall I miss something
The tree that only bears dead fruit is gone
Stafford What tree, sir ?
Bagenhall Well, the tree in
Virgil, sir,
That bears not its own apples
Stafford What ! the gallows ?
Bagenhall Sir, this dead fruit was
ripening overmuch,
And had to be removed lest living Spain
Should sicken at dead England
Stafford Not so de'd,
But that a shock may rouse her
Bagenhall I believe
Sir Thomas Stafford ?
Stafford I am ill disguised
Bagenhall Well, are you not in peril
here ?
Stafford I think so
I came to feel the pulse of England,
whether
It beats hard at this marriage Did you
see it ?
Bagenhall Stafford, I am a sad man
and a serious
Far liefer had I in my country hall
Been reading some old book, with mine
old hound
Couch'd at my hearth, and mine old flask
of wine
Beside me, than have seen it yet I saw it
Stafford Good, was it splendid ?
Bagenhall Ay, if Dukes, and Earls,
And Counts, and sixty Spanish cavaliers,
Some six or seven Bishops, diamonds,
pearls,
That royal commonplace too, cloth of gold,
Could make it so
Stafford And what was Mary's dress ?
Bagenhall Good faith, I was too sorry
for the woman
To mark the dress She wore red shoes !

Stafford Red shoes '
Bagenhall Scarlet, as if hei feet were
 wash'd in blood,
 As if she had waded in it

Stafford Were your eyes
 So bashful that you look'd no higher ?

Bagenhall A diamond,
 And Philip's gift, is proof of Philip's love,
 Who hath not any for any,—tho' a true
 one,

Blazed false upon her heart

Stafford But this proud Prince—

Bagenhall Nay, he is King, you
 know, the King of Naples

The father ceded Naples, that the son
 Being a King, might wed a Queen—O he
 Flamed in biocade—white satin his trunk
 hose,

Inwrought with silver,—on his neck a
 collar,

Gold, thick with diamonds, hanging
 down from this

The Golden Fleece—and round his knee,
 misplaced,

Our English Garter, studded with great
 emeralds,

Rubies, I know not what Have you had
 enough

Of all this gear ?

Stafford Ay, since you hate the tell
 ing it

How look'd the Queen ?

Bagenhall No fairer for hei jewels
 And I could see that as the new made
 couple

Came from the Minster, moving side by
 side

Beneath one canopy, ever and anon
 She cast on him a vassal smile of love,
 Which Philip with a glance of some dis
 taste,

Or so methought, return'd I may be
 wrong, sir

This marriage will not hold

Stafford I think with you
 The King of France will help to break it

Bagenhall France '
 We once had half of France, and hurl'd
 our battles

Into the heart of Spain, but England now

Is but a ball chuck'd between France and
 Spain,

His in whose hand she drops, Harry of
 Bolingbroke

Had holpen Richard's tottering throne to
 stand,

Could Harry have foreseen that all our
 nobles

Would perish on the civil slaughter field,
 And leave the people naked to the crown,

And the crown naked to the people, the
 crown

Female, too ' Sir, no woman's regimen
 Can save us We are fallen, and as I

think,

Never to rise again

Stafford You are too black blooded
 I'd make a move myself to hinder that

I know some lusty fellows there in
 France

Bagenhall You would but make us
 weaker, Thomas Stafford

Wyatt was a good soldier, yet he fail'd,
 And strengthen'd Philip

Stafford Did not his last breath
 Clear Courtenay and the Princess from
 the charge

Of being his co rebels ?

Bagenhall Ay, but then
 What such a one as Wyatt says is nothing

We have no men among us The new
 Lords

Are quieted with their sop of Abbeylands,
 And ev'n before the Queen's face Gardiner

buys them

With Philip's gold All greed, no faith,
 no courage !

Why, ev'n the haughty prince, Northum-
 berland,

The leader of our Reformation, knelt
 And blubber'd like a lad, and on the

scaffold

Recanted, and resold himself to Rome

Stafford I swear you do your country
 wrong, Sir Ralph

I know a set of exiles over there,

Dare devils, that would eat fire and spit
 it out

At Philip's beud they pillage Spain
 already

The French King winks at it An hour
will come

When they will sweep her from the seas
No men?

Did not Lord Suffolk die like a true man?
Is not Lord William Howard a true man?
Yea, you yourself, altho' you are black
blooded

And I, by God, believe myself a man
Ay, even in the church there is a man—
Cranmer

Fly would he not, when all men bad him
fly

And what a letter he wrote against the
Pope!

There's a brave man, if any

Bagenhall Ay, if it hold

Crowd (coming on) God save their
Graces!

Stafford Bagenhall, I see

The Tudor green and white (*Trumpets*)
They are coming now

And here's a crowd as thick as herring
shoals

Bagenhall Be limpets to this pillar,
or we are torn

Down the strong wave of brawlers

Crowd God save their Graces!

[*Procession of Trumpeters, Javelin
men, etc., then Spanish and
Flemish Nobles intermingled*]

Stafford Worth seeing, Bagenhall!

These black dog Dons

Garb themselves bravely Who's the
long face there,

Looks very Spain of very Spur?

Bagenhall The Duke

Of Alva, an iron soldier

Stafford And the Dutchman,

Now laughing at some jest?

Bagenhall William of Orange

William the Silent

Stafford Why do they call him so?

Bagenhall He keeps, they say, some
secret that may cost

Philip his life

Stafford But then he looks so merry

Bagenhall I cannot tell you why they
call him so

[*The King and Queen pass, attended*

*by Peers of the Realm, Officers of
State, etc. Cannon shot off*

Crowd Philip and Mary, Philip and
Mary!

Long live the King and Queen, Philip
and Mary!

Stafford They smile as if content with
one another

Bagenhall A smile abroad is oft a
scowl at home

[*King and Queen pass on Procession*]

First Citizen I thought this Philip
had been one of those black devils of
Spain, but he hath a yellow beard

Second Citizen Not red like Iscariot's

First Citizen Like a cariot's, as thou
say'st, and English cariot's better than
Spanish licourice, but I thought he was a
beast

Third Citizen Certain I had heard
that every Spaniard carries a tail like a
devil under his trunk hose

Tailor Ay, but see what trunk hoses!

Lord! they be fine, I never stich'd none
such They make amends for the tails

Fourth Citizen Tut! every Spanish
priest will tell you that all English heretics
have tails

Fifth Citizen Death and the Devil—
if he find I have one—

Fourth Citizen Lo! thou hast call'd
them up! here they come—a pale horse
for Death and Gardiner for the Devil

*Enter GARDINER (turning back from the
procession)*

Gardiner Knave, wilt thou wear thy
cap before the Queen?

Man My Lord, I stand so squeezed
among the crowd

I cannot lift my hands unto my head

Gardiner Knock off his cap there,
some of you about him!

See there be others that can use their hands
Thou art one of Wyatt's men?

Man No, my Lord, no

Gardiner Thy name, thou knave?

Man I am nobody, my Lord

Gardiner (shouting) God's passion!
knave, thy name!

Man I have ears to hear
Gardiner Ay, rascal, if I leave thee
 ears to hear
 Find out his name and bring it me (*to*
Attendant)
Attendant Ay, my Lord
Gardiner Knave, thou shalt lose thine
 ears and find thy tongue,
 And shalt be thankful if I leave thee that
 [Coming before the Conduit
 'The conduit painted—the nine worthies
 —ay'
 But then what's here? King Harry with
 a scroll
 Ha—Veibum Dei—'cibum—word of
 God!
 God's passion! do you know the knave
 that painted it?
Attendant I do, my Lord
Gardiner Tell him to paint it out,
 And put some flesh device in lieu of
 it—
 A pair of gloves, a pair of gloves, say,
 ha?
 There is no here-y there
Attendant I will, my Lord,
 The man shall paint a pair of gloves I
 am sure
 (Knowing the man) he wrought it igno-
 rantly,
 And not from any malice
Gardiner Word of God
 In English! over this the blameless loons
 That cannot spell Esaias from St Paul,
 'Make themselves drunk and mad, fly out
 and flout
 Into rebellions I'll have them bibles
 burnt
 The bible is the priest's Ay! fellow,
 what!
 Stand staring at me! shout, you gaping
 rogue!
Man I have, my Lord, shouted till
 I am hoarse
Gardiner What hast thou shouted,
 knave?
Man Long live Queen Mary!
Gardiner Knave, there be two
 There be both King and Queen,
 Philip and Mary Shout!

Man Nay, but, my Lord,
 The Queen comes first, Mary and Philip
Gardiner Shout, then,
 Mary and Philip!
Man Mary and Philip!
Gardiner Now,
 Thou hast shouted for thy pleasure, shout
 for mine!
 Philip and Mary!
Man Must it be so, my Lord?
Gardiner Ay, knave
Man Philip and Mary!
Gardiner I distrust thee
 Thine is a half voice and I can assent
 What is thy name?
Man Sunders
Gardiner What else?
Man Zerubbabel
Gardiner Where dost thou live?
Man In Cornhill
Gardiner Where, knave, where?
Man Sign of the Talbot
Gardiner Come to me to-morrow—
 Rascal!—this land is like a hill of fire,
 One crater opens when another shuts
 But so I get the laws against the heretic,
 Spite of Lord Paget and Lord William
 Howard,
 And others of our Parliament, revived,
 I will show thee on my side—stake and
 fire—
 Sharp work and short The knaves are
 easily cowed
 Follow them Majesties
 [Exit The crowd following
Bagenhall As proud as Becket
Stafford You would not have him
 murder'd as Becket was?
Bagenhall No—murder fathers mur-
 der—but I say
 There is no man—there was one woman
 with us—
 It was a sin to love her married, dead
 I cannot choose but love her
Stafford Lady Jane?
Crowd (going off) God save their
 Graces!
Stafford Did you see her die?
Bagenhall No, no, her innocent
 blood had blinded me

You call me too black blooded—true
enough

Her dark dead blood is in my heart with
mine

If ever I cry out against the Pope
Her dark dead blood that ever moves
with mine

Will stir the living tongue and make the
cry

Stafford Yet doubtless you can tell
me how she died?

Bagenhall Seventeen—and know
eight languages—in music
Peerless—her needle perfect, and her
learning

Beyond the churchmen, yet so meek, so
modest,

So wife like humble to the trivial boy
Mismatch'd with her for policy! I have
heard

She would not take a last farewell of him,
She fear'd it might unman him for his end
She could not be unmann'd—no, nor
outwoman'd—

Seventeen—a rose of grace!
Gul never breathed to rival such a rose,
Rose never blew that equal'd such a bud

Stafford Pray you go on

Bagenhall She came upon the
scaffold,

And said she was condemn'd to die for
treason,

She had but follow'd the device of those
Her nearest kin she thought they knew
the laws

But for herself, she knew but little law,
And nothing of the titles to the crown,
She had no desire for that, and wung
her hands,

And trusted God would save her thro' the
blood

Of Jesus Christ alone

Stafford Pray you go on

Bagenhall Then knelt and said the
Misereere Mei—

But all in English, mark you, rose again,
And, when the headsman pray'd to be
forgiven,

Said 'You will give me my true crown
at last,

But do it quickly,' then all wept but
she,

Who changed not colour when she saw
the block,

But ask'd him, childlike 'Will you take
it off

Before I lay me down?' 'No, madam,'
he said,

Grasping, and when her innocent eyes
were bound,

She, with her poor blind hands feeling—
'where is it?

Where is it?'—You must fancy that
which follow'd,

If you have heart to do it!

Crowd (in the distance) God save
their Graces!

Stafford Their Graces, our disgraces!
God confound them!

Why, she's grown bloodier! when I last
was here,

This was against her conscience—would
be murder!

Bagenhall The 'Thou shalt do no
murder,' which God's hand

Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubb'd
out pale—

She could not make it white—and over
that,

Traced in the blackest text of Hell—
'Thou shalt!'

And sign'd it—Mary!

Stafford Philip and the Pope
Must have sign'd too I hear this
Legate's coming

To bring us absolution from the Pope
The Lords and Commons will bow down
before him—

You are of the house? what will you do,
Sir Ralph?

Bagenhall And why should I be
bolder than the rest,

Or honestest than all?

Stafford But, sir, if I—

And overseas they say this state of yours
Hath no more mortice than a tower of
cards,

And that a puff would do it—then if I
And others made that move I touch'd
upon,

Duck'd by the power of France, and
 landing here,
 Came with a sudden splendour, shout,
 and show,
 And dazzled men and deafen'd by some
 bright
 Loud venture, and the people so unquiet—
 And I the race of murder'd Buckingham—
 Not for myself, but for the kingdom—
 Sir,

I trust that you would fight along with us
Bagenhall No, you would fling your
 lives into the gulf

Stafford But if this Philip, as he's
 like to do,

Left Mary a wife widow here alone,
 Set up a viceoy, sent his myriads hither
 To seize upon the foits and fleet, and
 make us

A Spanish province, would you not fight
 then?

Bagenhall I think I should fight then

Stafford I am sure of it

Hist! there's the face coming on here of
 one

Who knows me I must leave you
 Fare you well,

You'll hear of me again

Bagenhall Upon the scaffold
 [Exit

SCENE II —ROOM IN WHITEHALL PALACE

MARY *Enter* PHILIP and
 CARDINAL POLE

Pole Ave Maria, gratia plena, Bene
 dicta tu in mulieribus

Mary Loyal and loyal cousin,
 humblest thanks

Had you a pleasant voyage up the river?

Pole We had your royal barge, and
 that same chair,

On rather throne of purple, on the deck
 Our silver cross sparkled before the prow,
 The ripples twinkled at their diamond
 dance,

The boats that follow'd, were as glowing
 gay

As regal gardens, and your flocks of
 swans,

As fair and white as angels, and your
 shores

Wore in mine eyes the green of Paradise
 My foreign friends, who deem'd us
 blanketed

In ever closing fog, were much amazed
 To find as fur a sun as might have flash'd
 Upon their lake of Garda, fire the
 Thames,

Our voyage by sea was all but miracle,
 And here the river flowing from the sea,
 Not toward it (for they thought not of
 our tides),

Seem'd as a happy miracle to make
 glide—

In quiet—home your banish'd country
 man

Mary We heard that you were sick
 in Flanders, cousin

Pole A dizziness

Mary And how came you
 round again?

Pole The scarlet thread of Rahab
 saved her life,

And mine, a little letting of the blood

Mary Well? now?

Pole Ay, cousin, as the
 heathen grant

Had but to touch the ground, his force
 return'd—

Thus, after twenty years of banishment,
 Feeling my native land beneath my foot,
 I said thereto 'Ah, native land of mine,
 Thou art much beholden to this foot of
 mine,

That hastes with full commission from
 the Pope

To absolve thee from thy guilt of heresy
 Thou hast disgraced me and attainted me,
 And murk'd me ev'n as Cain, and I return
 As Peter, but to bless thee make me well'
 Methinks the good land heard me, for to
 day

My heart beats twenty, when I see you,
 cousin

Ah, gentle cousin, since your Herod's
 death,

How oft hath Peter knock'd at Mary's gate!

And Mary would have risen and let him in,
But, Mary, there were those within the
house

Who would not have it

Mary True, good cousin Pole,
And there were also those without the
house

Who would not have it

Pole I believe so, cousin
State policy and church policy are con-
joint,

But Janus faces looking diverse ways
I fear the Emperor much misvalued me
But all is well, 'twas ev'n the will of God,
Who, waiting till the time had ripen'd,
now,

Makes me his mouth of holy greeting
'Hail,

Draughter of God, and saver of the faith
Sit benedictus fructus ventris tui'

Mary Ah, heaven!

Pole Unwell, your Grace?

Mary No, cousin, happy—
Happy to see you, never yet so happy
Since I was crown'd

Pole Sweet cousin, you forget
That long low minster where you gave
your hand

To this great Catholic King

Philip Well said, Lord Legate

Mary Nay, not well said, I thought
of you, my liege,
Ev'n as I spoke

Philip Ay, Madam, my Lord Paget
Waits to present our Council to the Legate
Sit down here, all, Madam, between us
you

Pole Lo, now you are enclosed with
boards of cedar,
Our little sister of the Song of Songs'
You are doubly fenced and shielded sitting
here

Between the two most high set thrones
on earth,

The Emperor's highness happily symbol'd
by

The King your husband, the Pope's
Holiness

By mine own self

Mary True, cousin, I am happy

When will you that we summon both our
houses

To take this absolution from your lips,
And be regather'd to the Papal fold?

Pole In Britain's calendar the bright-
est day

Beheld our rough forefathers break their
Gods,

And clasp the faith in Christ, but after that
Might not St Andrew's be her happiest
day?

Mary Then these shall meet upon
St Andrew's day

*Enter PAGET, who presents the Council
Dumb show*

Pole I am an old man wearied with
my journey,

Ev'n with my joy Permit me to with-
draw

To Lambeth?

Philip Av, Lambeth has ousted
Cranmer

It was not meet the heretic swine should
live

In Lambeth

Mary There or anywhere, or at all

Philip We have had it swept and
garnish'd after him

Pole Not for the seven devils to enter
in?

Philip No, for we trust they pated
in the swine

Pole True, and I am the Angel of
the Pope

Farewell, your Graces

Philip Nay, not here—to me,
I will go with you to the waterside

Pole Not be my Charon to the counter-
side?

Philip No, my Lord Legate, the
Lord Chancellor goes

Pole And unto no dead world, but
Lambeth palace,

Henceforth a centie of the living faith

[*Exeunt Philip, Pole, Paget, etc*]

Manet Mary

Mary He hath awaked! he hath
awaked!

He sits within the darkness !
Oh, Philip, husband ! now thy love to mine
Will cling more close, and those bleak
marneis thaw,

That make me shamed and tongue tied
in my love

The second Prince of Peace—

The great unbain defender of the Faith,
Who will avenge me of mine enemies—
He comes, and my star rises

The stormy Wyatts and Northumberland,
The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,
And all her fiercest partisans—are pale
Before my star !

The light of this new learning wanes and
dies

The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius fade
Into the deathless hell which is their doom
Before my star !

His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to Ind !
His sword shall hew the heretic peoples
down !

His faith shall clothe the world that will
be his

Like universal air and sunshine ! Open,
Ye everlasting gates ! The King is here !—
My star, my son !

Enter PHILIP, DUKE OF ALVA, etc

Oh, Philip, come with me,
Good news have I to tell you, news to
make

Both of us happy—ay, the Kingdom too
Nay come with me—one moment !

Philip (to Alva) More than that
There was one here of late—William the
Silent

They call him—he is free enough in talk,
But tells me nothing You will be, we
trust,

Sometime the viceroy of those provinces—
He must deserve his surname better

Alva Ay, sir,
Inherit the Great Silence

Philip True, the provinces
Are hard to rule and must be hardly ruled,
Most fruitful, yet, indeed, an empty land,
All hollow'd out with stinging heresies,
And for their heresies, Alva, they will fight,
You must break them or they break you

Alva (proudly) The first
Philip Good !
Well, Madam this new happiness of mine ?
[Exeunt]

Enter THREE PAGES

First Page News, mates ! a miracle
a miracle ! news !
The bells must ring, Te Deums must be
sung,

The Queen hath felt the motion of her
babe !

Second Page Ay, but see here !

First Page See what ?

Second Page This paper, Dickon
I found it fluttering at the palace gates —
'The Queen of England is delivered of a
dead dog !'

Third Page These are the things
that madden her Fie upon it !

First Page Ay, but I hear she hath
a diopsy, lad,

Or a high-diopsy, as the doctors call it

Third Page Fie on her diopsy, so
she have a diopsy !

I know that she was ever sweet to me

First Page For thou and thine are
Roman to the core

Third Page So thou and thine must
be Take heed !

First Page Not I,
And whether this flash of news be false
or true,

So the wine run, and there be revelry,
Content am I Let all the steeples clash,
Till the sun dance, as upon Easter Day

[Exeunt]

SCENE III — GREAT HALL IN WHITEHALL

*At the far end a dais On this three
chairs, two under one canopy for MARY
and PHILIP, another on the right of
these for POLE Under the dais on
POLE's side, ranged along the wall,
sit all the Spiritual Peers, and along
the wall opposite, all the Temporal
The Commons on cross benches in front,
a line of approach to the dais between*

them In the foreground, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL and other Members of the Commons

First Member St Andrew's dry, sit close, sit close, we are friends
Is reconciled the word? the Pope again?
It must be thus, and yet, cocksbody!
how strange

That Gardiner, once so one with all of us
Against this foreign marriage, should
have yielded

So utterly!—strange! but stranger still
that he,

So fierce against the Herdship of the
Pope,

Should play the second actor in this
pageant

That brings him in, such aameleon he!
Second Member This Gardiner turn d

his coat in Henry's time,
The serpent that hath slough'd will
slough again

Third Member Tut, then we all are
serpents

Second Member Speak for yourself
Third Member Ay, and for Gardiner!

being English citizen,
How should he bear a bridegroom out of
Spain?

The Queen would have him! being
English churchman

How should he bear the headship of the
Pope?

The Queen would have it! Statesmen
that are wise

Shape a necessity, as a sculptor clay,
To their own model

Second Member Statesmen that are
wise

Take truth herself for model What say
you? [*To Sir Ralph Bagenhall*

Bagenhall We talk and talk!
First Member Ay, and what use to

talk?
Philip's no sudden alien—the Queen's
husband,

He's here, and ling, or will be—yet
cocksbody!

So hated here! I watch'd a hive of late,

My seven-years' friend was with me, my
young boy,

Out crept a wasp, with half the swarm
behind

'Philip!' says he I had to cuff the rogue
For infant treason

Third Member But they say that bees,
If any creeping life invade their hive

Too gross to be thrust out, will build him
round,

And bind him in from harming of their
combs

And Philip by these articles is bound
From turning hand or foot to wrong the
realm

Second Member By bonds of beeswax,
like your creeping thing,

But your wise bees had stung him first
to death

Third Member Hush, hush! [†]
You wrong the Chancellor the clauses

added
To that same treaty which the emperor
sent us

Were mainly Gardiner's that no foreigner
Held office in the household, fleet, forts,

army,
That if the Queen should die without a
child,

The bond between the kingdoms be
dissolved,

That Philip should not mix us any way
With his French wars—

Second Member Ay, ay, but what
security,

Good sir, for this, if Philip—
Third Member Peace—the Queen,

Philip, and Pole [*All rise, and stand*

Enter MARY, PHILIP, and POLE

[*Gardiner conducts them to the three
chairs of state Philip sits on the
Queen's left, Pole on her right*

Gardiner Our short lived sun, before
his winter plunge,

Laughs at the last red leaf, and Andrew's
Day

Mary Should not this day be held in
after years

More solemn than of old?

Philip Madam, my wish
 Echoes your Majesty's
Pole It shall be so
Gardiner Mine echoes both your
 Graces', (*aside*) but the Pope—
 Can we not have the Catholic church as
 well
 Without as with the Italian? if we cannot,
 Why then the Pope
 My lords of the upper house,
 And ye, my masters, of the lower house
 Do ye stand fast by that which ye resolved?
Voices We do
Gardiner And be you all one mind to
 supplicate
 The Legate here for pardon, and acknow-
 ledge
 The primacy of the Pope?
Voices We are all one mind
Gardiner Then must I play the vassal
 to this Pole [*Aside*
He draws a paper from under his
robus and presents it to the King
and Queen, who look through it
and return it to him, then ascends
a tribune, and reads
 We, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal
 And Commons here in Parliament as-
 sembled,
 Presenting the whole body of this realm
 Of England, and dominions of the same
 Do make most humble suit unto your
 Majesties,
 In our own name and that of all the state,
 That by your gracious means and inter-
 cession
 Our supplication be exhibited
 To the Lord Cardinal Pole, sent here as
 Legate
 From our most Holy Father Julius, Pope,
 And from the Apostolic see of Rome,
 And do declare our penitence and grief
 For our long schism and disobedience,
 Either in making laws and ordinances
 Against the Holy Father's primacy,
 Or else by doing or by speaking aught
 Which might impugn or prejudice the
 same,
 By this our supplication promising,
 As well for our own selves as all the realm,

That now we be and ever shall be quick,
 Under and with your Majesties' autho-
 rities,
 To do to the utmost all that in us lies
 Towards the abrogation and repeal
 Of all such laws and ordinances made,
 Whereon we humbly pray your Majesties,
 As persons undefiled with our offence,
 So to set forth this humble suit of ours
 That we the rather by your intercession
 May from the Apostolic see obtain,
 Thro' this most reverend Father, absolu-
 tion,
 And full release from danger of all
 censures
 Of Holy Church that we be fall'n into,
 So that we may, as children penitent,
 Be once again received into the Bosom
 And unity of Universal Church,
 And that this noble realm thro' after years
 May in this unity and obedience
 Unto the holy see and reigning Pope
 Serve God and both your Majesties
Voices Amen [*All sit*
He again presents the petition to the
King and Queen, who hand it
reverentially to Pole
Pole (sitting) This is the loveliest day
 that ever smiled
 On England All her breath should,
 incenselike,
 Rise to the heavens in grateful praise of
 Him
 Who now recalls her to His ancient fold
 Lo! once again God to this realm hath
 given
 A token of His more especial Grace,
 For as this people were the first of all
 The islands call'd into the dawning church
 Out of the dead, deep night of heathen-
 dom,
 So now are these the first whom God
 hath given
 Grace to repent and sorrow for their
 schism,
 And if your penitence be not mockery,
 Oh how the blessed angels who rejoice
 Over one saved do triumph at this hour
 In the reborn salvation of a land
 So noble [*A pause*

For ourselves we do protest
That our commission is to heal, not hurt,
We come not to condemn, but reconcile,
We come not to compel, but call again,
We come not to destroy, but edify,
Nor yet to question things already done,
These are forgiven—matters of the past—
And range with jetam and with offal
thru vn

Into the blindness of forgetfulness [*A pause*]
Ye have reversed the attainder laid on us
By him who sack'd the house of God,
and we,

Amplifier than any field on our poor earth
Can render thanks in fruit for being sown,
Do here and now repay you sixty fold,
A hundred, yea, a thousand thousand fold,
With heaven for earth

[*Rising and stretching forth his hands*
All kneel but Sir Ralph Bagenhall,
who rises and remains standing

The Lord who hath redeem'd us
With His own blood, and wash'd us from
our sins,

To purchase for Himself a stainless bride,
He, who'n the Father hath appointed
Head

Of all his church, He by His mercy
absolve you ! [*A pause*

And we by that authority Apostolic
Given unto us, his Legate, by the Pope,
Our Lord and Ho'y Father, Julius,
God's Vicar and Vicegerent upon earth,
Do here absolve you and deliver you
And every one of you, and all the realm
And its dominions, from all heresy,
All schism, and from all and every cen-
sure,

Judgment, and pain accruing thereupon,
And also we restore you to the bosom
And unity of Universal Church

[*Turning to Gardiner*
Our letters of commission will declare
this plainlier

[*Queen heard sobbing Cries of*
Amen ! Amen ! Some of the
Members embrace one another
All but Sir Ralph Bagenhall pass
out into the neighbouring chapel,
whence is heard the Te Deum

Bagenhall We strove against the
popery from the first,
In William's time, in our first Edward's
time,

And in my master Henry's time, but now,
The unity of Universal Church,
Marry would have it, and this Gardiner
follows,

The unity of Universal Hell,
Philip would have it, and this Gardiner
follows !

A Parliament of imitative apes !
Sheep at the gap which Gardiner takes,
who not

Believes the Pope, nor any of them
believe—

These spaniel Spaniard English of the
time,

Who rub their fawning noses in the dust,
For that is Philip's gold dust, and adore
This Vicar of their Vicar Would I had
been

Born Spaniard ! I had held my head up
then

I am ashamed that I am Bagenhall,
English

Enter OFFICER

Officer Sir Ralph Bagenhall !

Bagenhall What of that ?

Officer You were the one sole man in
either house

Who stood upright when both the houses
fell

Bagenhall The houses fell !

Officer I mean the houses knelt
Before the Legate

Bagenhall Do not scrimp your
phrase,

But stretch it wider say when England
fell

Officer I say you were the one sole
man who stood

Bagenhall I am the one sole man in
either house,

Perchance in England, loves her like a son

Officer Well, you one man, because
you stood upright,

Her Grace the Queen commands you to
the Tower

Bagenhall As traitor, or as heretic,
or for what?

Officer If any man in any way would
be

The one man, he shall be so to his cost

Bagenhall What will she have my
head?

Officer A round fine liker
You pardon [*Calling to Attendant*
By the river to the lower [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV — WHITEHALL A ROOM
IN THE PALACE

MARY, GARDINER, POLT, PAGET,
BONNER, etc

Mary The King and I, my Lords,
now that all traitors
Against our royal state have lost the heads
Wherewith they plotted in their treason
ous malice,
Have talk'd together, and are well agreed
That those old statutes touching Lollard-
ism

To bring the heretic to the stake, should be
No longer a dead letter, but requicken'd

One of the Council Why, what hath
flus'er'd Gardiner? how he rubs
His forelock!

Paget I have changed a word with
him

In coming, and may change a word again
Gardiner Madam, your Highness is
our sun, the King

And you together our two suns in one
And so the beams of both may shine upon
us,

The faith that seem'd to droop will feel
your light,

Lift head, and flourish, yet not light
alone,

There must be heat—there must be heat
enough

To scorch and wither heresy to the root
For what saith Christ? 'Compel them
to come in'

And what saith Paul? 'I would they
were cut off

That trouble you' Let the dead letter live!

Trice it in fire, that all the louts to whom
Their A B C is darkness, clowns and
grooms

May read it! so you quash rebellion too,
For heretic and traitor are all one

Two vipers of one breed—an amphisboen,
Each end a sting Let the dead letter
burn!

Paget Yet there be some disloyal
Catholics,

And many heretics loyal, heretic throats
Cried no God bless her to the Lady Jane,
But shouted in Queen Mary So there be
Some traitor heretic, there is axe and coid
To take the lives of others that are loyal,
and by the churchman's pitiless doom of
fire,

Were but a thankless policy in the crow
Ay, and against itself, for there are many

Mary If we could burn out heresy,
my Lord Paget,

We reck not tho' we lost this crown of
England—

Ay! tho' it were ten Englands!

Gardiner Right, your Grace

Paget, you are all for this poor life of ours
And care but little for the life to be

Paget I have some time, for curious
ness, my Lord,

Watch'd children plying at *their* life to
be,

And cruel at it, killing helpless flies,
Such is our time—all times for aught I
know

Gardiner We kill the heretics that
sting the soul—

They, with right reason, flies that prick
the flesh

Paget They had not reach'd right
reason, little children!

They kill'd but for their pleasure and the
power

They felt in killing

Gardiner A spice of Satan, ha!

Why, good! what then? granted!—we
are fallen creatures,

Look to your Bible, Paget! we are fallen

Paget I am but of the laity, my Lord
Bishop,

And may not read your Bible, yet I found

One day, a wholesome scripture, 'Little children,

Love one another !'

Gardiner Did you find a scripture,
'I come not to bring peace but a sword'?

The sword

Is in her Grace's hand to smite with
Paget,

You stand up here to fight for heresy,
You are more than guess'd at as a heretic,
And on the steep-up track of the true faith
Your lapses are far seen

Paget The faultless Gardiner !

Mary You bawl beyond the ques-
tion, speak, Lord Legate !

Pole Indeed, I cannot follow with
your Grace

Rather would say—the shepherd doth
not kill

The sheep that wander from his flock but
sends

His careful dog to bring them to the fold
Look to the Netherlands, wherein have
been

Such holocausts of heresy ! to what end ?
For yet the faith is not established there

Gardiner The end is not come

Pole No—not this way
will come,

Seeing there lie two ways to every end,
A better and a worse—the worse is here

To persecute, because to persecute
Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore

No perfect witness of a perfect faith
In him who persecutes when men are tost

On tides of strange opinion, and not sure
Of their own selves, they are wroth with

their own selves,
And thence with others, then, who lights
the faggot ?

Not the full faith, no, but the lurking
doubt

Old Rome, that first made martyrs in the
Church,

Trembled for her own gods, for these
were trembling—

But when did our Rome tremble ?

Paget Did she not
In Henry's time and Edward's ?

Pole What, my Lord !

The Church on Peter's rock ? never ! I
have seen

A pine in Italy that cast its shadow
Athwart a cataract, firm stood the pine—

The cataract shook the shadow To my
mind,

The cataract typed the headlong plunge
and fall

Of heresy to the pit the pine was Rome
You see, my Lords,

It was the shadow of the Church that
trembled,

Your church was but the shadow of a
church,

Wanting the Papal mitre

Gardiner (muttering) Here be tropes
Pole And tropes are good to clothe a
naked truth,

And make it look more seemly
Gardiner Tropes again !

Pole You are hard to please Then
without tropes, my Lord,

An overmuch severeness, I repeat,
When faith is wavering makes the wavering

pass
Into more settled hatred of the doctrines
Of those who rule, which hatred by and by

Involves the ruler (thus there springs to
light

That Centaur of a monstrous Common-
weal,

The traitor heretic) then tho' some may
quail,

Yet others are that dare the stake and fire,
And then strong torment bravely borne,

begets
An admiration and an indignation,
And hot desire to imitate, so the plague

Of schism spreads, were there but three
or four

Of these misleaders, yet I would not say
Burn ! and we cannot burn whole towns,

they are many,
As my Lord Paget says

Gardiner Yet my Lord Cardinal—
Pole I am your Legate, please you

let me finish
Methinks that under our Queen's regimen

We might go softer than with crimson
rowel

And streaming lash When Herod-
 Henry first
 Began to batter at your English Chu ch,
 This was the crust, and hence the judg-
 ment on her
 She scethed with such adulteries, and the
 lives
 Of many among your churchmen were so
 foul
 That heaven wept and earth blush'd I
 would advise
 That we should thoroughly cleanse the
 Church within
 Before these bitter statutes be requicken'd
 So after that when she once more is seen
 White as the light, the spotless bride of
 Christ,
 Like Christ himself on Tabor, possibly
 The Lutheran may be won to her again,
 Till when, my Lords, I counsel tolerance
Gardiner What, is a mad dog bit
 your hand, my Lord,
 Would you not chop the bitten finger off,
 Lest your whole body should madden
 with the poison?
 I would not, were I Queen, tolerate the
 heretic,
 No, not an hour The ruler of a land
 Is bounden by his power and place to see
 His people be not poison'd Tolerate
 them!
 Why? do they tolerate you? Nay, many
 of them
 Would burn—have burnt each other,
 call they not
 The one true faith, a loathsome idol
 worship?
 Beware, Lord Legate, of a heavier crime
 Than heresy is itself, beware, I say,
 I see men accuse you of indifference
 To all faiths, all religion, for you know
 Right well that you yourself have been
 supposed
 Tainted with Lutheranism in Italy
Pole (angered) But you, my Lord,
 beyond all supposition,
 In clear and open day were congruent
 With that vile Cranmer in the accused lie
 Of good Queen Catherine's divorce—the
 spring

Of all those evils that have flow'd upon
 us,
 For you yourself have truckled to the
 tyrant,
 And done your best to bastardise our
 Queen,
 For which God's righteous judgment fell
 upon you
 In your five years of imprisonment, my
 Lord,
 Under young Edward Who so bolster'd
 up
 The gross King's headship of the Church,
 or more
 Denied the Holy Father!
Gardiner Ha! what! eh?
 But you, my Lord, a polish'd gentleman,
 A bookman, flying from the heat and
 tussle,
 You lived among your vines and oranges,
 In your soft Italy yonder! You were
 sent for,
 You were appear'd to, but you still
 prefer'd
 Your learned leisure As for what I did
 I suffer'd and repented You, Lord
 Legate
 And Cardinal Deacon, have not now to
 learn
 That even St Peter in his time of fear
 Denied his Master, ay, and thrice, my
 Lord
Pole But not for five and twenty
 years, my Lord
Gardiner Ha! good! it seems then
 I was summon'd hither
 But to be mock'd and baited Speak,
 friend Bonner,
 And tell this learned Legate he lacks zeal
 The Church's evil is not as the King's,
 Cannot be heal'd by stroking The mad
 bite
 Must have the crutery—tell him—and set
 once
 What wouldst thou do hadst thou his
 power, thou
 That layest so long in heretic bonds with
 me,
 Would'st thou not burn and blast them
 root and branch?

Bonner Ay, after you, my Lord
Gardiner Nay, God's passion, before
 me ! speak !
Bonner I am on fire until I see them
 flame
Gardiner Ay, the psalm-singing
 weavers, cobbleis, scum—
 But this most noble prince Plantagenet,
 Our good Queen's cousin—dallying over
 seas
 Even when his brother's, nay, his noble
 mother's,
 Herd fell—
Pole Peace, madman !
 Thou stirrest up a grief thou canst not
 fathom
 Thou Christian Bishop, thou Lord Chan-
 cellor
 Of England ! no more rein upon thine
 anger
 Than any child ! Thou mak'st me much
 ashamed
 That I was for a moment wroth at thee
Mary I come for counsel and ye give
 me feuds,
 Like dogs that set to watch their master's
 gate,
 Fall, when the thief is ev'n within the
 walls,
 To worrying one another My Lord
 Chancellor,
 You have an old trick of offending us,
 And but that you are ait and part with us
 In purging heresy, well we might, for this
 Your violence and much roughness to the
 Legate,
 Have shut you from our counsels
 Cousin Pole,
 You are fresh from brighter lands Re-
 ture with me
 His Highness and myself (so you allow
 us)
 Will let you learn in peace and privacy
 What power this cooler sun of England
 hath
 In breeding godless vermin And pry
 Heaven
 That you may see according to our sight
 Come, cousin

[*Exeunt Queen and Pole, et*

Gardiner Pole has the Plantagenet
 face,
 But not the force made them our mightiest
 kings
 I ne eyes—but melancholy, irresolute—
 A fine beard, Bonner, a very full fine
 beard
 But a weak mouth, an indeterminate—ha ?
Bonner Well, a weak mouth, per-
 chance
Gardiner And not like thine
 To gorge a heretic whole, roasted or raw
Bonner I'd do my best, my Lord,
 but yet the Legate
 Is here as Pope and Master of the Church,
 And if he go not with you—
Gardiner Tut, Master Bishop,
 Our bashful Legate, saw'st not how he
 flush'd ?
 Touch him upon his old heretical talk,
 He'll burn a diocese to prove his ortho-
 doxy
 And let him call me truckler In those
 times,
 Thou knowest we had to dodge, or duck,
 or die,
 I kept my head for use of Holy Church,
 And see you, we shall have to dodge
 again,
 And let the Pope trample our rights, and
 plunge
 His foreign fist into our island Church
 To plump the leaner pouch of Italy
 For a time, for a time
 Why ? that these statutes may be put in
 force,
 And that his fan may thoroughly purge
 his floor
Bonner So then you hold the Pope—
Gardiner I hold the Pope !
 What do I hold him ? what do I hold
 the Pope ?
 Come, come, the morsel stuck—this
 Cardinal's fault—
 I have gulped it down I am wholly for
 the Pope,
 Utterly and altogether for the Pope,
 The Eternal Peter of the changeless chair,
 Crown'd slave of slaves, and mitred king
 of kings,

God upon earth ! what more ? what would
you have ?
Hence, let's be gone

Enter USHER

Usher Well that you be not gone,
My Lord The Queen, most wroth at
first with you,
Is now content to grant you full forgive-
ness,
So that you crave full pardon of the
Legate

I am sent to fetch you

Gardiner Doth Pole yield, sir, ha !
Did you hear em ? were you by ?

Usher I cannot tell you,
His bearing is so courtly delicate,
And yet methinks he falters then two
Graces

Do so dear cousin and royal cousin him,
So press on him the duty which a Legate
He owes himself, and with such royal
smiles—

Gardiner Smiles that burn men
Bonnet, it will be carried
He falters, ha ? 'fore God, we change
and change,

Men now are bow'd and old, the doctors
tell you,

At three score years, then it we change
at all

We needs must do it quickly, it is an age
Of brief life, and brief purpose, and brief
patience,

As I have shown to-day I am sorry for it
If Pole be like to turn Our old friend
Cranmer

Your more especial love, hath turn'd so
often,

He knows not where he stands, which,
if this pass,

We two shall have to teach him, let 'em
look to it

Cranmer and Hooper, Ridley and Latimer,
Rogers and Ferris, for their time is come,
Then how is hard at hand, then 'dies
Ire,

Then 'dies Illa, which will test then sect
I feel it but a duty—you will find in it
Pleasure as well as duty, worthy Bonner,—

To test then sect Sir, I attend the Queen
To crave most humble pardon—of her most
Royal, Infallible, Papal Legate cousin
[Exeunt]

SCENE V—WOODSTOCK

ELIZABETH, LADY IN WAITING

Elizabeth So they have sent poor
Courtney over sea

Lady And banish'd us to Woodstock,
and the fields

The colours of our Queen are green and
white,

These fields are only green, they make
me grieve

Elizabeth There's whitethorn, gill

Lady Ay, for an hour in May

But court is always May, buds out in
masques,

Breaks into fertile'd merriments, and
flowers

In silken pageants Why do they keep
us here ?

Why still suspect your Grace ?

Elizabeth Hard upon both

[Writes on the window with a diamond]

Much suspected of me

Nothing proven can be

Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner

Lady What hath your Highness
written ?

Elizabeth A true rhyme

Lady Cut with a diamond, so to last
like truth

Elizabeth Ay, if truth last

Lady But truth, they say, will out,
so it must last It is not like a word,
that comes and goes in uttering

Elizabeth Truth, a word !

The very Truth and very Word are one
But truth of story, which I glanced at, gill,
Is like a word that comes from olden days,
And passes thro' the peoples every tongue
Alters it passing, till it spells and speaks
Quite other than at first

Lady I do not follow

Elizabeth How many names in the
long sweep of time

That so foreshortens greatness, may but
hang
On the chance mention of some fool that
once

Brake bread with us, perheps and my
poor chronicle

Is but of glass Sir Henry Bedingfield
May split it for a spite

Lady God grant it list,
And witness to your Grace's innocence,
Till doomsday melt it

Elizabeth On a second fire,
Like that which lately crackled underfoot
And in this very chamber, fuse the glass,
And char us back again into the dust
We spring from Never percock against
rain

Scream'd as you did for water

Lady And I got it
I woke Sir Henry—and he true to you—
I read his honest honor in his eyes

Elizabeth Or true to you?

Lady Sir Henry Bedingfield
I will have no man true to me, your Grace,
But one that pares his nails, to me? the
clown

Elizabeth Out, gull! you wrong a
noble gentleman

Lady For, like his cloak, his man-
ners want the nap
And gloss of court, but of this fire he says,
Nay swears, it was no wicked wilfulness,
Only a natural chance

Elizabeth A chance—perchance
One of those wicked wilfuls that men
make,

Nor shame to call it nature Nay, I know,
They hunt my blood Save for my daily
range

Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ
I might despair But there hath some
one come,

The house is all in movement Hence,
and see [*Exit Lady*]

Milkmaid (singing without)

Shame upon you, Robin,

Shame upon you now!

Kiss me would you? with my hands
Milking the cow?

Daisies grow again,
Kingcups blow again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow

Robin came behind me,
Kiss'd me well I vow,
Cuff him could I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Swallows fly again,
Cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow

Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now,
Help it can I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringdoves coo again,
All things woo again
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow!

Elizabeth Right honest and red
check'd, Robin was violent,
And she was crafty—a sweet violence,
And a sweet craft I would I were a
milkmaid,

To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake,
and die,

Then have my simple headstone by the
church,
And all things lived and ended honestly
I could not if I would I am Harry's
daughter

Cordiner would have my head They are
not sweet,

The violence and the craft that do divide
The world of nature, what is weak must
lie,

The lion needs but roar to guard his young,
The lapwing hes, says 'here' when they
are there

Threaten the chud, 'I'll scourge you if
you did it'

What weapon hath the child, save his
soft tongue,

To say 'I did not?' and my rod's the block
I never lay my head upon the pillow
But that I think, 'Wilt thou lie there to
morrow?'

How oft the falling axe, that never fell,
Hath shock'd me back into the daylight
truth

That it may fall to day! Those damp,
black, dead

Nights in the Tower, dead—with the
fear of death

Too dead ev'n for a death-watch ! Toll
of a bell,

Stroke of a clock, the scurrying of a rat
Afrighted me, and then delighted me,
For there was life—And there was life in
death—

The little murder'd princes, in a pale light,
Rose hand in hand, and whisper'd, 'come
away !

The civil wars are gone for evermore
I hou last of all the Tudors, come away !
With us is peace !' The last ? It was a
dream,

I must not dream, not wink, but watch
She has gone,

Maid Marian to her Robin—by and by
Be th' happy ! a fox may fitch when by night,
And make a morning outcry in the yild,
But there's no Renard here to 'catch his
'ripping'

Catch me who can yet, sometime I have
wish'd

That I were caught, and kill'd away at once
Out of the flutter The gray rogue,
Gardner,

Went on his knees, and pray'd me to confess
In Wyatt's business, and to cast myself
Upon the good Queen's mercy, ay, when,
my Lord ?

God save the Queen ! My joy !—

Enter SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD

Bedingfield One, whose bolts,
That jail you from free life, but you from
death

There haunt some Papist ruffians here about
Would murder you

Elizabeth I thank you heartily, sir,
But I am royal, tho' your prisoner,
And God hath best or cursed me with a
nose—

Your boots are from the horses

Bedingfield Ay, my Lady
When next there comes a missive from
the Queen

It shall be all my study for one hour
To rose and lavender my horseness
Before I dare to glance upon your Grace

Elizabeth A missive from the Queen
last time she wrote,
I had like to have lost my life it takes
my breath

O God, sir, do you look upon your boots,
Are you so small a man ? Help me
what think you,
Is it life or death ?

Bedingfield I thought not on my
boots,
The devil take all boots were ever made
Since man went barefoot See, I lay it
here,

For I will come no nearer to your Grace,
[*Laying down the letter*]
And, whether it bring you bitter news or
sweet,

And God hath given your Grace a nose,
or not,

I'll help you, if I may

Elizabeth Your pardon, then,
It is the heat and narrowness of the cage
That makes the captive testy, with free
wing

The world were all one Arabey Leave
me now,

Will you, companion to myself, sir ?

Bedingfield Will I ?
With most exceeding willingness, I will,
You know I never come till I be call'd
[*Exit*]

Elizabeth It lies there folded is there
venom in it ?

A snake—and if I touch it, it may sting
Come, come, the worst !

Best wisdom is to know the worst at once
[*Reads*]

'It is the King's wish, that you
shou'd wed Prince Philibert of Savoy
You are to come to Court on the instant,
and think of this in your coming
'MARY THE QUEEN'

Think ! I have many thoughts,
I think there may be budlime here for
me,

I think they fain would have me from the
realm,

I think the Queen may never bear a
child,

I think that I may be some time the
 Queen,
 Then, Queen indeed, no foreign prince
 or priest
 Should fill my throne, myself upon the
 steps
 I think I will not marry anyone,
 Specially not this landless Philibert
 Of Savoy, but, if Philip menace me,
 I think that I will play with Philibert,—
 As once the Holy Father did with
 mine,
 Before my father married my good
 mother,—
 For fear of Spain

Enter LADY

Lady O Lord! you Grace, your
 Grace,
 I feel so happy it seems that we shall
 fly
 These bald, blank fields, and dance into
 the sun
 That shines on princes

Elizabeth Yet, a moment since,
 I wish'd myself the milkmaid singing
 here,
 To kiss and cuff among the birds and
 flowers—

A right tough life and healthful
Lady But the wench
 Hath her own troubles, she is weeping
 now,
 For the wrong Robin took her at her
 word
 Then the cow kick'd, and all her milk
 was spilt

You Highness such a milkmaid?

Elizabeth I had kept
 My Robins and my cows in sweeter
 order

Had I been such

Lady (*shyly*) And had your Grace a
 Robin?

Elizabeth Come, come, you are chill
 here, you want the sun
 That shines at court, make ready for the
 journey
 Pray God, we 'scape the sunstroke
 Ready at once

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI — LONDON A ROOM IN
 THE PALACE

LORD PETRE *and* LORD WILLIAM
 HOWARD

Petre You cannot see the Queen
Renard denied her,
 Ev'n now to me

Howard Their Flemish go between
 And all in all I came to thank her
 Majesty

For freeing my friend Bagenhall from the
 Tower,

A grace to me! Mercy, that herb of grace,
 Flowers now but seldom

Petre Only now perhaps
 Because the Queen hath been three days
 in tears

For Philip's going—like the wild hedge
 rose

Of a soft winter, possible, not probable,
 However you have prov'n it

Howard I must see her

Enter RENARD

Renard My Lords, you cannot see
 her Majesty

Howard Why then the King! for I
 would have him bring it
 Home to the leisure wisdom of his Queen,
 Before he go, that since these statutes past,
 Gardiner out Gardiners Gardiner in his
 heat,

Bonner cannot out Bonner his own self—
 Beast!—but they play with fire as chil-
 dren do,

And burn the house I know that these
 are breeding

A fierce resolve and fixt heart-hate in men
 Against the King, the Queen, the Holy
 Father,

The faith itself Can I not see him?

Renard Not now
 And in all this, my Lord, her Majesty

Is flint of flint, you may strike fire from
 her,

Not hope to melt her I will give you
 message

[*Exeunt* Petre and Howard

Enter PHILIP (musing)

Philip She will not have Prince
Philibert of Savoy,
I talk'd with her in vain—says she will
live
And die true maid—a goodly creature too
Would *she* had been the Queen ' yet she
must have him,
She troubles England that she breathes
in England
Is life and lungs to every rebel birth
That passes out of embryo

Simon Renard '—
This Howard, whom they fear, what was
he saying?

Renard What your imperial father
said, my liege,
I deal with heresy gentler Gudiner
burns,

And Bonner burns, and it would sicken
this people

Care more for our brief life in their wet
land,

Than yours in happier Spain I told my
Lord

He should not vex her Highness, she
would say

These are the means God works with,
that His church

May flourish

Philip Ay, sir, but in statesmanship
To strike too soon is oft to miss the blow
Thou knowest I bad my chaplain, Castio,
preach

Against these burnings

Renard And the Emperor
Approved you, and when last he wrote,
declined

His comfort in your Grace that you were
bland

And affable to men of all estates,

In hope to charm them from their hate of
Spain

Philip In hope to crush all heresy
under Spain

But, Renard, I am sick: staying here
Than any sea could make me passing hence,
Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea
So sick am I with biding for this child

Is it the fashion in this clime for women
To go twelve months in bearing of a
child?

The nurses yawn'd, the cradle gaped,
they led

Processions, chanted litanies, clasp'd their
bells,

Shot off their lying cannon, and her
priests

Have preach'd, the fools, of this fair
prince to come,

Till, by St James, I find myself the fool
Why do you lift your eyebrow at me thus?

Renard I never saw your Highness
moved till now

Philip So weary am I of this wet
land of theirs,

And every soul of man that breathes
therein

Renard My liege, we must not drop
the mask before

The masquerade is over—

Philip —I have I caught it?
I have but shown a nothing face to you,
Who knew it from the first

Enter MARY

Mary (aside) With Renard Still
Parleying with Renard, all the day with
Renard,

And scarce a greeting all the day for me—
And goes to morrow [Exit Mary]

Philip (to Renard, who advances to him) Well, sir, is there more?

Renard (who has perceived the Queen)
My Simon Renard speak a single
word?

Philip Ay

Renard And be forgiven for it?

Philip Simon Renard
Knows me too well to speak a single word
That could not be forgiven

Renard Well, my liege,
Your Grace hath a most chaste and loving
wife

Philip Why not? The Queen or
Philip should be chaste

Renard Ay, but, my Lord, you know
that Vigil sings,

Woman is various and most mutable

Philip She play the harlot ' never
Renard No, sire, no,
 Not dream'd of by the rabidest gospeller
 There was a paper thrown into the palace,
 'The King hath wearied of his barren
 bride'

She came upon it, read it, and then rent it,
 With all the rage of one who hates a
 truth

He cannot but allow Sire, I would
 have you—

What should I say, I cannot pick my
 words—

Be somewhat less—majestic to your
 Queen

Philip Am I to change my nunnery,
 Simon Renard,
 Because these islanders are brutal beasts?
 Or would you have me turn a sonneteer,
 And warble those brief-sighted eyes of
 heis?

Renard Brief sighted tho' they be,
 I have seen them, sire,
 When you perchance were trifling royally
 With some fair dame of court, suddenly
 fill
 With such fierce fire—had it been fire
 indeed

It would have burnt both speakers
Philip Ay, and then?

Renard Sire, might it not be policy
 in some matter
 Of small importance now and then to
 cede

A point to her demand?

Philip Well, I am going

Renard For should her love when
 you are gone, my liege,
 Witness these papers, there will not be
 wanting

Those that will urge her injury—should
 her love—

And I have known such women more
 than one—

Veer to the counterpoint, and jealousy
 Hath in it an alchemic force to fuse
 Almost into one metal love and hate,—
 And she impress her wrongs upon her
 Council,
 And these again upon her Parliament—

We are not loved here, and would be
 then perhaps
 Not so well holpen in our wais with
 Fiance,
 As else we might be—here she comes

Enter MARY

Mary O Philip!
 Nay, must you go indeed?

Philip Madam, I must
Mary The parting of a husband and
 a wife

Is like the cleaving of a heart, one half
 Will flutter here, one there

Philip You say true, Madam

Mary The Holy Virgin will not have
 me yet

Lose the sweet hope that I may bear a
 prince

If such a prince were born and you not
 here!

Philip I should be here if such a
 prince were born

Mary But must you go?

Philip Madam, you know my father,
 Retiring into cloistral solitude

To yield the remnant of his years to
 heaven,

Will shift the yoke and weight of all the
 world

From off his neck to mine We meet at
 Brussels

But since mine absence will not be for
 long,

Your Majesty shall go to Dover with me,
 And wait my coming back

Mary To Dover? no,
 I am too feeble I will go to Greenwich,
 So you will have me with you, and there
 watch

All that is gracious in the breath of
 heaven

Draw with your sails from our poor land,
 and pass

And leave me, Philip, with my prayers
 for you

Philip And doubtless I shall profit
 by your prayers

Mary Methinks that would you tarry
 one day more

(The news was sudden) I could moulder myself

To bear you going better, will you do it?

Philip Madam, a day may sink or save a realm

Mary A day may save a heart from breaking too

Philip Well, Simon Renard, shall we stop a day?

Renard Your Grace's business will not suffer, sue,

For one day more, so far as I can tell

Philip Then one day more to please her Majesty

Mary The sunshine sweeps across my life again

O if I knew you felt this parting, Philip, As I do!

Philip By St. James I do protest, Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard, I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty. Simon, is supper ready?

Renard Ay, my liege, I saw the covers laying

Philip Let us have it [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV

SCENE I—A ROOM IN THE PALACE

MARY, CARDINAL POLE

Mary What have you there?

Pole So please your Majesty, A long petition from the foreign exiles To spare the life of Cranmer—Bishop Thirlby,

And my Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,

Crave, in the same cause, hearing of your Grace

Hath hitherto written himself—infatuated—To sue you for his life?

Mary His life? Oh, no, Not sued for that—he knows it were in vain

But so much of the anti-papal leaven Works in him yet, he hath pray'd me not to sully

Mine own prerogative, and degrade the realm

By seeking justice at a stranger's hand Against my natural subject—King and Queen,

To whom he owes his loyalty after God, Shall these accuse him to a foreign prince? Death would not grieve him more—I

cannot be True to this realm of England and the Pope

Together, says the heretic

Pole And therefore, As he hath ever ended this vanity

A secular kingdom is but as the body Lacking a soul, and in itself a beast.

The Holy Father in a secular kingdom Is as the soul descending out of heaven Into a body generate

Mary Write to him, then

Pole I will

Mary And sharply, Pole

Pole Here come the Cranmerites!

Enter THIRLBY, LORD PACET, LORD WILLIAM HOWARD

Howard Health to you Grace! Good morrow, my Lord Cardinal, We make our humble prayer unto your Grace

That Cranmer may withdraw to foreign parts,

Or into private life within the realm. In several bills and declarations, Madam, He hath recanted all his heresies

Paget Ay, ay, it Bonner have not foisted the bills [*Aside*]

Mary Did not More die, and Fisher? he must burn

Howard He hath recanted, Madam

Mary The better for him. He burns in Purgatory, not in Hell

Howard Ay, y, your Grace, but it was never seen

That any one recanting thus at full, As Cranmer hath, came to the fire on earth

Mary It will be seen now, then

Thirlby O Madam, Madam! I thus implore you, low upon my knees,

To reach the hand of mercy to my friend
I have err'd with him, with him I have
recanted

What human reason is there why my
friend

Should meet with lesser mercy than my
self?

Mary My Lord of Ely, this After
a not

We hang the leaders, let their following
go

Cranmer is head and father of these here-
sies,

New learning as they call it, yea, may
God

Forget me at most need when I forget
Her foul divorce—my sainted mother—
No!

Howard Ay, y, but mighty doctors
doubted there

The Pope himself waver'd, and more
than one

Row'd in that galley—Gardiner to wit,
Whom truly I deny not to have been
Your faithful friend and trusty councillor
Hath not your Highness ever read his
book,

His tractate upon True Obedience,
Writ by himself and Bonner?

Mary I will take
Such order with all bad, heretical books
That none shall hold them in his house
and live,

Henceforward No, my Lord

Howard Then never read it
The truth is here Your father was a man
Of such colossal kinghood, yet so cour-
teous,

Except when wroth, you scarce could
meet his eye

And hold you own, and were he wroth
indeed,

You held it less, or not at all I say,
Your father had a will that beat men
down,

Your father had a brain that beat men
down—

Pole Not me, my Lord

Howard No, for you were not here,
You sit upon this fallen Cranmer's throne,

And it would more become you, my Lord
Legate,

To join a voice, so potent with her High-
ness,

To ours in plea for Cranmer than to stand
On naked self assertion

Mary All your voices
Are waves on flint The heretic must
burn

Howard Yet once he saved your
Majesty's own life,

Stood out against the King in your behalf,
At his own peril

Mary I know not if he did,
And if he did I care not, my Lord Howard
My life is not so happy, no such boon,
That I should spare to take a heretic
priest's,

Who saved it or not saved Why do you
vex me?

Paget Yet to save Cranmer were to
serve the Church,

Your Majesty's I mean, he is effaced,
Self blotted out, so wounded in his
honour,

He can but creep down into some dark
hole

Like a hunt beast, and hide himself and
die,

But if you burn him,—well, your High-
ness knows

The saying, 'Martyr's blood—seed of the
Church'

Mary Of the true Church, but his
is none, nor will be

You are too politic for me, my Lord
Paget

And if he have to live so loath'd a life,
It were more merciful to burn him now

Thoby O yet relent O, Madam,
if you knew him

As I do, ever gentle, and so gracious,
With all his learning—

Mary Yet a heretic still
His learning makes his burning the more
just

Thoby So worshipt of all those that
came across him,

The stranger at his hearth, and all his
house—

Mary His children and his concubine,
belike

Thulby Fo do him any wrong was
to beget

A kindness from him, for his heart was rich,
Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd
therein

The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Charity

Pole 'After his kind it costs him
nothing,' there's

An old world English adage to the point
These are but natural graces, my good

Bishop,

Which in the Catholic garden are as
flowers,

But on the heretic dunghill only weeds

Howard Such weeds make dunghills
gracious

Mary Enough, my Lords
It is God's will, the Holy Father's will,
And Philip's will, and mine, that he
should burn

He is pronounced anathema

Howard Farewell, Madam,
God grant you ampler mercy at your call
Than you have shown to Cranmer

[*Exeunt* Lords

Pole After this,
Your Grace will hardly care to overlook
This same petition of the foreign exiles
For Cranmer's life

Mary Make out the writ to night
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II — OXFORD CRANMER IN PRISON

Cranmer Last night, I dream'd the
faggots were right,
And that myself was fasten'd to the stake,
And found it all a visionary flame,
Cool as the light in old decaying wood,
And then King Harry look'd from out a
cloud,
And bad me have good courage, and I
heard
An angel cry 'There is more joy in
Heaven,'—
And after that, the trumpet of the dead

[*Trumpets without*

Why, there are trumpets blowing now
what is it?

Enter FATHER COLE

Cole Cranmer, I come to question
you again,
Have you remain'd in the true Catholic
faith
I left you in?

Cranmer In the true Catholic faith,
By Heaven's grace, I am more and more
confirm'd

Why are the trumpets blowing, Father
Cole?

Cole Cranmer, it is decided by the
Council
That you to day should read your recant-
ation

Before the people in St Mary's Church
And there be many heretics in the
town,

Who love you for your late return to
Rome,

And might assail you passing through the
street,

And tear you piecemeal so you have a
guard

Cranmer Or seek to rescue me I
thank the Council

Cole Do you lack any money?

Cranmer Nay, why should I?

The prison fare is good enough for me

Cole Ay, but to give the poor

Cranmer Hand it me, then!
I thank you

Cole For a little space, farewell,
Until I see you in St Mary's Church

[*Exit* Cole

Cranmer It is against all precedent
to burn

One who recants, they mean to pardon
me

To give the poor—they give the poor
who die

Well, burn me or not burn me I am
fixt,

It is but a communion, not a mass

A holy supper, not a sacrifice,

No man can make his Maker—Villa
Garcia

Enter VILLA GARCIA

Villa Garcia Pray you write out this paper for me, Cranmer

Cranmer Have I not writ enough to satisfy you?

Villa Garcia It is the last

Cranmer Give it me, then

[*He writes*]

Villa Garcia Now sign

Cranmer I have sign'd enough, and I will sign no more

Villa Garcia It is no more than what you have sign'd already,

The public form thereof

Cranmer It may be so,

I sign it with my presence, if I read it

Villa Garcia But this is idle of you

Well, su, well,

You are to beg the people to pray for you, Exhort them to a pure and virtuous life, Declare the Queen's right to the throne, confess

Your faith before all hearers, and retract that Eucharistic doctrine in your book Will you not sign it now?

Cranmer No, *Villa Garcia*,

I sign no more Will they have mercy on me?

Villa Garcia Have you good hopes of mercy? So, farewell [*Exit*]

Cranmer Good hopes, not theus, have I that I am first,

First beyond fall, however, in strange hours,

After the long brain-dazing colloquies, And thousand times recurring argument Of those two friars ever in my prison, When left alone in my despondency, Without a friend, a book, my faith would seem

Dead or half-drown'd, or else swam heavily

Against the huge corruptions of the Church,

Monsters of misadaption, old enough To scare me into dreaming, 'what am I, Cranmer, against whole ages?' was it so, Oram I slandering my most inward friend, To veil the fault of my most outward foe—

The soft and tremulous coward in the flesh? O higher, holier, earlier, purer church, I have found thee and not leave thee any more

It is but a communion, not a mass— No sacrifice, but a life giving feast!

[*With*] So, so, this will I say—thus will I pray [*Puts up the paper*]

Enter BONNER

Bonner Good day, o'd friend, what, you look somewhat worn,

And yet it is a day to test your health Ev'n at the best I scarce have spoken with you

Since when?—your degradation At you trial

Never stood up a bolder man than you, You would not cap the Pope's corruptions—

Your learning, and your stoutness, and your heresy,

Dumbfounded half of us So, after that, We had to dis archbishop and unlord, And make you simple Cranmer once again

The common barber clipt your hair, and I Scraped from your finger points the holy oil,

And worse than all, you had to kneel to me,

Which was not pleasant for you, Master Cranmer

Now you, that would not recognise the Pope,

And you, that would not own the Real Presence,

Have found a real presence in the stake, Which frights you back into the ancient faith,

And so you have recanted to the Pope How are the mighty fallen, Master Cranmer!

Cranmer You have been more fierce against the Pope than I, But why fling back the stone he strikes me with? [*Aside*]

O Bonner, if I ever did you kindness— Power hath been given you to try faith by fire—

Pray you, remembering how yourself have changed,

Be somewhat pitiful, after I have gone,
To the poor flock—to women and to children—

That when I was Archbishop held with me
Bonnet Ay—gentle as they call you
—live or die!

Pitiful to this pitiful hearse?

I must obey the Queen and Council, man
Win thro' this day with honour to your
self,

And I'll say something for you—so—
good bye [Exit]

Cranmer This hard course man of old
hath crouch'd to me

Till I myself was half ashamed for him

Enter THIRLEY

Weep not, good Thirley

Thirley Oh, my Lord, my Lord!
My heart is no such block as Bonnet's is
Who would not weep?

Cranmer Why do you so my lord me,
Who am disgraced?

Thirley On earth, but saved in
heaven

By your recantation

Cranmer Will they burn me,
Thirley?

Thirley Alas, they will, these burn-
ings will not help

The purpose of the faith, but my poor
voice

Against them is a whisper to the roar
Of a spring tide

Cranmer And they will surely
burn me?

Thirley Ay, and besides, will have
you in the church

Repeat your recantation in the ears
Of all men, to the saving of their souls,
Before your execution May God help you
Thro' that hard hour!

Cranmer And may God bless you,
Thirley!

Well, they shall hear my recantation there
[Exit Thirley]

Disgraced, dishonour'd!—not by them,
indeed,

By mine own self—by mine own
hand!

O thou skinn'd hand and jutting veins,
'twas you

That sign'd the burning of poor Joan of
Kent,

But then she was a witch You have
written much,

But you were never raised to plead for
Rich,

Whose dogmas I have reach'd he was
deliver'd

To the secular arm to burn, and there
was Lambert,

Who can foresee himself? truly these
burnings,

As Thirley says, are profitable to the
burners,

And help the other side You shall burn
too,

Burn first when I am burnt
Fire—inch by inch to die in agony!

Lutimer
Had a brief end—not Ridley Hooper
burn'd

Three quarters of an hour Will my
faggots

Be wet as his were? It is a day of rain
I will not muse upon it

My fancy takes the burners' put, and
makes

The fire seem even crueller than it is
No, I not doubt that God will give me

strength,
Albert I have denied him

Enter SOTO and VILLA GARCIA

Villa Garcia We are ready
To take you to St Mary's, Master

Cranmer
Cranmer And I lead on, ye loose
me from my bonds [Exit]

SCENE III—ST MARY'S CHURCH

*COLE in the Pulpit, LORD WILLIAMS
OF THAME presiding LORD WILLIAM
HOWARD LORD PAGET, and others
CRANMER enters between SOTO and*

VILLA GARCIA, and the whole Chon
strike up 'Nunc Dimittis' CRANMER
is set upon a Scaffold before the people

Cole Behold him—

[A pause people in the foreground
People Oh, unhappy sight!]

First Protestant See how the tears
run down his fatherly face

Second Protestant James, didst thou
ever see a carrion crow

Stand watching a sick beast before he
dies?

First Protestant Him perch'd up
there? I wish some thunderbolt
Would make this Cole a cinder, pulpit
and all

Cole Behold him, brethren he hath
cause to weep!—

So have we all weep with him if ye will,
Yet—

It is expedient for one man to die,
Yea, for the people, lest the people die
Yet wherefore should he die that hath
return'd

To the one Catholic Universal Church,
Repentant of his errors?

Protestant murmurs Ay, tell us that

Cole Those of the wrong side will
despise the man,

Deeming him one that thro' the fear of
death

Gave up his cause, except he seal his faith
In sight of all with flaming martyrdom

Cranmer Ay

Cole Ye hear him, and albeit there
may seem

According to the canons pardon due
To him that so repents, yet are there
causes

Wherefore our Queen and Council at this
time

Adjudge him to the death He hath been
a traitor,

A shaker and confounder of the realm,
And when the King's divorce was sued
at Rome,

He here, this heretic metropolitan,
As if he had been the Holy Father, sat
And judg'd it Did I call him heretic?

A huge heres'arch! never was it known
That any man so writing, preaching so,
So poisoning the Church, so long con-
tinuing,

Hath found his pardon, therefore he must
die,

For warning and example

Other reasons
There be for this man's ending, which
our Queen

And Council at this present deem it not
Expedient to be known

Protestant murmurs I warrant you

Cole Take therefore, all, example by
this man,

For if our Holy Queen not pardon him,
Much less shall others in like cause
escape,

That all of you, the highest as the
lowest,

May learn there is no power against the
Lord

There stands a man, once of so high
degree,

Chief prelate of our Church, archbishop,
first

In Council, second person in the realm,
Friend for so long time of a mighty King,
And now ye see downfallen and debased
From councillor to captive—fallen so low,
The leoprous flutterings of the byway, scum
And offal of the city would not change
Estates with him, in brief, so miserable,
There is no hope of better left for him,
No place for worse

Yet, Cranmer, be thou glad
This is the work of God He is glorified
In thy conversion lo! thou art reclaim'd,
He brings thee home nor fear but that
to day

Thou shalt receive the penitent thief
award,

And be with Christ the Lord in Paradise
Remember how God made the fierce fire
seem

To those three children like a pleasant
dew

Remember, too,
The triumph of St Andrew on his cross,
The patience of St Lawrence in the fire

Thus, if thou call on God and all the saints,

God will beat down the fury of the flame,
Or give thee saintly strength to undergo
And for thy soul shall masses here be sung
By every priest in Oxford Play for him

Cranmer Ay, one and all, dear
brothers, pray for me,

Pray with one breath, one heart, one soul
for me

Cole And now, lest anyone among
you doubt

The man's conversion and remission of
heart,

Yourselves shall hear him speak Speak,
Master Cranmer,

Fulfil your promise made me, and pro-
claim

Your true undoubted faith, that all may
hear

Cranmer And that I will O God,
Father of Heaven !

O Son of God, Redeemer of the world !
O Holy Ghost ! proceeding from them

both,

Three persons and one God, have mercy
on me,

Most miserable sinner, wretched man
I have offended against heaven and earth

More grievously than any tongue can tell
Then whither should I flee for any help ?

I am ashamed to lift my eyes to heaven,
And I can find no refuge upon earth

Shall I despair then ?—God forbid ! O
God,

For thou art merciful, refusing none
That come to Thee for succour, unto Thee,

Therefore, I come, humble myself to
Thee,

Saying, O Lord God, although my sins
be great,

For thy great mercy have mercy ! O
God the Son,

Not for slight faults alone, when thou
becamest

Man in the Flesh, was the great mystery
wrought,

O God the Father, not for little sins

Didst thou yield up thy Son to human
death,

But for the greatest sin that can be sinn'd,
Yea, even such as mine, incalculable,
Unpardonable,—sin against the light,
The truth of God, which I had proven
and known

Thy mercy must be greater than all sin
Forgive me, Father, for no merit of mine,
But that Thy name by man be glorified,
And Thy most blessed Son's, who died
for man

Good people, every man at time of
death

Would fain set forth some saying that
may live

After his death and better humankind,
For death gives life's last word a power
to live,

And, like the stone cut epitaph, remain
After the vanish'd voice, and speak to
men

God grant me grace to glorify my God !
And first I say it is a grievous case,

Many so dote upon this bubble world,
Whose colours in a moment break and
fly,

They care for nothing else What saith
St John —

'Love of this world is hated against
God'

Again, I pray you all that, next to God,
You do un murmuringly and willingly

Obey your King and Queen, and not for
dead

Of these alone, but from the fear of Him
Whose ministers they be to govern you

Thirdly, I pray you all to live together
Like brethren, yet what hated Christian
men

Be to each other, seeming not as
brethren,

But mortal foes ! But do you good to all
As much as in you lieth Hurt no man
more

Than you would harm your loving natural
brother

Of the same roof, same breast If any do,
Albeit he think himself at home with
God,

Of this be sure, he is whole worlds
away

Protestant murmurs What sort of
brothers then be those that lust
To burn each other?

Williams Peace among you, there!

Cranmer Fourthly, to those that own
exceeding wealth,

Remember that sore saying spoken once
By Him that was the truth, 'How hard
it is

For the rich man to enter into Heaven,'
Let all such men remember that hrid void
I have not time for more if ever, now
Let them flow forth in charity, seeing now
The poor so many, and all food so dear
Long have I lain in prison, yet have
heard

Of all their wretchedness Give to the
poor,

Ye give to God He is with us in the
poor

And now, and forasmuch as I have
come

To the last end of life, and thereupon
Hangs all my past, and all my life to be,
Fither to live with Christ in Heaven with
joy,

Or to be still in pain with devils in hell,
And, seeing in a moment, I shall find

[*Pointing upwards*
Heaven or else hell ready to swallow me,

[*Pointing downwards*
I shall declare to you my very faith
Without all colour

Cole Here him, my good brethren

Cranmer I do believe in God, Father
of all,

In every article of the Catholic faith,
And every syllable taught us by our Lord,
His prophets, and apostles, in the Testa-
ments,

Both Old and New

Cole Be plunet, Master Cranmer

Cranmer And now I come to the
great cruse that weighs

Upon my conscience more than anything
Or said or done in all my life by me,
For there be writings I have set abroad
Against the truth I knew within my heart,
Written for fear of death, to save my life,
If that might be, the papeis by my hand

Sign'd since my degradation—by this hand
[*Holding out his right hand*

Written and sign'd—I here renounce them
all,

And, since my hand offended, having
written

Against my heart, my hand shall first be
burnt,

So I may come to the fire

[*Dead silence*

Protestant murmurs

First Protestant I knew it would be
so

Second Protestant Our prayers are
heard!

Third Protestant God bless him!

Catholic murmurs Out upon him!
out upon him!

Liar! dissembler! traitor! to the fire!

Williams (raising his voice) You
know that you recanted all you
said

Touching the sacrament in that same
book

You wrote against my Lord of Winchester,
ter,

Dissemble not, play the plain Christian
man

Cranmer Alas, my Lord,
I have been a man loved plainness all my
life,

I did dissemble, but the hour has come
For utter truth and plainness, wherefore,

I say,

I hold by all I wrote within that book
Moreover,

As for the Pope I count him Antichrist,
With all his devil's doctrines, and refuse,
Reject him, and abhor him I have said

[*Cries on all sides,* 'Pull him down!'

Away with him!'

Cole Ay, stop the heretic's mouth!
Hale him away!

Williams Hum him not, hum him
not! have him to the fire!

[*CRANMER goes out between Two
Friars, smiling, hands are reached
to him from the crowd* LORD
WILLIAM HOWARD and LORD
PAGET are left alone in the church

Paget The nave and aisles all empty
 as a fool's jest !
 No, here's Lord William Howard
 What, my Lord,
 You have not gone to see the burning ?
Howard Fie !
 I to stand at ease, and stare as at a show,
 And watch a good man burn Never
 again
 I saw the deaths of Latimer and Ridley
 Moreover, tho' a Catholic, I would not,
 For the pure honour of our common
 nature,
 Hear what I might—another recantation
 Of Cranmer at the stake
Paget You'd not hear that
 He pass'd out smiling, and he walk'd
 upright,
 His eye was like a soldier's, whom the
 general
 He looks to and he leans on as his God,
 Hath rated for some backwardness and
 bidd'n him
 Charge one against a thousand, and the
 man
 Hurls his soul'd life against the pikes and
 dies
Howard Yet that he might not after
 all those papeis
 Of recantation yield again, who knows ?
Paget Papeis of recantation ! Think
 you then
 That Cranmer read all papeis that he
 sign'd ?
 Or sign'd all those they tell us that he
 sign'd ?
 Nay, I know not and you shall see, my
 Lord,
 That howsoever hero like the man
 Dies in the fire, this Bonnet or mother
 Will in some lying fashion misreport
 His ending to the glory of their church
 And you saw Latimer and Ridley die ?
 Latimer was eighty, was he not ? his best
 Of life was over then
Howard His eighty years
 Look'd somewhat crooked on him in his
 fuzee,
 But after they had stript him to his shroud,
 He stood upright, a lad of twenty-one,

And gather'd with his hands the starting
 flame,
 And wash'd his hands and all his face
 therein,
 Until the powder suddenly blew him
 dead
 Ridley was longer burning, but he died
 As manfully and boldly, and, 'foie God,
 I know them heretics, but right English
 ones
 If ever, as heaven grant, we clash with
 Spain,
 Our Ridley soldiers and our Latimer
 sailors
 Will teach her something
Paget Your mild Legate Pole
 Will tell you that the devil helpt them
 thro' it
[A murmur of the Crowd in the distance]
 Haik, how those Roman wolfdogs howl
 and bay him !
Howard Might it not be the other
 side rejoicing
 In his brave end ?
Paget They are too crush'd, too
 broken,
 They can but weep in silence
Howard Ay, ay, Paget,
 They have brought it in large measure on
 themselves
 Have I not heard them mock the blessed
 Host
 In songs so lewd, the beast might roar
 his claim
 To being in God's image, more than
 they ?
 Have I not seen the gamekeeper, the
 groom,
 Gardener, and huntsman, in the parson's
 place,
 The prison from his own spine swung out
 dead,
 And Ignorance crying in the streets, and
 all men
 Regarding her ? I say they have drawn
 the fire
 On their own heads yet, Paget, I do hold
 The Catholic, if he have the greater right,
 Hath been the cruellest

Paget Action and re action,
The miserable see saw of our child world,
Make us despise it at odd hours, my
Lord

Heaven help that this re action nor re act
Yet fiercelier under Queen Elizabeth,
So that she come to rule us

Howard The world's mad

Paget My Lord, the world is like a
drunken man,

Who cannot move straight to his end—
but reels

Now to the right, then as far to the left,
Push'd by the crowd beside—and under
foot

An earthquake, for since Henry for a
doubt—

Which a young lust had clapt upon the
back,

Crying, 'Forward'—set our old church
locking, men

I have hardly known what to believe, or
whether

They should believe in anything, the
currents

So shift and change, they see not how
they are borne,

Nor whither I conclude the King a
beast,

Verily a lion if you will—the world
A most obedient beast and fool—myself

Half beast and fool as appertaining to it,
Altho' your Lordship hath as little of
each

Cleaving to your original Adam-clay,
As may be consonant with mortality

Howard We talk and Crammersuffeis
The kindest man I ever knew, see, see,
I speak of him in the past Unhappy
land!

Hard natured Queen, half-Spanish in
herself,

And grafted on the hard grain'd stock of
Spain—

Her life, since Philip left her, and she lost
Her fiece desue of bearing him a child,
Hath, like a brief and bitter winter's day,
Gone narrowing down and darkening to
a close

There will be more conspiracies, I fear

Paget Ay, ay, beware of France

Howard O Paget, Paget!

I have seen heretics of the poorer sort,
Expectant of the rack from day to day,
To whom the fire were welcome, lying
chain'd

In breathless dungeons over steaming
sewers,

Fed with runk bread that crawl'd upon
the tongue,

And putrid water, every drop a worm,
Until they died of rotted limbs, and then

Cast on the dungnill naked, and become
Hideously alive again from head to heel,

Made even the carrion nosing mongrel
vomit

With hate and honor

Paget Nay, you sicken me
To hear you

Howard Fancy sick, these things
are done,

Done right against the promise of this
Queen

Twice given

Paget No faith with heretics, my
Lord!

Hist! there be two old gossips—gospel
leis,

I take it, stand behind the pillar here

I warrant you they talk about the burning

Enter TWO OLD WOMEN JOAN, a *nd*
after her TIB

Joan Why, it be Tib!

Tib I cum behind tha, gall, and
couldn't make tha hear Eh, the wind
and the wet! What a day, what a day!
nigh upo' judgement daay loike Pwoaps
be pretty things, Joan, but they wunt
set i' the Lord's cheer o' that daay

Joan I must set down myself, Tib,
it be a var waay voi my owld legs up
vro' Ishp Eh, my rheumatizy be that
bad howiver be I to win to the burnin'

Tib I should saay 'twur ower by now
I d ha' been here avore, but Dumble wur
blow'd w' the wind, and Dumble s the
best milchei in Ishp

Joan Our Daisy's as good 'z her

Tib Noa, Joan

Joan Our Daisy's butter's as good 'z
herein

Tib Noa, Joan

Joan Our Daisy's cheeses be better

Tib Noa, Joan

Joan Eh, then ha' thy waay wi' me,
Tib, ez thou hast wi' thy owld man

Tib Ay, Joan, and my owld man
wui up and waay betimes wi' dice hard
eggs for a good pplace at the buinn',
and baruin' the wet, Hodge 'ud ha' been
a harrowin' o' white peasen i' the outfield
—and baruin' the wind, Dumble wui
blow'd wi' the wind, so 'z we was forced
to stick her, but we fetched her round at
last. Think the Lord therevore. Dumble's
the best milcher in Islip

Joan Thou's thy way wi' man and
beast, *Tib*. I wonder at tha, it beats
me. Eh, but I do know ez Pwoaps and
vires be bad things, tell 'ee now, I heerd
summat is summun towld suamun o'
owld Bishop Gardiner's end, there wui
an owld loid a-cum to dine wi' un, and
a wui so owld a couldn't bide vor his
dinner, but a had to bide howsomver,
vor 'I wunt dine,' says my Lord Bishop,
says he, 'not till I hears ez Latimer and
Ridley be a vire,' and so they bided on
and on till you o' the clock till his man
cum in post vor here, and tells un ez the
vire has tuk holt. 'Now,' says the
Bishop, says he, 'we'll gwo to dinner'
and the owld loid fell to 's meat wi' a
will, God bless un! but Gardiner wui
struck down like by the hand o' God
avore a could taste a mossel, and a set
un all a vire, so z the tongue on un cum
a lolluping out o' 's mouth as black as a
rat. Thank the Lord, therevore

Paget The fools!

Tib Ay, Joan, and Queen Mary
gwoes on a buinn' and a-buinn', to get
her baaby born, but all her buinnins' ill
never burn out the hypocrisy that makes
the water in her. There's nought but
the vire of God's hell ez can burn out
that

Joan Thank the Lord, therevore

Paget The fools!

Tib A buinn', and a buinn', and
a makin' o' volk madder and madder,
but tek thou my word vor't, Joan,—and
I beant wrong not twice i' ten year—the
buinn' o' the owld archbishop 'll burn
the Pwoap out o' this 'ere land vor
and vor

Howard Out of the church, you
brace of cursed crones,
O! I will have you duck'd! (*Women
hurry out*) Said I not right?

For how should reverend prelate or
throned prince

Brook for an hour such brute malignity?

Ah, what an acid wine has Luther brew'd!

Paget Pooh, pooh, my Lord! poor
garrulous country wives

Buy you then cheeses, and they'll side
with you,

You cannot judge the liquor from the lees.

Howard I think that in some sort
we may. But see,

Enter PETERS

Peters, my gentleman, an honest Catholic,
Who followed with the crowd to Cran-
mer's fire

One that would neither misreport nor lie,
Not to gain paradise no, nor if the Pope,
Charged him to do it—he is white as
death

Peters, how pale you look! you bring
the smoke

Of Cranmer's burning with you

Peters Twice or thrice
The smoke of Cranmer's burning wrapt
me round

Howard Peters, you know me
Catholic, but English

Did he die bravely? Tell me that, or leave
All else untold

Peters My Lord, he died most
bravely

Howard Then tell me all

Paget Ay, Master Peters, tell us

Peters You saw him how he past
among the crowd,

And ever as he walk'd the Spanish friars

Still phed him with entreaty and reproach

But Cranmer is the helmsman at the helm

Steers, ever looking to the happy haven
 Where he shall rest at night, moved to
 his death,
 And I could see that many silent hands
 Came from the crowd and met his own,
 and thus,
 When we had come where Ridley burnt
 with Latimer,
 He, with a cheeful smile, as one whose
 mind
 Is all made up, in haste put off the rags
 They had mock'd his misery with, and all
 in white,
 His long white beard, which he had never
 shaven
 Since Henry's death, down sweeping to
 the chain,
 Wherewith they bound him to the stake,
 he stood
 More like an ancient father of the Church,
 Than heretic of these times, and still
 the same
 Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his
 head,
 Or answer'd them in smiling negatives,
 Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden
 cry —
 'Make short! make short!' and so they
 lit the wood
 Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to
 heaven,
 And thrust his right into the bitter flame,
 And crying, in his deep voice, more than
 once,
 'This hath offended — this unworthy
 hand!'
 So held it till it all was burn'd, before
 The flame had reach'd his body, I stood
 near —
 Mark'd him—he never uttered moan or
 pain
 He never stirr'd or writhed, but, like a
 statue,
 Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,
 Gave up the ghost, and so past martyr-
 like—
 Martyr I may not call him—past—but
 whither?
Paget To purgatory, man, to purga-
 tory

Peters Nay, but, my Lord, he dened
 purgatory
Paget Why then to heaven, and God
 ha' meicy on him
Howard Paget, despite his fearful
 heresies,
 I loved the man, and needs must moan
 for him,
 O Cranmer!
Paget But your moan is useless now
 Come out, my Lord, it is a world of fools
 [Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I — LONDON HALL IN THE
PALACE

QUEEN, SIR NICHOLAS HEATH

Heath Madam,
 I do assure you, that it must be look'd
 to
 Calais is but ill garrison'd, in Guisnes
 Are scarce two hundred men, and the
 French fleet
 Rule in the narrow seas It must be
 look'd to,
 If war should fall between yourself and
 France,
 Or you will lose your Calais
Mary It shall be look'd to,
 I wish you a good morning, good Sir
 Nicholas
 Here is the King [Exit Heath]

Enter PHILIP

Philip Sir Nicholas tells you true,
 And you must look to Calais when I go
Mary Go? must you go, indeed—
 again—so soon?
 Why, nature's licensed vagabond, the
 swallow,
 That might live always in the sun's warm
 heart,
 Stays longer here in our poor north than
 you —
 Knows where he nested—ever comes
 again
Philip And, Madam, so shall I

Mary O, will you? will you?
I am faint with fear that you will come
no more

Philip Ay, ay, but many voices call
me hence

Mary Voices—I hear unhappy rumours—nay,

I say not, I believe What voices call
you

Dearer than mine that should be dearest
to you?

Alas, my Lord! what voices and how
many?

Philip The voices of Castille and
Aragon,

Gianada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan,—
The voices of Franche Comte, and the
Netherlands,

The voices of Peru and Mexico,
Tunis, and Oian, and the Philipppines,
And all the fair spice islands of the
East

Mary (admiringly) You are the
mightiest monarch upon earth,
I but a little Queen and, so indeed,
Need you the more

Philip A little Queen! but when
I came to wed your majesty, Lord Howard,
Sending an insolent shot that dash'd the
seas

Upon us, made us lower our kingly flag
To yours of England

Mary Howard is all English!
There is no king, not were he ten times
king,

Ten times our husband, but must lower
his flag

To that of England in the seas of
England

Philip Is that your answer?

Mary Being Queen of England,
I have none other

Philip So

Mary But wherefore not
Helm the huge vessel of your state, my
liege,
Here by the side of her who loves you
most?

Philip No, Madam, no! a candle in
the sun

IV

Is all but smoke—a star beside the
moon

Is all but lost, you people will not crown
me—

You people are as cheerless as your
clime,

Hate me and mine witness the brawls,
the gibbets

Here swings a Spaniard—there an Eng-
lishman,

The peoples are unlike as their com-
plexion,

Yet will I be your swallow and re-
turn—

But now I cannot bide

Mary Not to help me?
They hate me also for my love to you,
My Philip, and these judgments on the
land—

Harvestless autumns, horrible agues,
plague—

Philip The blood and sweat of
heretics at the stake
Is God's best dew upon the barren field
Burn more!

Mary I will, I will, and you will
stay?

Philip Have I not said? Madam, I
came to sue
Your Council and yourself to declare
war

Mary Sir, there are many English in
your ranks

To help your battle

Philip So far, good I say
I came to sue your Council and your-
self

To declare war against the King of
France

Mary Not to see me?

Philip Ay, Madam, to see you
Unalterably and pesteringly fond! [*Aside.*
But, soon or late you must have war with
France,

King Henry warns your traitors at his
hearth

Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford
there

Comtenay, belike—

Mary A fool and featherhead!

C

Philip Ay, but they use his name
 In brief, this Henry
 Stirs up your land against you to the
 intent
 That you may lose your English heritage
 And then, your Scottish namesake marry-
 ing
 The Dauphin, he would weld France,
 England, Scotland,
 Into one sword to hack at Spain and me
Mary And yet the Pope is now
 colleagued with France,
 You make your wais upon him down in
 Italy —
Philip, can that be well?
Philip Content you, Madam,
 You must abide my judgment, and my
 father's,
 Who deems it a most just and holy war
 The Pope would cast the Spaniard out of
 Naples
 He calls us worse than Jews, Moors,
 Saracens
 The Pope has pushed his horns beyond
 his mitre—
 Beyond his province Now,
 Duke Alva will but touch him on the
 horns,
 And he withdraws, and of his holy
 head—
 For Alva is true son of the true
 church—
 No hair is harm'd Will you not help
 me here?
Mary Alas! the Council will not
 hear of wai
 They say your wais are not the wais of
 England
 They will not lay more taxes on a land
 So hunger-nipt and wretched, and you
 know
 The crown is poor We have given the
 church-lands back
 The nobles would not, nay, they clapt
 their hands
 Upon their swords when ask'd, and
 therefore God
 Is hard upon the people What's to be
 done?
 Sir, I will move them in your cause again,

And we will raise us loans and subsidies
 Among the merchants, and Sir Thomas
 Gresham
 Will aid us There is Antwerp and the
 Jews
Philip Madam, my thanks
Mary And you will stay your
 going?
Philip And further to discourage and
 lay lame
 The plots of France, altho' you love her
 not,
 You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir
 She stands between you and the Queen
 of Scots
Mary The Queen of Scots at least is
 Catholic
Philip Ay, Madam, Catholic, but
 I will not have
 The King of France the King of England
 too
Mary But she's a heretic, and, when
 I am gone,
 Brings the new learning back
Philip It must be done
 You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir
Mary Then it is done, but you will
 stay your going
 Somewhat beyond your settled purpose?
Philip No!
Mary What, not one day?
Philip You beat upon the rock
Mary And I am broken there
Philip Is this a place
 To wail in, Madam? what 'a public hall
 Go in, I pray you
Mary Do not seem so changed
 Say go, but only say it lovingly
Philip You do mistake I am not
 one to change
 I never loved you more
Mary Sire, I obey you
 Come quickly
Philip Ay [Exit Mary
Enter COUNT DE FERIA
Feria (aside) The Queen in tears!
Philip FERIA!
 Hast thou not mark'd—come closer to
 mine ear—

How doubly aged this Queen of ours hath
grown
Since she lost hope of bearing us a
child?

Feria Sire, if you Grace hath mark'd
it, so have I

Philip Hast thou not likewise mark'd
Elizabeth,

How fair and royal—like a Queen, in
deed?

Feria Allow me the same answer as
before—

That if your Grace hath mark'd her, so
have I

Philip Good, now, methinks my
Queen is like enough

To leave me by and by

Feria To leave you, sire?

Philip I mean not like to live

• Elizabeth—

To Philibert of Savoy, as you know,
We meant to wed her, but I am not
sure

She will not serve me better—so my
Queen

Would leave me—as—my wife

Feria Sire, even so

Philip She will not have Prince
Philibert of Savoy

Feria No, sire

Philip I have to pray you, some
odd time,

To sound the Princess carelessly on this,
Not as from me, but as your phantasy,
And tell me how she takes it

Feria Sire, I will

Philip I am not certain but that
Philibert

Shall be the man, and I shall urge his
suit

Upon the Queen, because I am not
certain

You understand, *Feria*

Feria Sire, I do

Philip And if you be not secret in
this matter,

You understand me there, too?

Feria Sire, I do

Philip You must be sweet and supple,
like a Frenchman

She is none of those who loathe the
honeycomb [Exit *Feria*]

Enter RENARD

Renard My liege, I bring you goodly
tidings

Philip Well?

Renard There will be wai with
Fiance, at last, my liege,

Sir Thomas Stafford, a bull-headed ass,
Sailing from Fiance, with thirty English
men,

Hath taken Scarboro' Castle, north of
York,

Proclaims himself protector, and affirms
The Queen has forfeited her right to reign

By marriage with an alien—other things
As idle, a weak Wyatt! Little doubt

This buzz will soon be silenced, but the
Council

(I have talk'd with some already) are for
wai

This the fifth conspiracy hatch'd in
Fiance,

They show their teeth upon it, and you
Grace,

So you will take advice of mine, should
stay

Yet for awhile, to shape and guide the
event

Philip Good! Renard, I will stay then

Renard Also, sire,

Might I not say—to please your wife, the
Queen?

Philip Ay, Renard, if you care to put
it so [Exit]

SCENE II—A ROOM IN THE PALACE

MARY, sitting alone in her hand LADY
CLARENCE ALICE in the background

Mary Look! I have play'd with this
poor rose so long

I have broken off the head

Lady Clarence Your Grace hath been
More merciful to many a rebel head

That should have fallen, and may rise
again

Mary There were not many hang'd
for Wyatt's rising

Lady Clarence Nay, not two hundred

Mary I could weep for them
And hei, and mine own self and all the
world

Lady Clarence For her? for whom,
your Grace?

Enter USHER

Usher The Cardinal

Enter CARDINAL POLE (MARY rises)

Mary Reginald Pole, what news hath
plagued thy heart?

What makes thy favour like the bloodless
herd

Fall'n on the block, and held up by the
hur?

Philip?

Pole No, Philip is as warm in life
As ever

Mary Ay, and then as cold as ever
Is Calais taken?

Pole Cousin, there hath chanced
A sharper harm to England and to Rome,
Than Calais taken Julius the Third
Was ever just, and mild, and father like,
But this new Pope Caraffa, Paul the
Fourth,

Not only left me of that legateship
Which Julius gave me, and the legate
ship

Annex'd to Canterbury—nay, but worse—
And yet I must obey the Holy Father,
And so must you, good cousin,—worse
than all,

A passing bell toll'd in a dying ear—
He hath cited me to Rome, for heresy,
Before his Inquisition

Mary I knew it, cousin,
But held from you all papers sent by
Rome,

That you might rest among us, till the
Pope,

To compass which I wrote myself to
Rome,

Reversed his doom, and that you might
not seem

To disobey his Holiness

Pole He hates Philip,
He is all Italian, and he hates the
Spaniard,

He cannot dream that I advised the war,
He strikes thro' me at Philip and your
self

Nay, but I know it of old, he hates me
too,

So brands me in the stain of Christendom
A heretic!

Now, even now, when bow'd before my
time,

The house half run'd ere the lease be out,
When I should guide the Church in peace
at home,

After my twenty years of banishment,
And all my lifelong labour to uphold

The primacy—a heretic Long ago,
When I was ruler in the patrimony,

I was too lenient to the Lutheran,
And I and learned friends among our
selves

Would freely canvass certain Lutheran-
isms

What then, he knew I was no Lutheran
A heretic!

He drew this shaft against me to the
head,

When it was thought I might be chosen
Pope,

But then withdrew it In full consistory,
When I was made Archbishop, he
approved me

And how should he have sent me Legate
hither,

Deeming me heretic? and what heresy
since?

But he was evermore mine enemy,
And hates the Spaniard—fiery choleric,
A drinker of black, strong, volcanic
wines,

That ever make him fiercer I, a heretic?
Your Highness knows that in pursuing

heresy

I have gone beyond your late Lord
Chancellor,—

He cried Enough! enough! before his
death—

Gone beyond him and mine own natural
man

(It was God's cause), so far they call me
now,

The scourge and butcher of then English
church

Mary Have courage, your reward is
Heaven itself

Pole They given amen, they swam
into the fire

Like flies—for what? no dogma They
know nothing,

They burn for nothing

Mary You have done your best

Pole Have done my best, and as a
faithful son,

That all day long hath wrought his father's
work,

When back he comes at evening hath the
door

Shut on him by the father whom he
loved,

His early follies cast into his teeth,

And the poor son turned out into the
street

To sleep, to die—I shall die of it,
cousin

Mary I pray you be not so dis-
consolate,

I still will do mine utmost with the Pope
Poor cousin!

Have not I been the first friend of your
life

Since mine began, and it was thought we
two

Might make one flesh, and cleave unto
each other

As man and wife?

Pole Ah, cousin, I remember
How I would dandle you upon my
knee

At lisp'ing age I watch'd you dancing
once

With your huge father, he look'd the
Great Harry,

You but his cockboat, prettily you
did it,

And innocently No—we were not made
One flesh in happiness, no happiness

here,

But now we are made one flesh in
misery,

Our budemaids are not lovely—Dis-
appointment,
Ingatitude, Injustice, Evil tongue,
Labour-in-vain

Mary Surely, not all in vain
Peace, cousin, peace! I am sad at heart
myself

Pole Our altar is a mound of dead
men's clay,

Dug from the grave that yawns for us
beyond,

And there is one Death stands behind the
Gloom,

And there is one Death stands behind the
Bride—

Mary Have you been looking at the
'Dance of Death'?

Pole No, but these libellous papers
which I found

Strew'd in your palace Look you here—
the Pope

Pointing at me with 'Pole, the hectic,
Thou hast burnt others, do thou burn
thyself,

O! I will burn thee,' and this other,
see!—

'We pray continually for the death
Of our accursed Queen and Cardinal

Pole'

This last—I dare not read it her [*Aside*
Mary Away!

Why do you bring me these?

I thought you knew me better I never
read,

I tell them, they come back upon my
dreams

The hands that write them should be
burnt clean off

As Cannibals, and the hands that utter
them

Tongue torn with pinners, lash'd to death,
or lie

Famishing in black cells, while famish'd
rats

Eat them alive Why do they bring me
these?

Do you mean to drive me mad?

Pole I had forgotten

How these poor libels trouble you Your
pardon,

Sweet cousin, and farewell ! ' O bubble world,

Whose colours in a moment break and fly !'

Why, who said that ? I know not—true enough !

[*Puts up the papers, all but the last, which falls* Exit Pole

Alice If Cranmer's spirit were a mocking one,

And heard these two, there might be sport for him [*Aside*

Mary Clarence, they hate me, even while I speak

There lurks a silent dagger, listening
In some dark closet, some long gallery,
drawn,

And panting for my blood as I go by
Lady Clarence Nay, Madam, there
be loyal papers too,

And I have often found them

Mary Find me one !

Lady Clarence Ay, Madam, but Sir
Nicholas Heath, the Chancellor,

Would see your Highness

Mary Wherefore should I see him ?

Lady Clarence Well, Madam, he
may bring you news from Philip

Mary So, Clarence

Lady Clarence Let me first put
up your hair,

It tumbles all abroad

Mary And the gray dawn
Of an old age that never will be mine

Is all the clearer seen No, no, what
matters ?

Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn

Enter SIR NICHOLAS HEATH

Heath I bring your Majesty such
grievous news

I grieve to bring it Madam, Calais is
taken

Mary What traitor spoke ? Here,
let my cousin Pole

Seize him and burn him for a Lutheran

Heath Her Highness is unwell I
will retire

Lady Clarence Madam, your Chan-
cellor, Sir Nicholas Heath

Mary Sir Nicholas ! I am stunn'd
—Nicholas Heath ?

Methought some traitor smote me on the
head

What said you, my good Lord, that our
brave English

Had sallied out from Calais and driven
back

The Frenchmen from their trenches ?

Heath Alas ! no

That gateway to the mainland over which
Our flag hath floated for two hundred

years

Is France again

Mary So, but it is not lost—
Not yet Send out let England as of
old

Rise lionlike, strike hard and deep into
The prey they are rending from her—ay,
and rend

The renders too Send out, send out,
and make

Musters in all the counties, gather all
From sixteen years to sixty, collect the
fleet,

Let every craft that carries sail and gun
Steer toward Calais Guisnes is not
taken yet ?

Heath Guisnes is not taken yet

Mary There yet is hope

Heath Ah, Madam, but your people
are so cold,

I do much fear that England will not
care

Methinks there is no manhood left among
us

Mary Send out, I am too weak to
stir abroad

Tell my mind to the Council—to the
Parliament

Proclaim it to the winds Thou art cold
thyself

To babble of their coldness O would I
were

My father for an hour ! Away now—
Quick ! [*Exit* Heath

I hoped I had served God with all my
might !

It seems I have not Ah ! much heresy
Shelter'd in Calais Saints I have rebuilt

Your shrines, set up your broken images,
Be comfortable to me Suffer not
That my brief reign in England be de-
famed

Thro' all her angry chronicles hereafter
By loss of Calais Grant me Calais
Philip,
We have made war upon the Holy
Father
All for your sake what good could come
of that?

Lady Clarence No, Madam, not
against the Holy Father,
You did but help King Philip's war with
France,

Your troops were never down in Italy
Mary I am a byword Heretic and
rebel

Point at me and make merry Philip
gone!

And Calais gone! Time that I were
gone too!

Lady Clarence Nay, if the fetid gutter
had a voice

And cried I was not clean, what should
I care?

Or you, for heretic cries? And I believe,
Spite of your melancholy Sir Nicholas,
Your England is as loyal as myself

Mary (seeing the paper dropt by Pole)
There! there! another paper! Said
you not

Many of these were loyal? Shall I try
If this be one of such?

Lady Clarence Let it be, let it be
God pardon me! I have never yet
found one [Aside]

Mary (reads) 'Your people hate you
as your husband hates you'

Clarence, Clarence, what have I done?
what sin

Beyond all grace, all pardon? Mother
of God,

Thou knowest never woman meant so
well,

And fared so ill in this disastrous world
My people hate me and desire my death

Lady Clarence No, Madam, no
Mary My husband hates me, and
desires my death

Lady Clarence No, Madam, these
are libels

Mary I hate myself, and I desire my
death

Lady Clarence Long live your
Majesty! Shall Alice sing you
One of her pleasant songs? Alice, my
child,

Bring us your lute (Alice goes) They
say the gloom of Saul

Was lightened by young David's harp
Mary Too young!

And never knew a Philip

Re enter Alice

Give me the lute
He hates me!

(*She sings*)

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in
loathing

Low, my lute speak low, my lute, but say the
world is nothing—

Low, lute, low!
Love will hover round the flowers when they first
awaken

Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be over-
taken,

Low, my lute! oh low, my lute! we fade and
are forsaken—

Low, dear lute, low!

Take it away! not low enough for me!

Alice Your Grace hath a low voice

Mary How dare you say it?
Even for that he hates me A low
voice

Lost in a wilderness where none can
hear!

A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea!
A low voice from the dust and from the
grave

(*Sitting on the ground*) There, am I
low enough now?

Alice Good Lord! how grim and
ghastly looks her Grace,
With both her knees drawn upward to
her chin

There was an old-world tomb beside my
father's,

And this was open'd, and the dead were found
Sitting, and in this fashion, she looks a corpse

Enter LADY MAGDALEN DACRES

Lady Magdalen Madam, the Count de Feria waits without,
In hopes to see your Highness
Lady Clarence (pointing to Mary) Wait he must—

Her tance again She neither sees nor hears,

And may not speak for hours

Lady Magdalen Unhappiest
Of Queens and wives and women!

Alice (in the foreground with Lady Magdalen) And all along
Of Philip

Lady Magdalen Not so loud! Our
Clarence there

Sees ever such an aureole round the Queen,

It gilds the greatest wronger of her peace,
Who stands the nearest to her

Alice Ay, this Philip,
I used to love the Queen with all my heart—

God help me, but methinks I love her less
For such a dotage upon such a man

I would I were as tall and strong as you
Lady Magdalen I seem half shamed

at times to be so tall

Alice You are the stateliest deer in
all the heid—

Beyond his aim—but I am small and scandalous,

And love to hear bad tales of Philip
Lady Magdalen Why?

I never heard him utter worse of you
Than that you were low statured

Alice Does he think
Low stature is low nature, or all women's
Low as his own?

Lady Magdalen There you strike in
the nail

This couzeness is a want of phantasy
It is the low man thinks the woman
low,

Sin is too dull to see beyond himself

Alice Ah, Magdalen, sin is bold as
well as dull

How dared he?

Lady Magdalen Stupid soldiers oft
are bold

Poor lads, they see not what the general
sees,

A risk of utter ruin I am *not*

Beyond his aim, or was not

Alice Who? Not you?

Tell, tell me, save my credit with myself

Lady Magdalen I never breathed it
to a bird in the eaves,

Would not for all the stars and maiden
moon

Our drooping Queen should know! In
Hampton Court

My window look'd upon the corridor,
And I was robing,—this poor throat of
mine,

Bare! than I should wish a man to see
it,—

When he we speak of drove the window
back,

And, like a thief, push'd in his royal
hand,

But by God's providence a good stout staff
Lay near me, and you know me strong
of arm,

I do believe I lamed his Majesty's
For a day or two, tho', give the Devil
his due,

I never found he bore me any spite
Alice I would she could have wedded
that poor youth,

My Lord of Devon—light enough, God
knows,

And mixt with Wyatt's rising—and the
boy

Not out of him—but neither cold, coarse,
cruel,

And more than all—no Spaniard
Lady Clarence Not so loud

Lord Devon, girls! what are you whispering here?

Alice Probing an old state secret—
how it chanced

That this young Earl was sent on foreign
travel,

Not lost his head

Lady Clarence There was no proof
against him
Alice Nay, Madam, did not Gardiner
intercept
A letter which the Count de Noailles
wrote
To that dead traitor Wyatt, with full proof
Of Couutenay's treason? What became
of that?
Lady Clarence Some say that Gaidi-
ner, out of love for him,
Burnt it, and some relate that it was lost
When Wyatt sack'd the Chancellor's
house in Southwark
Let dead things rest
Alice Ay, and with him who died
Alone in Italy
Lady Clarence Much changed, I hear,
Had put off levity and put graveness on
The foreign counts report him in his
manner
Noble as his young person and old shield
It might be so—but all is over now,
He caught a chill in the lagoons of Venice,
And died in Padua
Mary (*looking up suddenly*) Died in
the true faith?
Lady Clarence Ay, Madam, happily
Mary Happier he than I
Lady Magdalen It seems her Highness
hath awaken'd Think you
That I might dare to tell her that the
Count—
Mary I will see no man hence for
evermore,
Saving my confessor and my cousin Pole
Lady Magdalen It is the Count de
Feria, my dear lady
Mary What Count?
Lady Magdalen The Count de Feria,
from his Majesty
King Philip
Mary Philip! quick! loop up my
hau!
Throw cushions on that seat, and make
it throne like
Arrange my dress—the gorgeous Indian
shawl
That Philip brought me in our happy
days!—

That covers all So—am I somewhat
Queenlike,
Bride of the mightiest sovereign upon
earth?
Lady Clarence Ay, so your Grace
would bide a moment yet
Mary No, no, he brings a letter
I may die
Before I read it Let me see him at once
Enter COUNT DE FERIA (*kneels*)
Feria I trust your Grace is well
(*Aside*) How her hand burns!
Mary I am not well, but it will
better me,
Sir Count, to read the letter which you
bring
Feria Madam, I bring no letter
Mary How! no letter?
Feria His Highness is so vex'd with
strange affairs—
Mary That his own wife is no affair
of his
Feria Nay, Madam, nay! he sends
his veriest love,
And says, he will come quickly
Mary Doth he, indeed?
You, sir, do you remember what you said
When last you came to England?
Feria Madam, I brought
My King's congratulations, it was hoped
Your Highness was once more in happy
state
To give him an heir male
Mary Sir, you said more,
You said he would come quickly I had
horses
On all the road from Dover, day and
night,
On all the road from Harwich, night and
day,
But the child came not, and the husband
came not,
And yet he will come quickly Thou
hast learnt
Thy lesson, and I mine There is no
need
For Philip so to shame himself again
Return,
And tell him that I know he comes no more

Tell him at last I know his love is
dead,
And that I am in state to bring forth
death—
Thou art commission'd to Elizabeth,
And not to me !

Feria Mere compliments and wishes
But shall I take some message from your
Grace ?

Mary Tell her to come and close my
dying eyes,
And wear my crown, and dance upon my
grave

Feria Then I may say your Grace
will see your sister ?
Your Grace is too low spirited And
sunshine

I would we had you, Madam, in our warm
Spun

You droop in your dim London
Mary Have him away !
I sicken of his readiness

Lady Clarence My Lord Count,
Her Highness is too ill for colloquy

Feria (*knels, and kisses her hand*) I
wish her Highness better (*Aside*)
How her hand burns ! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III —A HOUSE NEAR LONDON

ELIZABETH, STEWARD OF THE HOUSE
HOLD, ATTENDANTS

Elizabeth There's half an angel
wrong'd in your account,
Methinks I am all angel, that I bear it
Without more ruffling Cast it o'er
again

Steward I were whole devil if I
wrong'd you, Madam

[*Exit Steward*]

Attendant The Count de Feria, from
the King of Spain

Elizabeth Ah !—let him enter Nay,
you need not go

[*To her Ladies*
Remain within the chamber, but apart
We'll have no private conference Well
come to England !

Enter FERIA

Feria Fair island stay !

Elizabeth I shine ! What else,
Sir Count ?

Feria As far as France, and into
Philip's heart

My King would know if you be fairly
served,

And lodged, and treated

Elizabeth You see the lodging, sir,
I am well served, and am in everything
Most loyal and most grateful to the
Queen

Feria You should be grateful to my
master, too

He spoke of this, and unto him you owe
That Mary hath acknowledged you her
heir

Elizabeth No, not to her nor him,
but to the people,

Who know my right, and love me, as I
love

The people ! whom God aid !

Feria You will be Queen,
And, were I Philip—

Elizabeth Wherefore pause you—
what ?

Feria Nay, but I speak from mine
own self, not him,

Your royal sister cannot last, your hand
Will be much coveted ! What a delicate
one !

Our Spanish ladies have none such—and
there,

Were you in Spain, this fine fan gossamer
gold—

Like sun gilt breathings on a frosty
dawn—

That hovers round your shoulder—

Elizabeth Is it so fine ?

Truth, some have said so

Feria —would be deemed a miracle

Elizabeth Your Philip hath gold hair
and golden beard,

There must be ladies many with hair like
mine

Feria Some few of Gothic blood
have golden hair,

But none like yours

Elizabeth I am happy you approve it
Fern But as to Philip and your
 Grace—consider,—
 If such a one as you should match with
 Spain,
 What hinders but that Spain and England
 join'd,
 Should make the mightiest empire earth
 has known
 Spain would be England on her seas, and
 England
 Mistress of the Indies

Elizabeth It may chance, that
 England
 Will be the Mistress of the Indies yet,
 Without the help of Spain

Fern Impossible,
 Except you put Spain down
 Wide of the mark ev'n for a madman's
 dream

Elizabeth Perhaps, but we have
 sermen Count de Fern,
 I take it that the King hath spoken to you,
 But is Don Carlos such a goodly match?

Fern Don Carlos, Madam, is but
 twelve years old

Elizabeth Ay, tell the King that I
 will muse upon it,
 He is my good friend, and I would keep
 him so,

But—he would have me Catholic of Rome,
 And that I scaice can be, and, sir, till
 now

My sister's marriage, and my father's
 marriages,

Make me full fain to live and die a maid
 But I am much beholden to your King
 Have you aught else to tell me?

Fern Nothing, Madam,
 Save that methought I gather'd from the
 Queen
 That she would see your Grace before she
 —died

Elizabeth God's death! and where
 fore spake you not before?
 We dally with our lazy moments here,
 And hers are number'd. Horses there,
 without!

I am much beholden to the King, your
 master

Why did you keep me prating? Horses,
 there! [*Exit Elizabeth, etc.*]

Fern So from a clear sky falls the
 thunderbolt!

Don Carlos? Madam, if you marry
 Philip,

Then I and he will snaffle your 'God's
 death,'

And break your paces in, and make you
 tame,

God's death, forsooth—you do not know
 King Philip [*Exit*]

SCENE IV — LONDON BEFORE THE PALACE

A light burning within Voices of the
 night passing

First Is not yon light in the Queen's
 chamber?

Second Ay,
 They say she's dying

First So is Cardinal Pole
 May the great angels join their wings,
 and make

Down for their heads to heaven!

Second Amen Come on
 [*Exit*]

TWO OTHERS

First There's the Queen's light I
 hear she cannot live

Second God curse her and her Legate!
 Gardiner burns

Already, but to pay them full in kind,
 The hottest hold in all the devil's den
 Were but a sort of winter, sir, in Gueni
 sey,

I watch'd a woman burn, and in her
 agony

The mother came upon her—a child was
 born—

And, sir, they hurl'd it back into the fire,
 That, being but baptized in fire, the babe
 Might be in fire for ever! Ah, good
 neighbour,

There should be something fierier than fire
 To yield them their deserts

First Amen to all
 Your wish, and further

A Third Voice Deserts! Amen to what? Whose deserts? Yours? You have a gold ring on your finger, and soft raiment about your body, and is not the woman up yonder sleeping after all she has done, in peace and quietness, on a soft bed, in a closed room, with light, fire, physic, tendance, and I have seen the true men of Christ lying famine-dead by scores, and under no ceiling but the cloud that wept on them, not for them

First Friend, tho' so late, it is not safe to preach

You had best go home What are you?

Third What am I? One who cries continually with sweat and tears to the Lord God that it would please Him out of His infinite love to break down all kingship and queenship, all priesthood and prelacy, to cancel and abolish all bonds of human allegiance, all the magistracy, all the nobles, and all the wealthy, and to send us again, according to His promise, the one King, the Christ, and all things in common, as in the day of the first church, when Christ Jesus was King

First If ever I heard a madman,—let's away!

Why, you long-winded Sir, you go beyond me

I pride myself on being moderate

Good night! Go home Besides, you curse so loud,

The watch will hear you Get you home at once [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V —LONDON A ROOM IN THE PALACE

A Gallery on one side The moonlight streaming through a range of windows on the wall opposite MARY, LADY CLARENCE, LADY MAGDALEN DACRES, ALICE QUEEN pacing the Gallery A writing-table in front QUEEN comes to the table and writes and goes again, pacing the Gallery

Lady Clarence Mine eyes are dim what hath she written? read

Alice 'I am dying, Philip, come to me'

Lady Magdalen There—up and down, poor lady, up and down

Alice And how her shadow crosses one by one

The moonlight casements pattern'd on the wall,

Following her like her sorrow She turns again

[*Queen sits and writes, and goes again*]

Lady Clarence What hath she written now?

Alice Nothing, but 'come, come, come,' and all awry,

And blotted by her tears This cannot last [*Queen returns*]

Mary I whistle to the bird has broken cage,

And all in vain [*Sitting down*]

Calais gone—Guines gone, too—and Philip gone!

Lady Clarence Dear Madam, Philip is but at the wars,

I cannot doubt but that he comes again, And he is with you in a measure still

I never look'd upon so fair a likeness

As your great King in armour there, his hand

Upon his helmet

[*Pointing to the portrait of Philip on the wall*]

Mary Doth he not look noble?

I had heard of him in battle over seas,

And I would have my warrior all in arms He said it was not courtly to stand

helmeted

Before the Queen He had his gracious moment,

Altho' you'll not believe me How he smiles

As if he loved me yet!

Lady Clarence And so he does

Mary He never loved me—nay, he could not love me

It was his father's policy against France I am eleven years older than he,

Poor boy! [*Weeps*]

Alice That was a lusty boy of twenty seven, [*Aside*]

Poor enough in God's grace !

Mary —And all in vain !

The Queen of Scots is married to the Dauphin,

And Charles, the lord of this low world, is gone,

And all his wits and wisdoms past away, And in a moment I shall follow him

Lady Clarence Nay, dearest Lady, see your good physician

Mary Drugs—but he knows they cannot help me—says

That rest is all—tells me I must not think—

That I must rest—I shall rest by and by Catch the wild cat, cage him, and when he springs

And maims himself against the bars, say 'rest'

Why, you must kill him if you would have him rest—

Dead or alive you cannot make him happy

Lady Clarence Your Majesty has lived so pure a life,

And done such mighty things by Holy Church,

I trust that God will make you happy yet

Mary What is the strange thing happiness ? Sit down here

Tell me thine happiest hour

Lady Clarence I will, if that May make your Grace forget yourself a little

There runs a shallow brook across our field For twenty miles, where the black crow flies five,

And doth so bound and babble all the way As if itself were happy It was May-time, And I was walking with the man I loved I loved him, but I thought I was not loved And both were silent, letting the wild brook

Speak for us—till he stoop'd and gather'd one

From out a bed of thick forget-me nots, Look'd hard and sweet at me, and gave it me

I took it, tho' I did not know I took it, And put it in my bosom, and all at once I felt his arms about me, and his lips—

Mary O God ! I have been too slack, too slack,

There are Hot Gospellers even among our guards—

Nobles we dared not touch We have but bunt

The heretic priest, workmen, and women and children

Wet, famine, ague, fever, storm, wick, wrath,—

We have so play'd the coward, but by God's grace,

We'll follow Philip's leading, and set up The Holy Office here—gather the wheat,

And burn the tares with unquenchable fire ! Burn !—

Fie, what a savour ! tell the cooks to close The doors of all the offices below

Latimer !

Sir, we are private with our women here— Ever a rough, blunt, and uncourtly fellow—

Thou light a torch that never will go out !

'Tis out—mine flames Women, the Holy Father

Has ta'en the legateship from our cousin Pole—

Was that well done ? and poor Pole pines of it,

As I do, to the death I am but a woman, I have no power—Ah, weak and meek old man,

Seven-fold dishonour'd even in the sight Of thine own sectaries—No, no No pardon !—

Why that was false there is the right hand still

Beckons me hence

Sir, you were bunt for heresy, not for treason,

Remember that ! 'twas I and Bonner did it,

And Pole, we are three to one—Have you found mercy there,

Grant it me here and see, he smiles and goes,

Gentle as in life

Alice Madam, who goes ? King Philip ?

Mary No, Philip comes and goes,
but never goes
Women, when I am dead,
Open my heart, and there you will find
written

Two names, Philip and Calais, open
his,—

So that he have one,—

You will find Philip only, policy, policy,—
Ay, worse than that—not one hour true
to me!

Foul maggots crawling in a fester'd
vice!

Adulterous to the very heart of Hell
Hast thou a knife?

Alice Ay, Madam, but o' God's
mercy—

Mary Fool, think'st thou I would
peril mine own soul
By slaughter of the body? I could not,
guil,

Not this way—callous with a constant
stripe,

Unwoundable The knife!

Alice Take heed, take heed!
The blade is keen as death

Mary This Philip shall not
Stare in upon me in my haggardness,
Old, miserable, diseased,
Incapable of children Come thou down
[Cuts out the picture and throws it down]
Lie there (*Wails*) O God, I have
kill'd my Philip!

Alice No,
Madam, you have but cut the canvas out,
We can replace it

Mary All is well then, rest—
I will to rest, he said, I must have rest
[Cries of 'Elizabeth' in the street]
A cry! What's that? Elizabeth? revolt?
A new Northumberland, another Wyatt?
I'll fight it on the threshold of the
grave

Lady Clarence Madam, your royal
sister comes to see you

Mary I will not see her
Who knows if Boleyn's daughter be my
sister?

I will see none except the priest You
aim [To Lady Clarence]

O Saint of Aragon, with that sweet worn
smile

Among thy patient wrinkles—Help me
hence [Exeunt]

*The PRIEST passes Enter ELIZABETH
and SIR WILLIAM CECIL*

Elizabeth Good counsel yours—

No one in waiting? still,
As if the chamberlain were Death himself!
The room she sleeps in—is not this the
way?

No, that way there are voices Am I
too late?

Cecil God guide me lest I lose the
way [Exit Elizabeth]

Cecil Many points weather'd, many
perilous ones,
At last a harbour opens, but therein
Sunk rocks—they need fine steering—
much it is

To be not mad, nor bigot—have a mind—
Not let Priests' talk, or dream of worlds
to be,

Miscolour things about her—sudden
touches

For him, or him—sunk rocks, no pas-
sionate faith—

But—if let be—balance and compromise,
Brave, way, sane to the heart of her—
Tudor

School'd by the shadow of death—a
Boleyn, too,

Glancing across the Tudor—not so well

Enter ALICE

How is the good Queen now?

Alice Away from Philip
Back in her childhood—prattling to her
mother

Of her betrothal to the Emperor Charles,
And childlike jealous of him again—and
once

She thank'd her father sweetly for his
book

Against that godless German Ah, those
days

Were happy It was never merry world
In England, since the Bible came among
us

Cecil And who says that?

Alice It is a saying among the Catholics

Cecil It never will be merry world in England,
Till all men have their Bible, rich and poor

Alice The Queen is dying, or you dare not say it

Enter ELIZABETH

Elizabeth The Queen is dead

Cecil Then here she stands! my homage

Elizabeth She knew me, and acknowledged me her hen,
Pray'd me to pay her debts, and keep the Faith,

Then claspt the cross, and pass'd away in peace

I left her lying still and beautiful,
More beautiful than in life Why would you vex yourself,

Poor sister? Sir, I swear I have no heart
To be your Queen To reign is restless
fence,

Tierce, quarrel, and trickery Peace is with the dead

Her life was winter, for her spring was nipt

And she loved much pray God she be forgiven

Cecil Peace with the dead, who never were at peace!

Yet she loved one so much—I needs must say—

That never English monarch dying left England so little

Elizabeth But with Cecil's aid
And others, if our person be secured
From traitor stabs—we will make England great

Enter PAGET and other LORDS OF THE COUNCIL SIR RALPH BAGENHAIL, etc

Lords God save Elizabeth, the Queen of England!

Bagenhall God save the Crown! the Papacy is no more

Paget (aside) Are we so sure of that?

Acclamation God save the Queen!

HAROLD

A DRAMA

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE RIGHT HON LORD LYTTON,

Viceroy and Governor General of India

MY DEAR LORD LYTTON,—After old world records—such as the Bayeux tapestry and the Roman de Rou,—Edward Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, and your father's Historical Romance treating of the same times, have been mainly helpful to me in writing this Drama. Your father dedicated his 'Harold' to my father's brother, allow me to dedicate my 'Harold' to yourself

A TENNYSON

SHOW-DAY AT BATTLE ABBEY, 1876

A GARDEN here—May breath and bloom of spring—
The cuckoo yonder from an English elm
Crying 'with my false egg I overwhelm
The native nest' and fancy hears the ring
Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,
And Saxon battle-axe clang on Norman helm
Here rose the dragon banner of our realm
Here fought, here fell, our Norman slander'd king
O Garden blossoming out of English blood!
O strange hate healer Time! We stroll and stare
Where might made right eight hundred years ago,
Might, right? ay good, so all things make for good—
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where
Each stands full face with all he did below.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

STIGAND, *created Archbishop of Canterbury by the Antipope Benedict*

ALDRED, *Archbishop of York*

THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON

HAROLD, *Earl of Wessex, afterwards King of England*

TOSTIG, *Earl of Northumbria*

GURTH, *Earl of East Anglia*

LEOFWIN, *Earl of Kent and Essex*

WULFNOTH

COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY

WILLIAM RUFUS

WILLIAM MALET, *a Norman Noble*¹

EDWIN, *Earl of Mercia*

MORCAR, *Earl of Northumbria after Tostig*

GAMEL, *a Northumbrian Thane*

ROLF, *a Ponthieu Fisherman*

OSGOD and ATHELRIC, *Canons from Waltham*

THE QUEEN, *Edward the Confessor's Wife, Daughter of Godwin*

ALDWYTH, *Daughter of Alfgar and Widow of Griffith, King of Wales*

EDITH, *Ward of King Edward*

Courtiers, Earls and Thanes, Men at Arms, Canons of Waltham, Fishermen, etc

¹ quidam partim Normannus et Anglus
Compater Healdi (*Guy of Amiens*, 587)

ACT I

SCENE I—LONDON THE KING'S
PALACE*(A comet seen through the open window)*ALDWYTH, GAMEL, COURTIERs *talking
together**First Courtier* Lo! there once more
—this is the seventh night!Yon grimly-glaring, terrible brandish'd
scourge
Of England!*Second Courtier* Horrible!*First Courtier* Look you, there's a
star

That dances in it as mad with agony!

Third Courtier Ay, like a spirit in
Hell who skips and fliesTo right and left, and cannot scape the
flame*Second Courtier* Steam'd upward
from the undescendable

Abysm

First Courtier Or floated downward
from the throne

Of God Almighty

Aldwyth Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means?*Gamel* War, my dear lady!*Aldwyth* Doth this affright thee?*Gamel* Mightily, my dear lady!*Aldwyth* Stand by me then, and look
upon my face,

Not on the comet

(Enter MORCAR)

Brother! why so pale?

Morcar It glares in heaven, it flares
upon the Thames,The people are as thick as bees below,
They hum like bees,—they cannot speak
—for awe,Look to the skies, then to the river, strike
Their hearts, and hold their babies up to it
I think that they would Molochize them
too,

To have the heavens clear

Aldwyth They fright not me*(Enter LEOFWIN, after him GURTH)*Ask thou Lord Leofwin what he thinks
of this!*Morcar* Lord Leofwin, dost thou
believe, that theseThree rods of bloodied fire up yonder
meanThe doom of England and the wrath of
Heaven?*Bishop of London (passing)* Did ye
not cast with bestial violenceOur holy Norman bishops down from all
Their thrones in England? I alone
remain

Why should not Heaven be wroth?

Leofwin With us, or thee?*Bishop of London* Did ye not outlaw
your archbishop Robert,Robert of Jumièges—well nigh murder
him too?

Is there no reason for the wrath of Heaven?

Leofwin Why then the wiath of
Heaven hath three tails,

The devil only one

*[Exit Bishop of London]**(Enter ARCHBISHOP STIGAND)*

Ask our Archbishop

Stigand should know the purposes of
Heaven*Stigand* Not I I cannot read the
face of heaven,Perhaps our vines will grow the better for
it*Leofwin (laughing)* He can but read
the king's face on his coins*Stigand* Ay, ay, young lord, *there* the
king's face is power*Gurth* O father, mock not at a public
fear,But tell us, is this pendent hell in heaven
A harm to England?*Stigand* Ask it of King Edward!
And he may tell thee, I am a harm to
EnglandOld uncanonical Stigand—ask of me
Who had my pallium from an Antipope!
Not he the man—for in our windy world
What's up is faith, what's down is heresy

Our friends, the Normans, help to shake
his chair

I have a Norman fever on me, son,
And cannot answer sanely What it
means?

Ask our broad Earl
[Pointing to HAROLD, who enters
Harold (seeing Gamel) Hail, Gamel,
son of Orm!]

Albeit no rolling stone, my good friend
Gamel,

Thou hast rounded since we met Thy
life at home

Is easier than mine here Look! am I
not

Work-wan, flesh fallen?

Gamel Art thou sick, good Earl?

Harold Sick as an autumn swallow
for a voyage,

Sick for an idle week of hawk and hound
Beyond the seas—a change! When
camest thou hither?

Gamel To day, good Earl

Harold Is the North quiet, Gamel?

Gamel Nay, there be muimus, for
thy brother breaks us

With over taxing—quiet, ay, as yet—

Nothing as yet

Harold Stand by him, mine old
friend,

Thou art a great voice in Northumber-
land!

Advise him speak him sweetly, he will
heer thee

He is passionate but honest Stand thou
by him!

More talk of this to morrow, if yon weird
sign

Not blast us in our dreams—Well, father
Stigand—

[To Stigand, who advances to him
Stigand (pointing to the comet) War
there, my son? is that the doom
of England?

Harold Why not the doom of all the
world as well?

For all the world sees it as well as Eng-
land

These meteors came and went before our
day,

Not harming any it threatens us no
more

Than Fiench or Norman War? the
woist that follows

Things that seem jeik'd out of the common
rut

Of Nature is the hot religious fool,
Who, seeing war in heaven, for heaven's
credit

Makes it on earth but look, where
Edward draws

A faint foot hither, leaning upon Tostig
He hath learnt to love our Tostig much
of late

Leofwin And he hath leant, despite
the tiger in him,

To sleek and supple himself to the king's
hand

Guth I trust the kingly touch that
cures the evil

May serve to chain the tiger out of him

Leofwin He hath as much of cat as
tiger in him

Oui Tostig loves the hand and not the
man

Harold Nay! Better die than lie!

Enter KING, QUEEN, and TOSTIG

Edward In heaven signs!
Signs upon earth! signs everywhere!
your Priests

Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd!

They scarce can read their Psalter, and
your churches

Uncouth, unhandsome, while in Norman-
land

God speaks throbable voices, as Hedwells
Instateler shines I say not this, as being
Half Norman blooded, nor as some have
held,

Because I love the Norman better—no,
But dreading God's revenge upon this
realm

For narrowness and coldness and I say
it

For the last time perchance, before I go
To find the sweet refreshment of the Saints
I have lived a life of utter purity

I have builded the great church of Holy
Peter

I have wrought miracles—to God the
glory—

And miracles will in my name be wrought
Hereafter—I have fought the fight and
go—

I see the flashing of the gates of pearl—
And it is well with me, tho' some of you
Have scorn'd me—ay—but after I am
gone

Woe, woe to England! I have had a
vision,

The seven sleepers in the cave at Ephesus
Have turn'd from right to left

Harold My most dear Master,
What matters? let them turn from left
to right

And sleep again

Tostig Too hardy with thy king!
A life of prayer and fasting well may see
Deeper into the mysteries of heaven
Than thou, good brother

Aldwyth (aside) Sees he into thine,
That thou wouldst have his promise for
the crown?

Edward *Tostig* says true, my son,
thou art too hard,
Not stagger'd by this ominous earth and
heaven

But heaven and earth are threads of the
same loom,

Play into one another, and weave the web
That may confound thee yet

Harold Nay, I trust not,
For I have served thee long and honestly

Edward I know it, son, I am not
thankless thou

Hast broken all my foes, lighten'd for me
The weight of this poor crown, and left
me time

And peace for prayer to gain a better one
I twelve years of service! England loves
thee for it

Thou art the man to rule her!

Aldwyth (aside) So, not *Tostig*!

Harold And after those twelve years
a boon, my king,
Respite, a holiday thyself wast wont
To love the chase thy leave to set my feet
On board, and hunt and hawk beyond
the seas!

Edward What with this flaming
honour overhead?

Harold Well, when it passes then

Edward Ay if it pass
Go not to Normandy—go not to Nor-
mandy

Harold And wherefore not, my king,
to Normandy?

Is not my brother Wulfnoth hostage there
For my dead father's loyalty to thee?

I pray thee, let me hence and bring him
home

Edward Not thee, my son some
other messenger

Harold And why not me, my lord,
to Normandy?

Is not the Norman Count thy friend and
mine?

Edward I pray thee, do not go to
Normandy

Harold Because my father drove the
Normans out

Of England?—That was many a summer
gone—

Forgotten and forgiven by them and thee

Edward *Harold*, I will not yield
thee leave to go

Harold Why then to Flanders I
will hawk and hunt

In Flanders

Edward Be there not fun woods and
fields

In England? Wilful, wilful Go—the
Sunts

Pilot and prosper all thy wandering out
And homeward *Tostig*, I am faint again
Son *Harold*, I will in and pray for thee

[*Exit, leaving on* *Tostig*, *as if*
followed by *Sugand*, *Morcan*, *and*
Courteis

Harold What lies upon the mind of
our good king

That he should harp this way on
Normandy?

Queen Brother, the king is wiser
than he seems,

And *Tostig* knows it, *Tostig* loves the
king

Harold And love should know, and
—be the king so wise,—

Then Tostig too were wiser than he seems
I love the man but not his phantasies.

(*Re-enter TOSTIG*)

Well, brother,
When didst thou hear from thy Northumbria?

Tostig When did I hear aught but
this 'When' from thee?

Leave me alone, brother, with my
Northumbria

She is *my* mistress, let *me* look to her!
The King hath made me Earl, make me
not fool!

Nor make the King a fool, who made
me Earl!

Harold No, Tostig—lest I make
myself a fool

Who made the King who made thee,
make thee Earl

Tostig Why chafe me then? Thou
knowest I soon go wild

Gurth Come, come! as yet thou art
not gone so wild

But thou canst hear the best and wisest
of us

Harold So says old Gurth, not I
yet hear! thine earldom,

Tostig, hath been a kingdom Their old
crown

Is yet a force among them, a sun set
But leaving light enough for Alfgar's house
To strike thee down by—nay, this ghastly
glare

May heat their fancies

Tostig My most worthy brother,
Thou art the quietest man in all the world—
Ay, ay and wise in peace and great in war—
Pry God the people choose thee for
their king!

But all the powers of the house of Godwin
Are not enframed in thee

Harold Thank the Saints, no!
But thou hast diam'd them shallow by
thy tolls,

And thou art ever here about the King
Thine absence well may seem a want of
care

Cling to their love, for, now the sons of
Godwin

Sit topmost in the field of England, envy,
Like the rough bear beneath the tree,
good brother,

Waits till the man let go

Tostig Good counsel truly!
I heard from my Northumbria yesterday

Harold How goes it then with thy
Northumbria? Well?

Tostig And wouldst thou that it went
ought else than well?

Harold I would it went as well as
with mine earldom,
Leofwin's and Gurth's

Tostig Ye govern milder men
Gurth We have made them milder
by just government

Tostig Ay, ever give yourselves your
own good word

Leofwin An honest gift, by all the
Saints, if giver

And taker be but honest! but they bribe
Each other, and so often, an honest world
Will not believe them

Harold I may tell thee, Tostig,
I heard from thy Northumberland to day

Tostig From spies of thine to spy
my nakedness

In my poor North!

Harold There is a movement there,
A blind one—nothing yet

Tostig Crush it at once
With all the power I have—I must—I
will!

Crush it half born! Fool still? or wis-
dom there,

My wise head-shaking Harold?

Harold Make not thou
The nothing something Wisdom when
in power

And wisest, should not frown as Power,
but smile

As kindness, watching all, till the true
must

Shall make her strike as Power but
when to strike—

O Tostig, O dear brother—If they prance,
Rein in, not lash them, lest they rear and
run

And break both neck and axle

Tostig Good again!

Good counsel tho' scarce needed Pour
not water

In the full vessel running out at top
To swamp the house

Leofwin Nor thou be a wild thing
Out of the waste, to turn and bite the
hand

Would help thee from the trap

Tostig Thou playest in tune

Leofwin To the deaf adder thee, that
wilt not dance

However wisely charm'd

Tostig No more, no more !

Gunth I likewise cry 'no more'
Unwholesome talk

For Godwin's house ! Leofwin, thou
hast a tongue !

Tostig, thou look'st as thou wouldst
spring upon him

St* Olaf, not while I am by ! Come,
come,

Join hands, let brethren dwell in unity,
Let kith and kin stand close as our
shield wall,

Who breaks us then ? I say, thou hast
a tongue,

And *Tostig* is not stout enough to bear it
Vex him not, Leofwin

Tostig No, I am not vext,—
Altho' ye seek to vex me, one and all
I have to make report of my good earldom
To the good king who gave it—not to
you—

Not any of you—I am not vext at all

Harold The king ? the king is ever
at his prayers,

In all that handles matter of the state
I am the king

Tostig That shalt thou never be
If I can thwart thee

Harold Brother, brother !

Tostig Away !

[*Exit Tostig*]

Queen Spite of this grisly star ye
three must gall

Poor *Tostig*

Leofwin *Tostig*, sister, galls himself,
He cannot smell a rose but pricks his nose
Against the thorn, and rails against the
rose

Queen I am the only rose of all the
stock

That never thorn'd him, Edward loves
him, so

Ye hate him Harold always hated him
Why—how they fought when boys—and,
Holy Mary !

How Harold used to beat him !

Harold Why, boys will fight
Leofwin would often fight me, and I beat
him

Even old *Gunth* would fight I had
much ado

To hold mine own against old *Gunth*
Old *Gunth*,

We fought like great states for grave
cause, but *Tostig*—

On a sudden—at a something—for a
nothing—

The boy would fust me hard, and when
we fought

I conquer'd, and he loved me none the less,
Till thou wouldst get him all apart, and
tell him

That where he was but worsted, he was
wrong'd

Ah ! thou hast taught the king to spoil
him too,

Now the spoilt child sways both Take
heed, take heed,

Thou art the Queen, ye are boy and girl
no more

Side not with *Tostig* in any violence,
Lest thou be sideways guilty of the
violence

Queen Come fall not foul on me I
leave thee, brother

Harold Nay, my good sister—

[*Exeunt Queen, Harold, Gunth, and
Leofwin*]

Aldwyth Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means ?

[*Pointing to the comet*]

Gamel Wai, my dear lady,
War, waste, plague, famine, all maligni-
ties

Aldwyth It means the fall of *Tostig*
from his earldom

Gamel That were too small a matter
for a comet !

Aldwyth It means the lifting of the house of Alfgu

Gamel Too small ' a comet would not show for that '

Aldwyth Not small for thee, if thou canst compass it

Gamel Thy love ?

Aldwyth As much as I can give thee, man ,

This Tostig is, or like to be, a tyrant ,
Stir up thy people oust him '

Gamel And thy love ?

Aldwyth As much as thou canst bear

Gamel I can bear all,

And not be giddy

Aldwyth No more now to morrow

SCENE II —IN THE GARDEN THE
KING'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON
SUNSET

Edith Mad for thy mate, passionate nightingale

I love thee for it—ay, but stay a moment ,

He can but stay a moment he is going

I fain would hear him coming ' . near me near,

Somewhere—To draw him nearer with a chain

Like thine to thine

(*Singing*)

Love is come with a song and a smile,

Welcome Love with a smile and a song

Love can stay but a little while

Why cannot he stay? They call him away

Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong ,

Love will stay for a whole life long

Enter HAROLD

Harold The nightingales at Havering-in-the bower

Sang out their loves so loud, that Edward's prayers

Were deafen'd and he pray'd them dumb, and thus

I dumb thee too, my wingless nightingale '
[*Kissing her*]

Edith Thou art my music ' Would their wings were mine

To follow thee to Flanders ' Must thou go ?

Harold Not must, but will It is but for one moon

Edith Leaving so many foes in Edward's hall

To league against thy weal The Lady Aldwyth

Was here to day, and when she touch'd on thee,

She stammer'd in her hate , I am sure she hates thee,

Pants for thy blood

Harold Well, I have given her cause—

I fear no woman

Edith Hate not one who felt Some pity for thy hate! ' I am sure

Her moaning wanted sunlight, she so praised

The convent and lone life—within the pile—

Beyond the passion Nay—she held with Edward,

At least methought she held with holy Edward,

That marriage was half sin

Harold A lesson worth Finger and thumb—thus (*snaps his fingers*)

And my answer to it— See here—an interwoven H and E '

Take thou this ring , I will demand his ward

From Edward when I come again Ay, would she ?

She to shut up my blossom in the dark '

Thou art my nun, thy cloister in mine arms

Edith (*taking the ring*) Yea, but Earl Tostig—

Harold That's a true fear ' For if the North take fire, I should be back ,

I shall be, soon enough

Edith Ay, but last night An evil dream that ever came and went—

Harold A gnat that vex'd thy pillow ' Had I been by,
I would have spoil'd his horn My girl,
what was it ?

Edith Oh ! that thou wert not going !
For so methought it was our marriage
morn,

And while we stood together, a dead man
Rose from behind the altar, tore away
My marriage ring, and rent my bridal veil,
And then I turn'd, and saw the church
all fill'd

With dead men upright from their graves,
and all

The dead men made at thee to murder
thee,

But thou didst back thyself against a
pillar,

And strike among them with thy battle
axe—

There, what a dream !

Harold Well, well—a dream—
no more !

♥*Edith* Did not Heaven speak to men
in dreams of old ?

Harold Ay—well—of old I tell
thee what, my child,
Thou hast misread this merry dream of
thine,

Taken the rifted pillars of the wood
For smooth stone columns of the sanc-
tuary,

The shadows of a hundred fat dead deer
For dead men's ghosts True, that the
battle axe

Was out of place, it should have been
the bow—

Come, thou shalt dream no more such
dreams, I swear it,

By mine own eyes—and these two sap-
phires—these

Twin rubies, that are amulets against all
The kisses of all kind of womankind
In Flanders, till the sea shall roll me back
To tumble at thy feet

Edith That would but shame me,
Rather than make me vain The sea may
roll

Sand, shingle, shore weed, not the living
rock

Which guards the land

Harold Except it be a soft one,
And underaten to the fall Mine
amulet

This last upon thine eyelids, to
shut in

A happier dream Sleep, sleep, and thou
shalt see

My gryhounds fleeting like a beam of
light,

And hear my peregine and her bells in
heaven,

And other bells on earth, which yet are
heaven's,

Guess what they be

Edith He cannot guess who knows
Farewell, my king

Harold Not yet, but then—my queen
[*Exeunt*]

Enter ALDWYTH from the thickets

Aldwyth The kiss that charms thine
eyelids into sleep,

Will hold mine waking Hate him ? I
could love him

More, tenfold, than this fearful child can
do,

Gniffyth I hated why not hate the foe
Of England ? Gniffyth when I saw him
flee,

Chased deer like up his mountains, all
the blood

That should have only pulsed for Gniffyth,
best

For his pursuer I love him or think I
love him

If he were king of England, I his queen,
I might be sure of it Nay, I do love
him—

She must be cloister'd somehow, lest the
king

Should yield his waid to Harold's will
What harm ?

She hath but blood enough to live, not
love—

When Harold goes and Tostig, shall I
play

The craftier Tostig with him ? fawn upon
him ?

Chime in with all ? 'O thou more saint
than king !'

And that were true enough 'O blessed
relics !'

'O Holy Peter !' If he found me thus,

Harold might hate me, he is broad and honest,
 Breathing an easy gladness . . . not
 like Aldwyth
 For which I strangely love him Should
 not England
 Love Aldwyth, if she stay the feuds that
 part
 The sons of Godwin from the sons of
 Alfgar
 By such a marrying? Courage, noble
 Aldwyth!
 Let all thy people bless thee!
 Our wild Tostig,
 Edward hath made him Earl he would
 be king —
 The dog that snapt the shadow, dropt the
 bone —
 I trust he may do well, this Gamel, whom
 I play upon, that he may play the note
 Whereat the dog shall howl and run, and
 Harold
 Hear the king's music, all alone with him,
 Pronounced his heir of England
 I see the goal and half the way to it —
 Peace lover is our Harold for the sake
 Of England's wholeness—so—to shake
 the North
 With earthquake and disruption—some
 division—
 Then fling mine own fair person in the gap
 A sacrifice to Harold, a peace offering,
 A scape-goat marriage—all the sins of
 both
 The houses on mine head—then a fair life
 And bless the Queen of England
Morcar (coming from the thicket) Art
 thou assured
 By this, that Harold loves but Edith?
Aldwyth *Morcar!*
 Why creep'st thou like a tumorous beast
 of prey
 Out of the bush by night?
Morcar I follow'd thee
Aldwyth Follow my lead, and I will
 make thee earl
Morcar What lead then?
Aldwyth Thou shalt flash it secretly
 Among the good Northumbrian folk,
 that I—

That Harold loves me—yea, and presently
 That I and Harold are betroth'd—and
 last—
 Perchance that Harold wrongs me, tho'
 I would not
 That it should come to that
Morcar I will both flash
 And thunder for thee
Aldwyth I said 'secretly,'
 It is the flash that murders, the poor
 thunder
 Never harm'd head
Morcar But thunder may bring down
 That which the flash hath stricken
Aldwyth Down with Tostig!
 That first of all —And when doth Harold
 go?
Morcar To-morrow—first to Bosham,
 then to Flanders
Aldwyth Not to come back fill
 Tostig shall have shown
 And redden'd with his people's blood the
 teeth
 That shall be broken by us—yea, and
 thou
 Chan'd in his place Good night, and
 dream thyself
 Their chosen Earl [*Exit Aldwyth*]
Morcar Earl first, and after that
 Who knows I may not dream myself their
 king!

ACT II

SCENE I —SEASHORE PONTIEU
NIGHT

HAROLD and his Men, wrecked

Harold Friends, in that last inhospitable plunge
 Our boat hath burst her ribs, but ours
 are whole,
 I have but bark'd my hands
Attendant I dug mine into
 My old fast friend the shore, and clinging
 thus
 Felt the remorseless outdraught of the
 deep
 Haul like a great strong fellow at my legs,

And then I rose and ran The blast that came

So suddenly hath fallen as suddenly—
Put thou the comet and this blast to
gether—

Harold Put thou thyself and mother-
wit together
Be not a fool!

(*Enter Fishermen with torches, HAROLD
going up to one of them* ROLF)

Wicked sea will o' the wisp!
Wolf of the shore! dog, with thy lying
lights
Thou hast betray'd us on these rocks of
thine!

Rolf Ay, but thou liest as loud as the
black herring pond behind thee We be
fishermen, I came to see after my nets

Harold To drag us into them
Fishermen? devils!

Who, while ye fish for men with your
false fires,

Let the great Devil fish for your own souls

Rolf Nay then, we be like the blessed
Apostles, they were fishers of men, Father
Jern says

Harold I had liefer that the fish had
swallowed me,

Like Jonah, than have known there were
such devils

What's to be done?

[*To his Men—goes apart with them*

Fisherman Rolf, what fish did swallow
Jonah?

Rolf A whale!

Fisherman Then a whale to a whelk
we have swallowed the King of England
I saw him over there Look thee, Rolf,
when I was down in the fever, she was
down with the hunger, and thou didst
stand by her and give her thy crabs, and
set her up again, till now, by the patient
Saints, she's as crabbed as ever

Rolf And I'll give her my crabs again,
when thou art down again

Fisherman I thank thee, Rolf Run
thou to Count Guy, he is hard at hand
Tell him what hath crept into our criel,
and he will fee thee as freely as he will

wiench this outlander's ransom out of
him—and why not? for what right had
he to get himself wienched on another
man's land?

Rolf Thou art the human heartedest,
Christian-charitist of all crab catchers
Share and share alike! [*Exit*

Harold (*to Fisherman*) Fellow, dost
thou catch crabs?

Fisherman As few as I may in a
wind, and less than I would in a calm
Ay!

Harold I have a mind that thou shalt
catch no more

Fisherman How?

Harold I have a mind to brain thee
with mine axe

Fisherman Ay, do, do, and our great
Count crab will make his nippers meet
in thine heart, he'll sweat it out of thee,
he'll sweat it out of thee Look, he's
here! He'll speak for himself! Hold
thine own, if thou canst!

Ent. GUY, COUNT OF PONTTHIEU

Harold Guy, Count of Ponthieu?

Guy Harold, Earl of Wessex!

Harold Thy villans with their lying
lights have wreck'd us!

Guy Art thou not Earl of Wessex?

Harold In mine earldom
A man may hang gold bracelets on a
bush,

And leave them for a year, and coming
back

Find them again

Guy Thou art a mighty man
In thine own earldom!

Harold Were such murderous hairs
In Wessex—if I caught them, they should
hang

Cliff gibbeted for sea marks, our sea men
Winging then only wul!

Guy Ay, but my men
Hold that the shipwreckt are accused of
God,—

What hinders me to hold with mine own
men?

Harold The Christian manhood of
the man who reigns!

Guy Ay, Iave thy worst, but in our
 oubliettes
 Thou shalt or rot or ransom Hale him
 hence! [*To one of his Attendants*
 Fly thou to William, tell him we have
 Harold

SCENE II —BAYEUX PALACE

COUNT WILLIAM *and* WILLIAM MALET

William We hold our Saxon wood-
 cock in the springe,
 But he begins to flutter As I think
 He was thine host in England when I
 went

To visit Edward

Malet Yea, and there, my lord,
 To make allowance for their rougher
 fashions,

I found him all a noble host should be

William Thou art his friend thou
 know'st my claim on England
 Thro' Edward's promise we have him
 in the toils

And it were well, if thou shouldst let him
 feel,

How dense a fold of danger nets him
 round,

So that he bristle himself against my
 will

Malet What would I do, my lord, if
 I were you?

William What wouldst thou do?

Malet My lord, he is thy guest

William Nay, by the splendour of
 God, no guest of mine

He came not to see me, had past me by
 To hunt and hawk elsewhere, save for
 the fate

Which hunted him when that un-Saxon
 blast,

And bolts of thunder moulded in high
 heaven

To serve the Norman purpose, drave and
 crack'd

His boat on Ponthieu beach, where our
 friend Guy

Had wrung his ransom from him by the
 rack,

But that I stept between and purchased
 him,

Translating his captivity from Guy
 To mine own heath at Bayeux, where he
 sits

My ransom'd prisoner

Malet Well, if not with gold,
 With golden deeds and iron strokes that
 brought

Thy war with Buttany to a goodlier close
 Than else had been, he paid his ransom
 back

William So that henceforth they are
 not like to league

With Harold against me

Malet A marvel, how
 He from the liquid sands of Coesnon
 Haled thy shoe swallow'd, armour'd
 Normans up

To fight for thee again!

William Perchance against
 Their savor, save thou save him from
 himself

Malet But I should let him home
 again, my lord

William Simple! let fly the bird
 within the hand,

To catch the bird again within the bush!
 No

Smooth thou my way, before he clash
 with me,

I want his voice in England for the
 crown,

I want thy voice with him to bring him
 round,

And being brave he must be subtly cow'd,
 And being truthful wrought upon to swear
 Vows that he dare not break England
 our own

Thro' Harold's help, he shall be my dear
 friend

As well as thine, and thou thyself shalt
 have

Large lordship there of lands and territory

Malet I knew thy purpose, he and
 Wulfnoth never

Have met, except in public, shall they
 meet

In private? I have often talk'd with
 Wulfnoth,

And stuff'd the boy with fears that these
may act

On Harold when they meet

William Then let them meet !

Malet I can but love this noble,
honest Harold

William Love him ! why not ? thine
is a loving office,

I have commission'd thee to save the
man

Help the good ship, showing the sunken
rock,

Or he is wreckt for ever

Enter WILLIAM RUFUS

William Rufus Father

William Well, boy

William Rufus They have taken
away the toy thou gavest me,

The Norman knight

William Why, boy ?

William Rufus Because I broke
The horse's leg—it was mine own to
break,

I like to have my toys, and break them too

William Well, thou shalt have
another Norman knight !

William Rufus And may I break his
legs ?

William Yea,—get thee gone !

William Rufus I'll tell them I have
had my way with thee [*Exit*]

Malet I never knew thee check thy
will for ought

Save for the prattling of thy little ones

William Who shall be kings of
England I am heir

Of England by the promise of her king

Malet But there the great Assembly
choose their king,

The choice of England is the voice of
England

William I will be king of England
by the laws,

The choice, and voice of England

Malet Can that be ?

William The voice of any people is
the sword

That guards them, or the sword that beats
them down

Here comes the would be what I will
be kinglike

Tho' scarce at ease, for, save our meshes
break,

More kinglike he than like to prove a
king

(*Enter HAROLD, musing, with his eyes
on the ground*)

He sees me not—and yet he dreams of
me

Earl, wilt thou fly my falcons this fair
day ?

They are of the best, strong-wing'd against
the wind

Harold (*looking up suddenly, having
caught but the last word*) Which
way does it blow ?

William Blowing for England, ha ?
Not yet Thou hast not learnt thy
quarters here

The winds so cross and jostle among
these towers

Harold Count of the Normans, thou
hast ransom'd us,

Maintain'd, and entertain'd us royally !

William And thou for us hast fought
as loyally,

Which binds us friendship fast for ever !

Harold Good !

But lest we turn the scale of courtesy

By too much pressure on it, I would
fain,

Since thou hast promised Wulfnoth home
with us,

Be home again with Wulfnoth

William Stay—as yet

Thou hast but seen how Norman hands
can strike,

But walk'd our Norman field, scarce
touch'd or tasted

The splendours of our Court

Harold I am in no mood

I should be as the shadow of a cloud

Crossing your light

William Nay, rest a week or two,
And we will fill thee full of Norman sun,
And send thee back among thine island
mists

With laughter

Harold Count, I thank thee, but
had rather
Breathe the free wind from off our Saxon
downs,
Tho' charged with all the wet of all the
west

William Why if thou wilt, so let it
be—thou shalt
That were a graceless hospitality
To chain the free guest to the banquet
board,

To-morrow we will ride with thee to
Hastelieu,
And see thee shipt, and pray in thy behalf
For happier homeward winds than that
which crack'd

Thy bark at Ponthieu,—yet to us, in faith,
A happy one—whereby we came to know
Thy valour and thy value, noble earl
Ay, and perchance a happy one for thee,
Provided—I will go with thee to-mor-
row—

Nay—but there be conditions, easy ones,
So thou, fair friend, will take them easily

Enter PAGE

Page My lord, there is a post from
over seas

With news for thee [*Exit Page*
William Come, Malet, let us hear '!

[*Exit Count William and Malet*

Harold Conditions? What condi-
tions? pay him back
His ransom? 'easy'—that were easy—
nay—

No money loves he! What said the
King?

'I pray you do not go to Normandy'
And fate hath blown me hither, bound
me too

With bitter obligation to the Count—
Have I not fought it out? What did he
mean?

There lodged a gleaming grimness in his
eyes,

Gave his shorn smile the lie The walls
oppress me,

And yon huge keep that hinders half the
heaven

Free air! free field!

[*Moves to go out A Man at arms
follows him*

Harold (to the Man-at arms) I need
thee not Why dost thou follow
me?

Man at arms I have the Count's
commands to follow thee

Harold What then? Am I in danger
in this court?

Man at arms I cannot tell I have
the Count's commands

Harold Stand out of gunshot then,
and keep me still

In eyeshot

Man at arms Ver, lord *Harold*
[*Withd'raws*

Harold And aim'd men
Ever keep watch beside my chamber door,
And if I walk within the lonely wood,
There is an aim'd man ever glides behind!

(*Enter MALET*)

Why am I follow'd, haunted, harass'd,
watch'd?

See yonder!

[*Pointing to the Man at arms*

Malet 'Tis the good Count's care for
thee!

The Normans love thee not, nor thou the
Normans,

Or—so they deem

Harold But wherefore is the wind,
Which way soever the vane arrow swing,
Not ever fan for England? Why but
now

He said (thou heardest him) that I must
not hence

Save on conditions

Malet So in truth he said

Harold Malet, thy mother was an
Englishwoman,

There somewhere beats an English pulse
in thee!

Malet Well—for my mother's sake
I love you England,

But for my father I love Normandy

Harold Speak for thy mother's sake,
and tell me true

Malet Then for my mother's sake,
and England's sake

That suffers in the daily want of thee,
Obey the Count's conditions, my good
friend

Harold How, Malet, if they be not
honourable !

Malet Seem to obey them

Harold Better die than lie !

Malet Choose therefore whether thou
wilt have thy conscience

White as a maiden's hand, or whether
England

Be shatter'd into fragments

Harold News from England ?

Malet Morcar and Edwin have sturr'd
up the Thanes

Against thy brother Tostig's governance,
And all the North of Humber is one
stoim

Harold I should be there, Malet, I
should be there !

Malet And Tostig in his own hall
on suspicion

Hath massacred the Thane that was his
guest,

Gamel, the son of Orm and there be more
As villainously slain

Harold The wolf ! the beast !
Ill news for guests, ha, Malet ! More ?

What more ?

What do they say ? did Edward know of
this ?

Malet They say, his wife was know-
ing and abetting

Harold They say, his wife !—To
marry and have no husband

Makes the wife fool My God, I should
be there

I'll hack my way to the sea

Malet Thou canst not, Harold,
Our Duke is all between thee and the
sea,

Our Duke is all about thee like a God,
All passes block'd Obey him, speak
him fan,

For he is only debonair to those
That follow where he leads, but stark as
death

To those that cross him—Look thou,
here is Wulfnoth !

I leave thee to thy talk with him alone,

How wan, poor lad ! how sick and sad
for home ! [*Exit* Malet

Harold (*muttering*) Go not to Nor-
mandy—go not to Normandy !

(*Enter* WULFNOTH)

Poor brother ! still a hostage !

Wulfnoth Yea, and I

Shall see the dewy kiss of dawn no more
Make blush the maiden-white of our tall
cliffs,

Nor mark the sea-bird rouse himself and
hover

Above the windy ripple, and fill the sky
With free ser laughter—never—save
indeed

Thou canst make yield this non-mooded
Duke

To let me go

Harold Why, brother, so he will,
But on conditions Canst thou guess at
them ?

Wulfnoth Draw nearer,—I was in
the corridor,

I saw him coming with his brother Odo
The Bayeux bishop, and I hid myself

Harold They did thee wrong who
made thee hostage, thou

Wast ever fearful

Wulfnoth And he spoke—I
heard him—

'This Harold is not of the royal blood,
Can have no right to the crown,' and
Odo said,

'Thine is the right, for thine the might,
he is here,

And yonder is thy keep'

Harold No, Wulfnoth, no

Wulfnoth And William laugh'd and
swore that might was right,

Far as he knew in this poor world of
ours—

'Many, the Saints must go along with
us,

And, brother, we will find a way,' said
he—

Yea, yea, he would be king of England

Harold Never !

Wulfnoth Yea, but thou must not this
way answer him

Harold Is it not better still to speak
the truth?

Wulfnoth Not here, or thou wilt
never hence nor I

For in the racing toward this golden goal
He turns not right or left, but tramples
flat

Whatever thwarts him, hast thou never
heard

His savagery at Alençon,—the town
Hung out raw hides along their walls,
and cried

‘Work for the tanner’

Harold That had anger’d me
Had I been William

Wulfnoth Nay, but he had prisoners,
He tore their eyes out, sliced their hands
away,

And flung them streaming o’er the battle-
ments

Upon the heads of those who walk’d
within—

O speak him fair, Harold, for thine own
sake

Harold Your Welshman says, ‘The
Truth against the World,’
Much more the truth against myself

Wulfnoth Thyself?
But for my sake, oh brother! oh! for
my sake!

Harold Poor Wulfnoth! do they not
entreat thee well?

Wulfnoth I see the blackness of my
dungeon loom

Across their lamps of revel, and beyond
The merriest murmurs of their banquet
clank

The shackles that will bind me to the
wall

Harold Too fearful still!

Wulfnoth Oh no, no—speak
him fair!

Call it to temporize, and not to lie,
Harold, I do not counsel thee to lie,
The man that hath to foil a murderous aim
May, surely, play with words

Harold Words are the man
Not ev’n for thy sake, brother, would I
lie

Wulfnoth Then for thine Edith?

Harold There thou prick’st me
deep

Wulfnoth And for our Mother Eng-
land?

Harold Deeper still

Wulfnoth And deeper still the deep-
down oubliette,
Down thirty feet below the smiling day—
In blackness—dogs’ food thrown upon
thy head

And over thee the suns arise and set,
And the lark sings, the sweet stars come
and go,

And men are at their markets, in their
fields,

And woo their loves and have forgotten
thee,

And thou art upright in thy living grave,
Where there is barely room to shift thy
side,

And all thine England hath forgotten thee,
And he our lazy pious Norman King,
With all his Normans round him once
again,

Counts his old beads, and hath forgotten
thee

Harold Thou art of my blood, and
so methinks, my boy,
Thy fears infect me beyond reason
Peace!

Wulfnoth And then our fiery Tostig,
while thy hands

Are palsied here, if his Northumbrians
rise

And hurl him from them,—I have heard
the Normans

Count upon this confusion—may he not
make

A league with William, so to bring him
back?

Harold That lies within the shadow
of the chance

Wulfnoth And like a river in flood
thro’ a burst dam

Descends the ruthless Norman—our good
King

Kneels mumbling some old bone—our
helpless folk

Are wash’d away, wailing, in their own
blood—

Harold Wailing ' not warning? Boy,
thou hast forgotten
That thou art English

Wulfnoth Then our modest women—
I know the Norman license—thine own
Edith—

Harold No more ' I will not hear
thee—William comes

Wulfnoth I dare not well be seen in
talk with thee
Make thou not mention that I spake with
thee

[*Moves away to the back of the stage*]

Enter WILLIAM, MALET, and Officer

Officer We have the man that rail'd
against thy birth

William Tear out his tongue

Officer He shall not rail again
He said that he should see confusion fall
On thee and on thine house

William Tear out his eyes,
And plunge him into prison

Officer It shall be done
[*Exit Officer*]

William Look not amazed, fair eail '
Better leave undone
Than do by halves—tongueless and eye
less, prison'd—

Harold Better methinks have slain
the man at once '

William We have respect for man's
immortal soul,
We seldom take man's life, except in war,
It frights the traitor more to maim and
blind

Harold In mine own land I should
have scorn'd the man,
Or lash'd his rascal back, and let him go

William And let him go? Toslander
thee again '

Yet in thine own land in thy father's day
They blinded my young kinsman, Alfred
—ay,

Some said it was thy father's deed

Harold They lied

William But thou and he—whom at
thy word, for thou

Art known a speaker of the truth, I free
From this foul charge—

Harold Nay, nay, he freed himself
By oath and compungation from the
charge

The king, the lords, the people clear'd
him of it

William But thou and he drove our
good Normans out

From England, and this rankles in us yet
Archbishop Robert hardly scaped with life

Harold Archbishop Robert ' Robert
the Archbishop '

Robert of Jumieges, he that—

Malet Quiet ' quiet '

Harold Count ' if there sat within
the Norman chain

A ruler all for England—one who fill'd
All offices, all bishopricks with English—
We could not move from Dover to the
Humber

Saving thro' Norman bishopricks—I say
Ye would applaud that Norman who
should drive

The stranger to the fiends '

William Why, that is reason '
Warrior thou art, and mighty wise withal '
Ay, ay, but many among our Norman
lords

Hate thee for this, and press upon me—
saying

God and the sea have given thee to our
hands—

To plunge thee into life long prison
here —

Yet I hold out against them, as I may,
Yea—would hold out, yea, tho' they
should revolt—

For thou hast done the battle in my cause,
I am thy fastest friend in Normandy

Harold I am doubly bound to thee
if this be so

William And I would bind thee
more, and would myself

Be bounden to thee more

Harold Then let me hence
With Wulfnoth to King Edward

William So we will
We hear he hath not long to live

Harold It may be

William Why then the heir of
England, who is he ?

Harold The Atheling is nearest to the throne
William But sickly, slight, half witted and a child,
 Will England have him king?
Harold It may be, no
William And hath King Edward not pronounced his heir?
Harold Not that I know
William When he was here in Normandy,
 He loved us and we him, because we found him
 A Norman of the Normans
Harold So did we
William A gentle, gracious, pure and saintly man!
 And grateful to the hand that shielded him,
 He promised that if ever he were king
 In England, he would give his kingly voice
 To me as his successor. Knowest thou this?
Harold I learn it now
William Thou knowest I am his cousin,
 And that my wife descends from Alfred?
Harold Ay
William Who hath a better claim then to the crown
 So that ye will not crown the Atheling?
Harold None that I know if that but hung upon
 King Edward's will
William Wilt thou uphold my claim?
Malet (aside to Harold) Be careful of thine answer, my good friend
Wulfnoth (aside to Harold) Oh!
 Harold, for my sake and for thine own!
Harold Ay if the king have not revoked his promise
William But hath he done it then?
Harold Not that I know
William Good, good, and thou wilt help me to the crown?
Harold Ay if the Witan will consent to this
William Thou art the mightiest voice in England, man,

Thy voice will lead the Witan—shall I have it?
Wulfnoth (aside to Harold) Oh!
 Harold, if thou love thine Edith, ay
Harold Ay, if—
Malet (aside to Harold) Thine 'ifs' will sear thine eyes out—ay
William I ask thee, wilt thou help me to the crown?
 And I will make thee my great Earl of Earls,
 Foremost in England and in Normandy,
 Thou shalt be verily king—all but the name—
 For I shall most sojourn in Normandy,
 And thou be my vice-king in England—
 Speak
Wulfnoth (aside to Harold) Ay, brother—for the sake of England—ay
Harold My lord—
Malet (aside to Harold) Take heed now
Harold Ay
William I am content,
 For thou art truthful, and thy word thy bond
 To-morrow will we ride with thee to Harfleur [Exit William
Malet Harold, I am thy friend, one life with thee,
 And even as I should bless thee saving mine,
 I thank thee now for having saved thyself [Exit Malet
Harold For having lost myself to save myself,
 Suid 'ay' when I meant 'no,' hed like a lad
 That dreads the pendent scourge, sud 'ay' for 'no'!
 Ay! No!—he hath not bound me by an oath—
 Is 'ay' an oath? is 'ay' strong as an oath?
 Or is it the same sin to break my word
 As break mine oath? He call'd my word my bond!
 He is a liar who knows I am a liar,

And makes believe that he believes my word—

The crime be on his head—not bounden—no

[Suddenly doors are flung open, disclosing in an inner hall COUNT WILLIAM in his state robes, seated upon his throne, between two Bishops, ODO OF BAYEUX being one in the centre of the hall and are covered with cloth of gold, and on either side of it the Norman barons]

Enter a JAILOR before William's throne

William (to Jailor) Knaves, hast thou let thy prisoner scape?

Jailor Sir Count, He had but one foot, he must have hopt away,

Yea, some familiar spirit must have help'd him

William Woe knave to thy familiar and to thee!

Give me thy keys *[They fall clashing]*
Nay let them lie Stand there and wait my will

[The Jailor stands aside]
William (to Harold) Hast thou such trustless jailors in thy North?

Harold We have few prisoners in mine earldom there,

So less chance for false keepers

William We have heard Of thy just, mild, and equal governance, Honour to thee! thou art perfect in all honour!

Thy naked word thy bond! confirm it now

Before our gather'd Norman baronage,
For they will not believe thee—as I believe

[Descends from his throne and stands by the ark]

Let all men here bear witness of our bond!
[Beckons to Harold, who advances]

Enter MALET behind him

Lay thou thy hand upon this golden pall!
Behold the jewel of St Pancratius

Woven into the gold Swear thou on this!

Harold What should I swear? Why should I swear on this?

William *(savagely)* Swear thou to help me to the crown of England
Malet *(whispering Harold)* My friend, thou hast gone too far to palter now

Wulfnoth *(whispering Harold)* Swear thou to-day, to-morrow is thine own

Harold I swear to help thee to the crown of England

According as King Edward promises

William Thou must swear absolutely, noble Earl

Malet *(whispering)* Delay is death to thee, run to England

Wulfnoth *(whispering)* Swear, dearest brother, I beseech thee, swear!

Harold *(putting his hand on the jewel)*
I swear to help thee to the crown of England

William Thanks, truthful Earl, I did not doubt thy word,

But that my barons might believe thy word,

And that the Holy Saints of Normandy
When thou art home in England, with thine own,

Might strengthen thee in keeping of thy word,

I made thee swear—Show him by whom he hath sworn

[The two Bishops advance, and raise the cloth of gold. The bodies and bones of Saints are seen lying in the ark]

The holy bones of all the Canonised
From all the holiest shines in Normandy!

Harold Horrible! *[They let the cloth fall again]*

William Ay, for thou hast sworn an oath

Which, if not kept, would make the hued earth rive

To the very Devil's hoins, the bright sky cleave

To the very feet of God, and send her hosts

Of injured Saints to scatter spails of
plague
Thro' all your cities, blast your infants,
dash
The torch of war among your standing
coin,
Dabble your hearths with your own blood
—Enough!

Thou wilt not break it! I, the Count—
the King—

Thy friend—am grateful for thine honest
oath,

Not coming fiercely like a conqueror, now,
But softly as a bridegroom to his own
For I shall rule according to your laws,
And make your ever jarring Earldoms
move

To music and in order—Angle, Jute,
Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to build a
throne

Out-towering hers of France The
wind is fair

For England now To night we will
be merry

To morrow will I ride with thee to
Harfleur

[*Exeunt William and all the Norman
barons, etc*]

Harold To night we will be merry—
and to morrow—

Juggler and bastard—bastard—he hates
that most—

William the tanner's bastard! Would
he heard me!

O God, that I were in some wide, waste
field

With nothing but my battle-axe and
him

To spatter his brains! Why let earth
rive, gulf in

These cursed Normans—yea and mine
own self

Cleave heaven, and send thy saints that
I may say

Ev'n to their faces, 'If ye side with
William

Ye are not noble! How then pointed
fingers

Glared at me! Am I Harold, Harold,
son

Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch
mine aims,
My limbs—they are not mine—they are
a har's—

I mean to be a liar—I am not bound—
Stigand shall give me absolution for it—
Did the chest move? did it move? I am
utter craven!

O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother, thou
hast betray'd me!

Wulfnoth Forgive me, brother, I
will live here and die

Enter PAGE

Page My lord! the Duke awaits thee
at the banquet

Harold Where they eat dead men's
flesh, and drink their blood

Page My lord—

Harold I know your Norman cookery
is so spiced,

It masks all this

Page My lord! thou art white
as death

Harold With looking on the dead
Am I so white?

Thy Duke will seem the darker Hence,
I follow [*Exeunt*]

ACT III

SCENE I—THE KING'S PALACE LONDON

KING EDWARD *dying on a couch, and by
him standing the QUEEN, HAROLD,
ARCHBISHOP STIGAND, GURTH,
LEOFWIN, ARCHBISHOP ALDRED,
ALDWYTH, and EDITH*

Stigand Sleeping or dying there?
If this be death,

Then our great Council wait to crown
thee King—

Come hither, I have a power,

[*To Harold*]

They call me near, for I am close to thee
And England—I, old shrivell'd Stigand, I,
Dry as an old wood fungus on a dead tree,
I have a power!

See here this little key about my neck !
 There lies a treasure buried down in Elý
 If e'er the Norman grow too hard for
 thee,
 Ask me for this at thy most need, son
 Harold,
 At thy most need—not sooner
Harold So I will
Stigand Red gold—a hundred purses
 —yea, and more !
 If thou canst make a wholesome use of
 these
 To chink against the Norman, I do
 ~believe
 My old crook'd spine would bud out two
 young wings
 To fly to heaven straight with
 ~ *Harold* Thank thee, father !
 Thou art English, Edward too is English
 now,
 He hath clean repented of his Normanism
Stigand Ay, as the libertine repents
 who cannot
 Make done undone, when thro' his dying
 sense
 Shrills 'lost thro' thee' They have
 built their castles here,
 Our prisons are Norman, the Norman
 adder
 Hath bitten us, we are poison'd our
 dear England
 Is demi Norman He !—
 [Pointing to King Edward, sleeping
Harold I would I were
 As holy and as passionless as he !
 That I might rest as calmly ! Look at
 him—
 The rosy face, and long down-silvering
 beard,
 The brows unwrinkled as a summer
 mere—
Stigand A summer mere with sudden
 wreckful gusts
 From a side-gorge Passionless ? How
 he flamed
 When Tostig's anger'd earldom flung
 him, nay,
 He fain had calcined all Northumbria
 To one black ash, but that thy patriot
 passion

Siding with our great Council against
 Tostig,
 Out passion'd his ! Holy ? ay, ay, for
 sooth,
 A conscience for his own soul, not his
 realm,
 A twilight conscience lighted thro' a
 chink,
 Thine by the sun, nay, by some sun to be,
 When all the world hath learnt to speak
 the truth,
 And lying were self murder by that state
 Which was the exception
Harold That sun may God speed !
Stigand Come, Harold, shake the
 cloud off !
Harold Can I, father ?
 Our Tostig parted causing me and Eng
 land,
 Our sister hates us for his banishment,
 He hath gone to kindle Norway against
 England,
 And Wulfnoth is alone in Normandy
 For when I rode with William down to
 Hainfeur,
 'Wulfnoth is sick,' he said, 'he cannot
 follow,'
 Then with that friendly fiendly smile of
 his,
 'We have learnt to love him, let him a
 little longer
 Remain a hostage for the loyalty
 Of Godwin's house' As far as touches
 Wulfnoth
 I thrt so prized plain word and naked
 truth
 Have sinn'd against it—all in vain
Leofwin Good brother,
 By all the truths that ever priest hath
 preach'd,
 Of all the lies that ever men have lied,
 Thine is the pardonablest
Harold May be so !
 I think it so, I think I am a fool
 To think it can be otherwise than so
Stigand Tut, tut, I have absolved
 thee dost thou scorn me,
 Because I had my Canterbury pallium,
 From one whom they disposed ?
Harold No, Stigand, no !

Stigand Is naked truth actable in true life?
 I have heard a saying of thy father Godwin,
 That, were a man of state nakedly true,
 Men would but take him for the craftier liar
Leofwin Be men less delicate than the Devil himself?
 I thought that naked Truth would shame the Devil,
 The Devil is so modest
Gurth He never said it!
Leofwin Be thou not stupid honest, brother Gurth!
Harold Better to be a liar's dog, and hold
 My master honest, than believe that lying
 And ruling men are fatal twins that cannot
 Move one without the other *Edward* wakes!—
 Dazed—he hath seen a vision
Edward The green tree!
 Then a great Angel past along the highest
 Crying 'the doom of England,' and at once
 He stood beside me, in his grasp a sword
 Of lightnings, wherewithal he cleft the tree
 From off the bearing trunk, and hurl'd it from him
 Three fields away, and then he dash'd and diench'd,
 He dyed, he sorl'd the trunk with human blood,
 And brought the sunder'd tree again, and set it
 Straight on the trunk, that thus baptized in blood
 Grew ever high and higher, beyond my seeing,
 And shot out sidelong boughs across the deep
 That dropt themselves, and rooted in far isles
 Beyond my seeing and the great Angel rose
 And past again along the highest crying
 'The doom of England!'—Tostig, raise my head! [*Falls back senseless*]

Harold (*raising him*) Let Harold serve for Tostig!
Queen Harold served Tostig so ill, he cannot serve for Tostig!
 Ay, raise his head, for thou hast laid it low!
 The sickness of our saintly king, for whom
 My prayers go up as fast as my tears fall,
 I well believe, hath mainly drawn itself
 From lack of Tostig—thou hast banish'd him
Harold Nay—but the council, and the king himself
Queen Thou hatest him, hatest him
Harold (*coldly*) Ay—Stigand, unmiddle
 This vision, canst thou?
Stigand Dotage!
Edward (*starting up*) It is finish'd
 I have built the Lord a house—the Lord hath dwelt
 In darkness I have built the Lord a house—
 Palms, flowers, pomegranates, golden cherubim
 With twenty cubit wings from wall to wall—
 I have built the Lord a house—sing, Asaph! clash
 The cymbal, Heman! blow the trumpet, priest!
 Fall, cloud, and fill the house—lo! my two pillars,
 Jachin and Boaz!—
 [*Seeing Harold and Gurth*
Harold, Gurth,—where am I?
 Where is the charter of our Westminster?
Stigand It lies beside thee, king, upon thy bed
Edward Sign, sign at once—take, sign it, Stigand, Aldred!
 Sign it, my good son Harold, Gurth, and Leofwin,
 Sign it, my queen!
All We have sign'd it
Edward It is finish'd!
 The kingliest Abbey in all Christian lands,
 The lordliest, loftiest minster ever built
 To Holy Peter in our English isle!

Let me be buried there, and all our kings,
And all our just and wise and holy men
That shall be born hereafter It is
finish'd !

Hast thou had absolution for thine oath ?

[To Harold]

Harold Stigand hath given me abso-
lution for it

Edward Stigand is not canonical
enough

To save thee from the wrath of Norman
Saints

Stigand No man enough ! Be there
- no Saints of England

To help us from their brethren yonder ?

Edward Pielste,

The Saints are one, but those of Nor-
manland

Are mightier than our own Ask it of

Aldied [To Harold]

Aldied It shall be granted him, my
king, for he

Who vows a vow to strangle his own
mother

Is guiltier keeping this, than breaking it

Edward O friends, I shall not over-
live the day

Stigand Why then the throne is
empty Who inherits ?

For tho' we be not bound by the king's voice
In making of a king, yet the king's voice

Is much toward his making Who
inherits ?

Edgar the Atheling ?

Edward No, no, but Harold
I love him he hath served me none
but he

Can rule all England Yet the curse is
on him

For swearing falsely by those blessed
bones,

He did not mean to keep his vow

Harold Not mean

To make our England Norman

Edward There spake Godwin,
Who hated all the Normans, but their
Saints

Have heard thee, Harold

Edith Oh ! my lord, my king !

He knew not whom he swore by

Edward Yea, I know
He knew not, but those heavenly ears
have heard,

Then curse is on him, wilt thou bring
another,

Edith, upon his head ?

Edith No, no, not I

Edward Why then, thou must not
wed him

Harold Wherefore, wherefore ?

Edward O son, when thou didst tell
me of thine oath,

I sorrow'd for my random promise given
To you for lion I did not dream then

I should be king — My son, the Saints
are virgins,

They love the white rose of virginity,
The cold, white lily blowing in her cell

I have been myself a virgin, and I swore
To consecrate my virgin here to heaven—

The silent, cloister'd, solitary life,
A life of life-long prayer against the curse

That lies on thee and England

Harold No, no, no

Edward Tieble denial of the tongue
of flesh,

Like Peter's when he fell, and thou wilt
have

To wail for it like Peter O my son !
Are all oaths to be broken then, all pro-
mises

Made in our agony for help from heaven ?
Son, there is one who loves thee and a
wife,

What matters who, so she be serviceable
In all obedience, as mine own hath been

God bless thee, wedded daughter

[Laying his hand on the Queen's head]

Queen Bless thou too

That brother whom I love beyond the rest,
My banish'd Tostig

Edward All the sweet Saints

bless him !
Spare and forbear him, Harold, if he
comes !

And let him pass unscathed, he loves
me, Harold !

Be kindly to the Normans left among us,
Who follow'd me for love ! and deal son,

swear

When thou art king, to see my solemn
vow

Accomplish'd

Harold Nay, dear lord, for I have
sworn

Not to swear falsely twice

Edward Thou wilt not swear ?

Harold I cannot

Edward Then on thee remains
the curse,

Harold, if thou embrace her and on thee,
Edith, if thou abide it,—

[*The King swoons, Edith falls and
rings by the couch*

Stigand He hath swoon'd !
Death ? no, as yet a breath

Harold Look up ! look up !
Edith !

Aldred Confuse her not, she hath
begun

Her life long prayer for thee

Aldwyth O noble Harold,
I would thou couldst have sworn

Harold For thine own pleasure ?

Aldwyth No, but to please our dying
king, and those

Who make thy good their own—all
England, Earl

Aldred I would thou couldst have
sworn Our holy king

Hath given his virgin lamb to Holy
Church

To save thee from the curse

Harold Alas ! poor man,
His promise brought it on me

Aldred O good son !

That knowledge made him all the care-
fuller

To find a means whereby the curse might
glance

From thee and England

Harold Father, we so loved—

Aldred The more the love, the
mightier is the prayer,

The more the love, the more acceptable
The sacrifice of both your loves to heaven
No sacrifice to heaven, no help from
heaven,

That runs thro' all the faiths of all the
world

And sacrifice there must be, for the king
Is holy, and hath talk'd with God, and
seen

A shadowing horror, there are signs in
heaven—

Harold You comet came and went
Aldred And signs on earth !

Knowest thou Senlac hill ?

Harold I know all Sussex,
A good entrenchment for a perilous hour !

Aldred Pity God that come not
suddenly ! There is one

Who passing by that hill three nights
ago—

He shook so that he scarce could out
with it—

Heard, heard—

Harold The wind in his hair ?

Aldred A ghostly horn
Blowing continually, and faint battle
hymns,

And cries, and clashes, and the groans of
men,

And dreadful shadows strove upon the
hill,

And dreadful lights crept up from out
the marsh—

Corpse-candles gliding over nameless
graves—

Harold At Senlac ?

Aldred Senlac

Edward (*waking*) Senlac ! Sanguelac,
The Lake of Blood !

Stigand This lightning before death
Plays on the word,—and Normanizes too !

Harold Hush, father, hush !

Edward Thou uncanonical fool,
Wilt thou play with the thunder ? North
and South

Thunder together, showers of blood are
blown

Before a never ending blast, and hiss

Against the blaze they cannot quench—a
lake,

A sea of blood—we are drown'd in blood
—for God

Has fill'd the quiver, and Death has
drawn the bow—

Sanguelac ! Sanguelac ! the arrow ! the
arrow !

[*Drum*

Stigand It is the arrow of death in
his own heart—
And our great Council wait to crown thee
King

SCENE II —IN THE GARDEN THE
KING'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON

Edith Crown'd, crown'd and lost,
crown'd King—and lost to me '

(*Singing*)

Two young lovers in winter weather,
None to guide them,
Walk'd at night on the misty heather,
Night, as black as a raven's feather,
Both were lost and found together,
None beside them

That is the burthen of it—lost and found
Together in the cruel river Swale
A hundred years ago, and there's another,

Lost, lost, the light of day,

For which the lover answers lovingly

'I am beside thee '

Lost, lost, we have lost the way

'Love, I will guide thee '

Whither, O whither? into the river,
Where we two may be lost together,
And lost for ever? 'Oh! never,
oh! never,

Tho' we be lost and be found together '

Some think they loved within the pale
forbidden

By Holy Church but who shall say?
the truth

Was lost in that fierce North, where *the*
were lost,

Where all good things are lost, where
lost and lost

The good hearts of his people It is
Harold '

(*Enter HAROLD*)

Harold the King '

Harold Call me not King, but

Harold

Edith Nay, thou art King '

Harold Thine, thine, or King
or churl!

My girl, thou hast been weeping turn
not thou

Thy face away, but rather let me be
King of the moment to thee, and command
That kiss my due when subject, which
will make

My kingship kinder to me than to reign
King of the world without it

Edith Ask me not,
Lest I should yield it, and the second
cure

Descend upon thine head, and thou be
only

King of the moment over England

Harold *Edith*,
Tho' somewhat less a king to my true self
Than ere they crown'd me one, for I have
lost

Somewhat of upright stature tho' mine
oath,

Yet thee I would not lose, and sell not
thou

Our living passion for a dead man's dream,
Stigand believed he knew not what he
spake

Oh God! I cannot help it, but at times
They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths
Of this grown world of ours, whose baby
eye

Saw them sufficient Fool and wise, I fear
This cure, and scorn it But a little
light!—

And on it falls the shadow of the priest,
Heaven yield us more! for better,
Woden, all

Our cancell'd warrior-gods, our gum
Walhalla,

Eternal war, than that the Suints at peace
The Holiest of our Holiest one should be
This William's fellow tricksters,—better
die

Than credit this, for death is death, or else
Lifts us beyond the lie Kiss me—thou
art not

A holy sister yet, my girl, to fear
There might be more than brother in my
kiss,

And more than sister in thine own

Edith I dare not
Harold Scared by the church—
 'Love for a whole life long'
 When was that sung?
Edith Here to the nightingales
Harold Their anthems of no church,
 how sweet they are!
 Not kingly priest, nor priestly king to
 cross
 Their billings ere they nest
Edith They are but of spring,
 They fly the winter change—not so with
 us—
 No wings to come and go
Harold But wing'd souls flying
 Beyond all change and in the eternal
 distance
 To settle on the Truth
Edith They are not so true,
 They change then mates
Harold Do they? I did not know it
Edith They say thou art to wed the
 Lady Aldwyth
Harold They say, they say
Edith If this be politic,
 And well for thee and England—and for
 her—
 Care not for me who love thee
Gunth (calling) Harold, Harold!
Harold The voice of Gunth! (*Enter*
 GURTH) Good even, my good
 brother!
Gunth Good even, gentle Edith
Edith Good even, Gunth
Gunth Ill news hath come! Our
 hapless brother, Tostig—
 He, and the giant King of Norway,
 Harold
 Hardrada—Scotland, Ireland, Iceland,
 Orkney,
 Are landed North of Humber, and in a
 field
 So pack'd with carnage that the dykes and
 brooks
 Were bled with damm'd with dead,
 have overthrown
 Moïcar and Edwin
Harold Well then, we must
 fight
 How blows the wind?

Gunth Against St Valery
 And William
Harold Well then, we will to the
 North
Gunth Ay, but worse news this
 William sent to Rome,
 Swearing thou swarest falsely by his
 Saints
 The Pope and that Archdeacon Hilde
 brand
 His master, heard him, and have sent him
 back
 A holy gonfron, and a blessed hair
 Of Peter, and all France, all Burgundy,
 Poitou, all Christendom is raised against
 thee,
 He hath cursed thee, and all those who
 fight for thee,
 And given thy realm of England to the
 bastard
Harold Ha! ha!
Edith Oh! laugh not! Strange
 and ghastly in the gloom
 And shadowing of this double thunder
 cloud
 That lours on England—laughter!
Harold No, not strange!
 This was old human laughter in old
 Rome
 Before a Pope was born, when that which
 reign'd
 Call'd itself God—A kindly rendering
 Of 'Render unto Cæsar' The
 Good Shepherd!
 Take this, and render that
Gunth They have taken York
Harold The Lord was God and came
 as man—the Pope
 Is man and comes as God—York taken?
Gunth Yea,
 Tostig hath taken York!
Harold To York then Edith,
 Hadst thou been braver, I had better
 braved
 All—but I love thee and thou me—and
 that
 Remains beyond all chances and all
 churches,
 And that thou knowest
Edith Ay, but take back thy ring

It burns my hand—a curse to thee and me
I dare not wear it

[*Proffers Harold the ring, which he takes*

Harold But I dare God with thee!

[*Exeunt Harold and Guth*

Edith The King hath cursed him, if
he marry me,

The Pope hath cursed him, marry me or
no!

God help me! I know nothing—can but
pray

For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no help
but prayer,

A breath that fleets beyond this mortal world,
And touches Him that made it

ACT IV

SCENE I —IN NORTHUMBRIA

ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, MORCAR, EDWIN,
and Forces *Enter* HAROLD *The*
standard of the golden Dragon of Wes-
sex preceding him

Harold What! are thy people sullen
from defeat?

Ours Wessex dragon flies beyond the
Humber,

No voice to greet it

Edwin Let not our great king
Believe us sullen—only shamed to the
quick

Before the king—as having been so bruised
By Harold, king of Norway, but our help
Is Harold, king of England Pardon us,
thou!

Our silence is our reverence for the king!

Harold Earl of the Mercians! if the
truth be gall,

Cram me not thou with honey, when our
good hive

Needs every sting to save it

Voices Aldwyth! Aldwyth!

Harold Why cry thy people on thy
sister's name?

Morcar She hath won upon our
people thro' her beauty,

And pleasantness among them

Voices Aldwyth, Aldwyth!

Harold They shout as they would
have her for a queen

Morcar She hath followed with our
host, and suffer'd all

Harold What would ye, men?

Voices Our old Northumbrian
crown,

And kings of our own choosing

Harold Your old crown

Were little help without our Saxon cales
Against Hædrada

Voices Little! we are Danes,
Who conquer'd what we walk on, our
own field

Harold They have been plotting here!

[*Aside*]
Voices He calls us little!

Harold The kingdoms of this world
began with little,

A hill, a fort, a city—that reach'd a hand
Down to the field beneath it, 'Be thou
mine,'

Then to the next, 'Thou also!' If the
field

Cried out 'I am mine own,' another hill
Or fort, or city, took it, and the first
Fell, and the next became an Empire

Voices Yet
Thou art but a West Saxon *we are* Danes!

Harold My mother is a Dane, and I
am English,

There is a pleasant fable in old books,
Ye take a stick, and break it, bind a score
All in one faggot, snap it over knee,
Ye cannot

Voices Hear King Harold! he
says true!

Harold Would ye be Norsemen?

Voices No!

Harold Or Norman?

Voices No!

Harold Snap not the faggot band then

Voices That is true!

Voices Ay, but thou art not kingly,

only grandson

To Wulfnoth, a poor cow herd

Harold This old Wulfnoth
Would take me on his knees and tell me
tales

Of Alfred and of Athelstan the Great

Who drove you Danes, and yet he held
that Dane,
Jute, Angle, Saxon, were or should be
all
One England, for this cow head, like my
father,
Who shook the Norman scoundrels off
the throne,
Had in him kingly thoughts—a king of
men,
Not made but born, like the great king
of all,
A light among the oxen
Voice That is true!
Voice Ay, and I love him now, for
mine own father
Was great, and cobbled
Voice Thou art Tostig's brother,
Who wastes the land
Harold This brother comes to save
Your land from waste, I saved it once
before,
For when you people banish'd Tostig
hence,
And Edward would have sent a host
against you,
Then I, who loved my brother, bad the
king
Who doted on him, sanction your decree
Of Tostig's banishment, and choice of
Morcar,
To help the realm from scattering
Voice King! thy brother,
If one may dare to speak the truth, was
wrong'd
Wild was he, born so but the plots
against him
Had madden'd tamer men
Morcar Thou art one of those
Who brake into Lord Tostig's treasure
house
And slew two hundred of his following,
And now, when Tostig hath come back
with power,
Are frighted back to Tostig
Old Thane Ugh! Plots and feuds!
This is my ninetieth birthday Can ye
not
Be brethren? Godwin still at feud with
Alfgar,

And Alfgar hates King Harold Plots
and feuds!
This is my ninetieth birthday!
Harold Old man, Harold
Hates nothing, not *his* fault, if our two
houses
Be less than brothers
Voices Aldwyth, Harold, Aldwyth!
Harold Again! Morcar! Edwin!
What do they mean?
Edwin So the good king would deign
to lend an ear
Not overscounful, we might chance—per
chance—
To guess their meaning
Morcar Thine own meaning, Harold,
To make all England one, to close all feuds,
Mixing our bloods, that thence a king
may rise
Half-Godwin and half-Alfgar, one to rule
All England beyond question, beyond
quarrel
Harold Who sow'd this fancy here
among the people?
Morcar Who knows what sows itself
among the people?
A goodly flower at times
Harold The Queen of Wales?
Why, Morcar, it is all but duty in her
To hate me, I have heard she hates me
Morcar No!
For I can swear to that, but cannot swear
That these will follow thee against the
Norsemen,
If thou deny them this
Harold Morcar and Edwin,
When will ye cease to plot against my
house?
Edwin The king can scarcely dream
that we, who know
His prowess in the mountains of the West,
Should care to plot against him in the
North
Morcar Who dares arraign us, king,
of such a plot?
Harold Ye heard one witness even now
Morcar The claven!
There is a faction risen again for Tostig,
Since Tostig came with Norway—fright
not love

Harold Morcar and Edwin, will ye,
 if I yield,
 Follow against the Norseman?
Morcar Surely, surely!
Harold Morcar and Edwin, will ye
 upon oath,
 Help us against the Norman?
Morcar With good will
 Yea, take the Sacrament upon it, king
Harold Where is thy sister?
Morcar Somewhere hard at hand
 Call and she comes
 [*One goes out, then enters Aldwyth*]
Harold I doubt not but thou knowest
 Why thou art summon'd
Aldwyth Why?—I stay with these,
 Lest thy fiend Tostig spy me out alone,
 And slay me all alive
Harold Canst thou love one
 Who did discrown thine husband, unqueen
 thee?
 Didst thou not love thine husband?
Aldwyth Oh! my lord,
 The nimble, wild, red, wily, savage
 king—
 That was, my lord, a match of policy
Harold Was it?
 I knew him brave—he loved his land
 he fain
 Had made her great his finger on her
 harp
 (I heard him more than once) had in it
 Wales,
 Her floods, her woods, her hills had I
 been his,
 I had been all Welsh
Aldwyth Oh, ay—all Welsh—and yet
 I saw thee drive him up his hills—and
 women
 Cling to the conquer'd, if they love, the
 more,
 If not, they cannot hate the conqueror
 We never—oh! good Morcar, speak for
 us,
 His conqueror conquer'd Aldwyth
Harold Goodly news!
Morcar Doubt it not thou! Since
 Griffith's head was sent
 To Edward, she hath said it
Harold I had rather

She would have loved her husband
 Aldwyth, Aldwyth,
 Canst thou love me, thou knowing where
 I love?
Aldwyth I can, my lord, for mine
 own sake, for thine,
 For England, for thy poor white dove,
 who flutters
 Between thee and the porch, but then
 would find
 Her nest within the cloister, and be still
Harold Canst thou love one, who
 cannot love again?
Aldwyth Full hope have I that love
 will answer love
Harold Then in the name of the
 great God, so be it!
 Come, Aldred, join our hands before the
 hosts,
 That all may see
 [*Aldred joins the hands of Harold
 and Aldwyth and blesses them*]
Voices Harold, Harold and Aldwyth!
Harold Set forth our golden Dragon,
 let him flap
 The wings that bent down Wales!
 Advance our Standard of the Wainiot,
 Dark among gems and gold, and thou,
 brave banner,
 Blaze like a night of fatal stars on those
 Who read their doom and die
 Where lie the Norsemen? on the Der
 went? ay
 At Stamford bridge
 Morcar, collect thy men, Edwin, my
 friend—
 Thou lingerest—Guth,—
 Last night King Edward came to me in
 dreams—
 The rosy face and long down silvering
 beard—
 He told me I should conquer —
 I am no woman to put faith in dreams
 (*To his army*)
 Last night King Edward came to me in
 dreams,
 And told me we should conquer
Voices Forward! Forward!
 Harold and Holy Cross!
Aldwyth The day is won!

SCENE II —A PLAIN BEFORE THE
BATTLE OF STAMFORD BRIDGEHAROLD *and his Guard**Harold* Who is it comes this way ?*Tostig* ? (*Enter TOSTIG with a small force*) O brother,

What art thou doing here ?

Tostig I am foraging
For Norway's army*Harold* I could take and slay thee
Thou art in arms against us*Tostig* Take and slay me,
For Edward loved me*Harold* Edward bade me spare thee*Tostig* I hate King Edward, for he
join'd with theeTo drive me outlaw'd Take and slay
me, I say,

Or I shall count thee fool

Harold Take thee, or free thee,
Free thee or slay thee, Norway will have
war,No man would strike with *Tostig*, save
for NorwayThou art nothing in thine England, save
for Norway,Who loves not thee but war What dost
thou here,

Trampling thymother's bosom into blood ?

Tostig She hath wean'd me from it
with such bitternessI come for mine own Earldom, my
Northumbria,Thou hast given it to the enemy of our
house*Harold* Northumbria threw thee off,
she will not have thee,Thou hast misused her and, O crowning
crime !Hast murder'd thine own guest, the son
of Oim,

Gamel, at thine own hearth

Tostig The slow, fat fool !
He draw'd and prated so, I smote him
suddenly,I knew not what I did He held with
Moicar —

I hate myself for all things that I do

Harold And *Moicar* holds with us
Come back with himKnow what thou dost, and we may find
for thee,So thou be chasten'd by thy banishment,
Some easier caldrom*Tostig* What for Norway then ?
He looks for land among us, he and his*Harold* Seven feet of English land,
or something more,

Seeing he is a giant

Tostig That is noble !

That sounds of Godwin

Harold Come thou back, and be
Once more a son of Godwin*Tostig* (*turns away*) O brother,
brother,

O Harold—

Harold (*laying his hand on Tostig's shoulder*) Nay then, come thou
back to us !*Tostig* (*after a pause turning to him*)
Never shall any man say that I,
that *Tostig*Conjured the mightiest Harold from his
NorthTo do the battle for me here in England,
Then left him for the meaner ! thee !—Thou hast no passion for the House of
Godwin—Thou hast but cared to make thyself a
king—

Thou hast sold me for a cry —

Thou gavest thy voice against me in the
Council—I hate thee, and despise thee, and defy
theeFarewell for ever ! [*Exit*]*Harold* On to Stamford bridge !

SCENE III

AFTER THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD
BRIDGE BANQUETHAROLD and ALDWYTH GURTH,
LEOFWIN, MORCAR, EDWIN, and
other Earls and Thanes*Voices* Hail ! Harold ! Aldwyth !
hail, bridegroom and bride !

Aldwyth (talking with Harold) An
 swei them thou '
 Is this our marriage banquet? Would
 the wines
 Of wedding had been dash'd into the cups
 Of victory, and our marriage and thy glory
 Been drunk together! these poor hands
 but sew,
 Spin, broider—would that they were
 man's to have held
 The battle axe by thee!'

Harold There was a moment
 When being forced aloof from all my
 guard,
 And striking at Hæddiada and his mad-
 men

I had wish'd for any weapon

Aldwyth Why art thou sad?

Harold I have lost the boy who
 play'd at bill with me,
 With whom I fought another fight than
 this

Of Stamford-bridge

Aldwyth Ay! ay! thy victories
 Over our own poor Wales, when at thy
 side

He conquer'd with thee

Harold No—the childish fist
 That cannot strike again

Aldwyth Thou art too kindly
 Why didst thou let so many Norsemen
 hence?

Thy fierce forekings had clench'd their
 puate hides

To the bleak church doors, like kites
 upon a bairn

Harold Is there so great a need to
 tell thee why?

Aldwyth Yea, am I not thy wife?

Voices Hail, Harold, Aldwyth!
 Bridegroom and bride!

Aldwyth Answer them! [*To Harold*

Harold (to all) Earls and Thanes!
 Full thanks for your fair greeting of my
 bride!

Earls, Thanes, and all our countrymen!
 the day,

Our day beside the Derwent will not shine
 Less than a star among the goldenest hours
 Of Alfred, or of Edward his great son,

Or Athelstan, or English Ironside
 Who fought with Knut, or Knut who
 coming Dane

Died English Every man about his king
 Fought like a king, the king like his own
 man,

No better, one for all, and all for one,
 One soul! and therefore have we shatter'd
 back

The hugest wave from Norseland ever
 yet

Surged on us, and our battle axes broken
 the Raven's wing, and dumb'd his cannon
 croak

From the gray sea for ever Many are
 gone—

Drink to the dead who died for us, the
 living

Who fought and would have died, but
 happier lived,

If happier be to live, they both have lit
 In the huge mouth of England, till her
 voice

Die with the world Hail—hail!

Morcar May all invaders perish like
 Hardrada!

All traitors fail like Tostig!

[*All drink but Harold*
Aldwyth Thy cup's full!

Harold I saw the hand of Tostig
 cover it

Our dear, dead, traitor-brother, Tostig,
 him

Reverently we buried Friends, had I
 been here,

Without too large self lauding I must hold
 The sequel had been other than his league
 With Norway, and this battle Peace
 be with him!

He was not of the worst If there be
 those

At banquet in this hall, and hearing me—
 For there be those I fear who prick'd the
 lion

To make him spring, that sight of Danish
 blood

Might serve an end not English—peace
 with them

Likewise, if *they* can be at peace with what
 God gave us to divide us from the wolf!

Aldwyth (aside to Harold) Make not
our Moicai sullen it is not
wise

Harold Hail to the living who fought,
the dead who fell !

Voices Hail, hail ! -

First Thane How ran that answer
which King Harold gave
To his dead namesake, when he ask'd
for England ?

Leofwin 'Seven feet of English earth,
or something more,
Seeing he is a grunt !'

First Thane Then for the bastard
Six feet and nothing more !

Leofwin Ay, but belike
Thou hast not learnt his measure

First Thane By St Edmund
I overmeasure him Sound sleep to the
man

Here by dead Norway without dream or
dawn !

Second Thane What is he bragging
still that he will come
To thrust our Harold's throne from under
him ?

My nurse would tell me of a molehill
crying

To a mountain 'Stand aside and room
for me !'

First Thane Let him come ! let him
come Here's to him, sink or
swim ! [*Drinks*]

Second Thane God sink him !

First Thane Cannot hands which
had the strength

To shove that stranded icebeig off our
shoies,

And send the shatter'd North again to
sea,

Scuttle his cockle shell ? What's Brun
anbug

To Stamford bridge ? a war-crash, and so
hard,

So loud, that, by St Dunstan, old St
Thor—

By God, we thought him dead—but our
old Thor

Heard his own thunder again, and woke
and came

Among us again, and mark'd the sons of
those

Who made this Britain England, break
the North

Mark'd how the war axe swang,
Heard how the war-horn sang,
Mark'd how the spear head spiang,
Heard how the shield wall rang,
Iron on iron clang,
Anvil on hammer bang—

Second Thane Hammer on anvil,
hammer on anvil Old dog,
Thou art drunk, old dog !

First Thane Too drunk to fight with
thee !

Second Thane Fight thou with thine
own double, not with me,

Keep that for Norman William !
First Thane Down with William !

Third Thane The washerwoman's
brat !

Fourth Thane The tanner's bastard !
Fifth Thane The false byblow !

[*Enter a Thane, from Pevensey, spat
ter'd with mud*]

Harold Ay, but what late guest,
As haggard as a fist of forty days,
And caked and plaster'd with a hundred
mues,
Hath stumbled on our cups ?

Thane from Pevensey My lord the King !
William the Norman, for the wind had
changed—

Harold I felt it in the middle of that
fierce fight
At Stamford bridge William hath landed,
ha ?

Thane from Pevensey Landed at
Pevensey—I am from Pevensey—
Hath wasted all the land at Pevensey—
Hath harried mine own cattle—God can
found him !

I have ridden night and day from Peven
sey—

A thousand ships—a hundred thousand
men—

Thousands of horses, like as many lions

Neighing and roaring as they leapt to land—

Harold How oft in coming hast thou broken bread?

Thane from Pevensey Some thine, or so

Harold Bring not thy hollowness On our full feast Famine is fear, were it but

Of being starved Sit down, sit down, and eat,

And, when again red blooded, speak again, (*Aside*) The men that guarded England to the South

Were scatter'd to the harvest No power mine

To hold their force together Many are fallen

At Stamford bridge the people stupid sure

Sleep like their swine in South and North at once

I could not be (*Aloud*) Guth, Leofwin, Morcar, Edwin!

(*Pointing to the reavers*) The curse of England! these are down'd in wassail,

And cannot see the world but thro' their wines!

Leave them! and thee too, Aldwyth, must I leave—

Haish is the news! hard is our honeymoon! Thy pardon (*Turning round to his attendants*) Break the banquet up Ye four!

And thou, my carrier pigeon of black news, Cram thy crop full, but come when thou art call'd [*Exit Harold*]

ACT V

SCENE I—A TENT ON A MOUND, FROM WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE FIELD OF SENLAC

HAROLD, *sitting, by him standing* HUGH MARGOT the Monk, GURTH, LEOFWIN

Harold Refer my cause, my crown to Rome! The wolf

Mudded the brook and predetermined all Monk,

Thou hast said thy say, and had my constant 'No'

For all but instant battle I hear no more

Margot Hear me again—for the last time Arise,

Scatter thy people home, descend the mill, Lay hands of full allegiance in thy Lord's And crave his mercy, for the Holy Father Hath given this realm of England to the Norman

Harold Then for the last time, monk, I ask again

When had the Lateran and the Holy Father

To do with England's choice of her own king?

Margot Eul, the first Christian Cesar drew to the East

To leave the Pope dominion in the West He gave him all the kingdoms of the West

Harold So!—did he?—Ea!—I have a mind to play

The William with thine eyesight and thy tongue

Earl—ay—thou art but a messenger of William

I am wear—go make me not wroth with thee!

Margot Mock king, I am the messenger of God,

His Norman Daniel! Mene, Mene, Tekel!

Is thy wrath Hell, that I should spare to cry,

Yon heaven is wroth with thee? Hear me again!

Our Saints have moved the Church that moves the world,

And all the Heavens and very God they heard—

They know King Edward's promise and thine—thine

Harold Should they not know free England crowns herself?

Not know that he nor I had power to promise?

Not know that Edward cancell'd his own promise?

And for *my* part therein—Back to that
jugglei, [*Rising*

Tell him the Saints are nobler than he
dreams,

Tell him that God is nobler than the
Saints,

And tell him we stand arm'd on Senlac
Hill,

And bide the doom of God

Margot Hear it tho' me
The realm for which thou art forsworn is
cursed,

The babe enwomb'd and at the breast is
cursed,

The corpse thou whelmeest with thine
earth is cursed,

The soul who fighteth on thyside is cursed,
The seed thou sowest in thy field is cursed,

The steer wherewith thou plowest thy
field is cursed,

The fowl that fleeth o'er thy field is cursed,
And thou, usuper, hai—

Harold Out, beast monk !

[*Lifting his hand to strike him*

Guith stops the blow

I ever hated monks

Margot I am but a voice
Among you murder, martyr me if ye
will—

Harold Thanks, Guith ! The
simple, silent, selfless man

Is worth a world of tonguesters (*To*
Maigot) Get thee gone !

He means the thing he says See him
out safe !

Leofwin He hath blown himself as
red as fire with curses

An honest fool ! Follow me, honest fool,
But if thou blurt thy curse among our folk,
I know not—I may give that egg bald
head

The tap that silences

Harold See him out safe

[*Exeunt Leofwin and Maigot*

Guith Thou hast lost thine even
temper, brother Harold !

Harold Guith, when I past by
Waltham, my foundation
For men who serve the neighbour, not
themselves,

I cast me down prone, praying, and,
when I rose,

They told me that the Holy Rood had
lean'd

And bow'd above me, whether that which
held it

Had weaken'd, and the Rood itself were
bound

To that necessity which binds us down,
Whether it bow'd at all but in their fancy,

Or if it bow'd, whether it symbol'd ruin
Or glory, who shall tell ? but they were
sad,

And somewhat sadden'd me

Guith Yet if a fear,
Or shadow of a fear, lest the suange
Saints

By whom thou swaieest, should have power
to balk

Thy puissance in this fight with him, who
made

And heard thee swear—brother—I have
not sworn—

If the king fall, may not the kingdom fall ?
But if I fall, I fall, and thou art king,

And, if I win, I win, and thou art king,
Draw thou to London, there make strength
to breast

Whatever chance, but leave this day to
me

Leofwin (entering) And waste the
land about thee as thou goest,

And be thy hand as winter on the field,
To leave the foe no forage

Harold Noble Guith !
Best son of Godwin ! If I fall, I fall—

The doom of God ! How should the
people fight

When the king flies ? And, Leofwin,
art thou mad ?

How should the King of England waste
the fields

Of England, his own people ?—No glance
yet

Of the Northumbrian helmet on the
heath ?

Leofwin No, but a shoal of wives
upon the heath,

And someone saw thy willy nilly nun
Vying a tress against our golden fern

Harold Vying a tear with our cold
dews, a sigh
With these low-moaning heavens Let
her be fetch'd
We have parted from our wife without
reproach,
Tho' we have dived thro' all her practices,
And that is well

Leofwin I saw her even now
She hath not left us

Harold Nought of Morcar then?
Guth Nor seen, nor heard, thine,
William's or his own
As wind blows, or tide flows belike he
watches,
If this war-storm in one of its rough
tolls

Wash up that old crown of Northumber-
land

Harold I married her for Morcar—a
sin against
The truth of love Evil for good, it seems,
Is oft as childless of the good as evil
For evil

Leofwin Good for good hath borne
at times

A bastard false as William

Harold Ay, if Wisdom
Pan'd not with Good But I am some
what woin,

A snatch of sleep were like the peace of
God

Guth, *Leofwin*, go once more about the
hill—

What did the dead man call it—Sanguelac,
The lake of blood?

Leofwin A lake that dips in William
As well as Harold

Harold Like enough I have seen
The trenches dug, the prismsides upheav'd
And wattled thick with ash and willow
wands,

Yea, wrought at them myself Go round
once more,

See all be sound and whole No Norman
hoise

Can shatter England, standing shield by
shield,

Tell that again to all

Guth I will, good brother

Harold Our guardsman hath but
toil'd his hand and foot,

I hand, foot, heart and head Some
wine! (*One pours wine into a
goblet which he hands to Harold*)

Too much!

What? we must use our battle-axe to-
day

Our guardsmen have slept well, since we
came in?

Leofwin Ay, slept and snored Your
second-sighted man

That scared the dying conscience of the
king,

Misheard then snores for groans They
are up again

And chanting that old song of Brunanburg
Where England conquer'd

Harold That is well The Norman,
What is he doing?

Leofwin Praying for Normandy,
Our scouts have heard the tinkle of their
bells

Harold And our old songs are prayers
for England too!

But by all Saints—

Leofwin Barring the Norman!

Harold Nay,
Were the great trumpet blowing dooms
day dawn,

I needs must rest Call when the
Norman moves—

[*Exeunt all, but Harold*
No horse—thousands of hoises—our
shield wall—

Wall—break it not—break not—break—
[*Shouts*]

Vision of Edward Son Harold, I thy
king, who came before

To tell thee thou shouldst win at Stam-
ford bridge,

Come yet once more, from where I am at
peace,

Because I loved thee in my mortal day,
To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac
hill—

Sanguelac!

Vision of Wulfnoth O brother, from
my ghastly oublette

I send my voice across the narrow seas—

No more, no more, dear brother, never—
more—

Sanguelac !

Vision of Tostig O brother, most
unbrotherlike to me,
Thou gavest thy voice against me in my
life,

I give my voice against thee from the
grave—

Sanguelac !

Vision of Norman Saints O hapless
Harold ! King but for an hour !
Thou swarest falsely by our blessed bones,
We give our voice against thee out of
heaven !

Sanguelac ! Sanguelac ! The arrow ! the
arrow !

*Harold (starting up, battle-axe in
hand)* Away !
My battle-axe against your voices Peace !
The king's last word—'the arrow ' ' I
shall die—

I die for England then, who lived for
England—

What nobler ? men must die

I cannot fall into a falsè world—

I have done no man wrong Iostig, poor
brother,

Art thou so ringer'd ?

Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy
hands

Save for thy wild and violent will that
wrench'd

All hearts of freemen from thee I could
do

No other than this way advise the king
Against the rice of Godwin Is it possible
That mortal men should bear their earthly
heats

Into yon bloodless world, and threaten us
thence

Unschool'd of Death ? Thus then thou
art revenged—

I left our England naked to the South
To meet thee in the North The Noise
man's laid

Hath helpt the Noiman, and the rice of
Godwin

Hath run d Godwin No—our waking
thoughts

Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools
Of sullen slumber, and arise again
Disjointed only dreams—where mine
own self

Takes part against myself ! Why ? for a
spark

Of self disdain born in me when I sware
Falsely to him, the falsè Noiman, over
His gilded ark of mummy saints, by whom
I knew not that I swaie,—not for my-
self—

For England—yet not wholly—

(Enter EDITH)

Edith, Edith,
Get thou into thy cloister as the king
Will'd it be safe the perjury mongering
Count

Hath made too good an use of Holy
Church

To break her close ! There the great
God of truth

Fill all thine hours with peace !—A lying
devil

Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife
—I fain

Had made my marriage not a lie, I could
not

Thou art my bride ! and thou in after years
Praying perchance for this poor soul of
mine

In cold, white cells beneath an icy moon—
This memory to thee !—and thus to
England,

My legacy of war against the Pope
From child to child, from Pope to Pope,
from age to age,
Till the sea wash her level with her shores,
Or till the Pope be Christ's

Enter ALDWYTH

Aldwyth (to Edith) Away from him !
Edith I will I have not spoken
to the king

One word, and one I must Farewell !
[Going]

Harold Not yet

Stay
Edith To what use ?

Harold The king commands thee,
woman !

(*To Aldwyth*)

Have thy two brethren sent their forces in ?

Aldwyth Nay, I fear not

Harold Then there's no force in thee !
Thou didst possess thyself of Edward's ear
To part me from the woman that I loved !
Thou didst arouse the fierce Northum-
brians !

Thou hast been false to England and to
me !—

As in some sort I have been
false to thee

Leave me No more—Pardon on both
sides—Go !

Aldwyth Alas, my lord, I loved thee

Harold (*butcherly*) With a love
Passing thy love for Giffyth ! wherefore
now

Obeys my first and last commandment Go !

Aldwyth O Harold ! husband ! Shall
we meet again ?

Harold After the battle—after the
battle Go

Aldwyth I go (*Aside*) That I could
stab her standing there !

[*Exit Aldwyth*]

Edith Alas, my lord, she loved thee

Harold Never ! never !

Edith I saw it in her eyes !

Harold I see it in thine
And not on thee—nor England—fall
God's doom !

Edith On thee ? on me And thou
art England ! Alfred

Was England Ethelred was nothing
England

Is but her king, and thou art Harold !

Harold Edith,
The sign in heaven—the sudden blast at
sea—

My fatal oath—the dead Saints—the dark
dreams—

The Pope's Anathema—the Holy Rood
That bow'd to me at Waltham—Edith, if
I, the last English King of England—

Edith No,
First of a line that coming from the people,
And chosen by the people—

Harold And fighting for
And dying for the people—

Edith Living ! living !

Harold Yea so, good cheer ! thou
art Harold, I am Edith !

Look not thus wan !

Edith What matters how I look ?
Have we not broken Wales and Norse
land ? slain,

Whose life was all one battle, incarnate
war,

Their giant king, a mightier man in arms
Than William

Harold Ay, my girl, no ticks in
him—

No bastard he ! when all was lost, he
yell'd,

And bit his shield, and dash'd it on the
ground,

And swaying his two handed sword about
him,

Two deaths at every swing, men in upon
us

And died so, and I loved him as I hate
This liar who made me liar If Hate can

kill,

And Loathing wield a Saxon battle axe—

Edith Waste not thy might before
the battle !

Harold No,

And thou must hence Stigand will see
thee safe,

And so—Farewell

[*He is going, but turns back*]

The ring thou dearest not wear,

I have had it fashion'd, see, to meet my
hand

[*Harold shows the ring which is on
his finger.*]

Farewell !

[*He is going, but turns back again*]

I am dead as Death this day to ought of
earth's

Save William's death or mine

Edith Thy death !—to day !
Is it not thy birthday ?

Harold Ay, that happy day !
A birthday welcome ! happy days and
many !

One—this !

[*They embrace*]

Look, I will bear thy blessing into the
battle

And front the doom of God
Norman cries (heard in the distance)

Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

Enter GURTH

Gurth The Norman moves!

Harold Harold and Holy Cross!

[*Exeunt Harold and Gurth*]

Enter STIGAND

Stigand Our Church in arms—the
lamb the lion—not

Spear into pruning-hook—the counter
way—

Cowl, helm, and crozier, battle-axe
Abbot Alfwig,

Leofric, and all the monks of Peterboro'
Strike for the king, but I, old wretch,
old Stigand,

With hands too limp to brandish non—
and yet

I have a power—would Harold ask me
for it—

I have a power

Edith What power, holy father?

Stigand Power now from Harold to
command thee hence

And see thee safe from Senlac

Edith I remain!

Stigand Yea, so will I, daughter,
until I find

Which way the battle balance I can
see it

From where we stand and, live or die,
I would

I were among them!

Canons from Waltham (singing without)

Salva patriam

Sancte Pater,

Salva Fili,

Salva Spiritus,

Salva patriam,

Sancta Mater!

¹ The *a* throughout these Latin hymns should
be sounded broad, as in 'father'

Edith Are those the blessed angels
quiring, father?

Stigand No, daughter, but the canons
out of Waltham,

The king's foundation, that have follow'd
him

Edith O God of battles, make thou
wall of shields

Firm as thy cliffs, strengthen their
palisades!

What is that whirring sound?

Stigand The Norman arrow!

Edith Look out upon the battle—is
he safe?

Stigand The king of England stands
between his banners

He glitters on the crowning of the hill
God save King Harold!

Edith —chosen by his people
And fighting for his people!

Stigand There is one
Come as Goliath came of yore—he flings
His brand in air and catches it again,
He is chanting some old warsong

Edith And no David
To meet him?

Stigand Ay, there springs a Saxon
on him,

Falls—and another falls

Edith Have mercy on us!

Stigand Lo! our good Gurth hath
smitten him to the death

Edith So perish all the enemies of
Harold!

Canons (singing)

Hostis in Angham

Ruit prædator,

Illorum, Domine,

Scutum scindatur!

Hostis per Anghæ

Plagas bacchatui,

Casa crematui,

Pastor fugatui

Grex trucidatui—

Stigand Illos truda, Domine

Edith Ay, good father!

Canons (singing)

Illorum scelera

Pœna sequatui!

English cries Harold and Holy
Cross ! Out ! out !
Stigand Our javelins
Answer their arrows All the Norman foot
Are storming up the hill The range of
knights
Sit, each a statue on his horse, and wait
English cries Harold and God Al
mighty !
Norman cries Ha Rou ! Ha Rou !
Canons (singing)
Eques cum pedite
Præpediatur !
Illorum in lacrymas
Cruci fundatur !
Pereant, pereant,
Anglia precatur
Stigand Look, daughter, look
Edith Nay, father, look for me !
Stigand Our eyes lighten with a
single flash
About the summit of the hill, and heads
And arms are shiver'd off and splinter'd by
Their lightning—and they fly—the Nor-
man flies
Edith Stigand, O father, have we
won the day ?
Stigand No, daughter, no—they fall
behind the horse—
Then horse are thronging to the bar-
ricades,
I see the gonfalon of Holy Peter
Floating above their helmets—ha ! he is
down !
Edith He down ! Who down ?
Stigand The Norman Count is down
Edith So perish all the enemies of
England !
Stigand No, no, he hath risen again
—he bares his face—
Shouts something—he points onward—
all their horse
Swallow the hill locust like, swarming
up
Edith O God of battles, make his
battle axe keen
As thine own sharp dividing justice, heavy
As thine own bolts that fall on crimeful
heads

Charged with the weight of heaven where-
from they fall !

Canons (singing)

Iacta tonitrua
Deus bellator !
Surgas e tenebris,
Sis vindicator !
Fulmina, fulmina
Deus vastator !

Edith O God of battles, they are
three to one,
Make thou one man as three to roll them
down !

Canons (singing)

Equus cum equite
Dejiciatur !
Acies, Acies
Piona sternatur !
Illorum lanceas
Fiance Creator !

Stigand Yea, yea, for how their lances
snap and shiver
Against the shifting blaze of Harold's axe !
War-woodman of old Woden, how he fells
The mortal copse of faces ! There ! And
there !
The horse and horseman cannot meet the
shield,
The blow that brains the horseman cleaves
the horse,
The horse and horseman roll along the hill,
They fly once more, they fly, the Norman
flies !

Equus cum equite
Præcipitatur

Edith O God, the God of truth hath
heard my cry
Follow them, follow them, drive them to
the sea !

Illorum scelera
Poena sequatur !

Stigand Truth ! no, a lie, a trick,
a Norman trick !
They turn on the pursuer, horse against
foot,
They murder all that follow
Edith Have mercy on us !

Stigand Hot headed fools—to buist
the wall of shields '
They have broken the commandment of
the king '

Edith His oath was broken—O holy
Norman Saints,
Ye that are now of heaven, and see
beyond
You Norman sinners, pardon it, pardon
it,
That he forswore himself for all he loved,
Me, me and all ' Look out upon the
battle '

Stigand They thunder again upon the
barricades
My sight is eagle, but the stuff so thick—
This is the hottest of it hold, ash ' hold,
willow '

English cries Out, out '

Norman cries Ha Rou ' Ha Rou '

Stigand Ha ' Guith hath leapt upon
him
And slain him he hath fallen

Edith And I am heard
Glory to God in the Highest ' fallen,
fallen '

Stigand No, no, his horse—he
mounts another—wields
His war-club, dashes it on Guith, and
Guith,
Our noble Guith, is down '

Edith Have mercy on us '

Stigand And Leofwin is down '

Edith Have mercy on us '
O Thou that knowest, let not my strong
prayer

Be weaken'd in thy sight, because I love
The husband of another '

Norman cries Ha Rou ' Ha Rou '

Edith I do not hear our English
war cry

Stigand No

Edith Look out upon the battle—is
he safe ?

Stigand He stands between the ban-
ners with the dead
So piled about him he can hardly move

Edith (takes up the war-cry) Out '
out '

Norman cries Ha Rou '

Edith (cries out) Harold and Holy
Cross '

Norman cries Ha Rou ' Ha Rou '

Edith What is that whurring sound ?

Stigand The Norman sends his arrows
up to Heaven,
They fall on those within the palisade '

Edith Look out upon the hill—is
Harold there ?

Stigand Sanguelac—Sanguelac—the
arrow—the arrow '—away '

SCENE II —FIELD OF THE DEAD NIGHT

ALDWYTH and EDITH

Aldwyth O Edith, art thou here ? O
Harold, Harold—

Our Harold—we shall never see him
more

Edith For there was more than sister
in my kiss,

And so the saints were wroth I cannot
love them,

For they are Norman saints—and yet I
should—

They are so much holier than their harlot's
son

With whom they play'd their game against
the king '

Aldwyth The king is slain, the
kingdom overthrown '

Edith No matter '

Aldwyth How no matter, Harold
slain ?—

I cannot find his body O help me thou '

O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee,
Forgive me thou, and help me here '

Edith No matter '

Aldwyth Not help me, nor forgive
me ?

Edith So thou saidest

Aldwyth I say it now, forgive me '

Edith Cross me not '

I am seeking one who wedded me in
secret

Whisper ! God's angels only know it Ha '
What art thou doing here among the
dead ?

They are stripping the dead bodies naked
yonder,
And thou art come to rob them of their
rings!

Aldwyth O Edith, Edith, I have lost
both crown

And husband

Edith So have I

Aldwyth I tell thee, gnil,
I am seeking my dead Harold

Edith And I mine!
The Holy Father strangled him with a
hain

Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt,
The wicked sister clapt her hands and
laugh'd,

Then all the dead fell on him

Aldwyth Edith, Edith—

Edith What was he like, this his
band? like to thee?

Canst not for help from me I knew him
not

He lies not here not close beside the
standard

Here fell the truest, manliest hearts of
England

Go further hence and find him

Aldwyth She is crazed!

Edith That doth not matter either
Lower the light

He must be here

*Enter two Canons, OSGOD and
ATHEIRIC, with torches. They
turn over the dead bodies and
examine them as they pass*

Osgod I think that this is Thurkill

Atheiric More likely Godric

Osgod I am sure this body

Is Alfing, the king's uncle

Atheiric So it is!

No, no—beware Guth, one gash from
hew to knee!

Osgod And here is Leofwin

Edith And here is He!

Aldwyth Harold? Oh no—nay, if
it were—my God,

They have so maim'd and murder'd all
his face

There is no man can swear to him

Edith But one woman!
Look you, we never mean to part again
I have found him, I am happy
Was there not someone ask'd me for
forgiveness?
I yield it freely, being the true wife
Of this dead King, who never bore revenge.

*Enter Count WILLIAM and WILLIAM
MARIE*

William Who are these women?
And what body is this?

Edith Harold's, my better!

William Ay, and what art thou?

Edith His wife!

Marie Not true, my gnil, here is the

Queen! [*Pointing out* Aldwyth

William (to Aldwyth) Wast thou his
Queen?

Aldwyth I was the Queen of Wales

William Why then of Engurd
Marie, tell us not

(To Marie) Knowest thou this other?

Marie When I visited England
Some held she was his wife in secret—
some—

Well—some believed she was his pri-
mour

Edith No man, thou test! has all
of you,

You saints and all! I am his wife!
and she—

For look, our marriage ring!

[*She draws it off the finger of Harold*
I lost it somehow—

I lost it, playing with it when I was wild
That bled the doubt but I am wiser
now

I am too wise Will none among
you will

Be my true witness—only for this once—
That I have found it here again?

[*She puts it on*

And thou,

Thy wife am I for ever and evermore

[*Falls on the body and dies*

William Death!—and enough of
death for this one day,

The day of St Calixtus, and the day,
My day when I was born

Malet And this dead king's
Who, king or not, hath kinglike fought
and fallen,
His birthday, too It seems but yester-
even
I held it with him in his English halls,
His day, with all his roof-tree ringing
'Harold,'
Before he fell into the snare of Guy,
When all men counted Harold would be
king,

And Harold was most happy

William Thou art half English
Take them away!

Malet, I vow to build a church to God
Here on the hill of battle, let our high
altar

Stand where their standard fell where
these two lie

Take them away, I do not love to see
them

Pluck the dead woman off the dead man,
Malet!

Malet Faster than ivy Must I hack
her arms off?

How shall I part them?

William Leave them Let them be!
Bury him and his paramour together
He that was false in oath to me, it seems
Was false to his own wife We will not
give him

A Christian burial yet he was a warrior,
And wise, yea truthful, till that blighted
vow

Which God avenged to day

Wrap them together in a purple cloak
And lay them both upon the waste sea-
shore

At Hastings, there to guard the land for
which

He did forswear himself—a warrior—ay,
And but that Holy Peter fought for us,
And that the false Northumbrian held
aloof,

And save for that chance arrow which the
Saints

Shupen'd and sent against him—who
can tell?—

Three horses had I slain beneath me
twice

I thought that all was lost Since I
knew battle,

And that was from my boyhood, never
yet—

No, by the splendour of God—have I
fought men

Like Harold and his brethren, and his
guard

Of English Every man about his king
Fell where he stood They loved him
and, pray God

My Normans may but move as true with
me

To the door of death Of one self-stock
at first,

Make them again one people—Norman,
English,

And English, Norman, we should have
a hand

To grasp the world with, and a foot to
stamp it

Flat Praise the Saints It is over
No more blood!

I am king of England, so they thwart me
not,

And I will rule according to their laws
(To Aldwyth) Madam, we will entreat
thee with all honour

Aldwyth My punishment is more
than I can bear

THE LOVER'S TALE

THE original Preface to 'The Lover's Tale' states that it was composed in 1879, and that only of the three parts then written were printed, when, feeling that perfection of the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends, however, who, having admired the boy's story, distributed among our common associates of this house some copies of these two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the compositor. Seeing that these two parts have of late been miraculously put together, and that what I had deemed scarce worthy to live is now allowed to die, may I not be permitted to suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light—accompanied with a retrospect of the sequel—work of my mature life—The Golden Supper?

May 1879

ARGUMENT

JULIAN, whose cousin and foster sister, Camilla has been wedded to his friend and rival Lionel, endeavours to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel. He speaks (in Parts II. and III.) of having been haunted by visions and the sound of bells, tolling for a friend; and at last ringing for a marriage, but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches it. Even it, and a witness to it completes the tale.

I

HERE far away, seen from the topmost cliff,

Filling with purple gloom the vacancies
Between the tufted hills, the sloping seas
Hung in mid heaven, and half-way down

ran the sails,
White as white clouds, floated from sky
to sky

Oh! pleasant blast of waters, quiet bay,
Like to a quiet mind in the loud world,
Where the crafed breakers of the outer
sea

Sank powerless, as angel falls aside
And withers on the breast of peaceful love,
Thou didst receive the growth of pines
that fledged

The hills that watch'd thee, as Love
watcheth Love,

In thine own essence and delight thyself
To make it wholly thine own sunny day,
Keep thou thy name of Lover's Bay

See, sir,

Even now the Goddess of the Past, thy
takes

The heart, and sometimes touches but
one string

That quivers, and is silent, and sometimes
Sweeps suddenly all its half mouldered
chords

To some old melody, begins to play

That air which pierced her first I feel
thy breath,

I come, great Mistress of the ear and eye
Thy bath is of the pine-wood, and the
years

Have hollowed out a deep and stormy
strut

Between the native land of Love and me,
Breathe but a little on me, and the sail
Will carry me to the rising of the sun,
The lucid chambers of the morning star
And East of Life

Pray me, friend, I pray thee,
To pass my hand across my brows, and
muse

On those dear hills, and never more will
meet

The sight that throbs and aches beneath
my touch,

As tho' there beat a heart in either eye
For when the outer lights are darkened
thus,

The memory's vision hath a keener edge
It grows upon me now—the semicircle
Of dark blue waters and the narrow fringe
Of curving beach—its wreaths of dripping
green—

Its pale pink shells—the summer-house
cloft

That open'd on the pines with doors of
glass,

A mountain nest—the pleasure boat that
 rock'd,

Light-green with its own shadow, keel to
 keel,

Upon the dappled dimplings of the wave,
 That blanch'd upon its side

O Love, O Hope !

They come, they crowd upon me all at
 once—

Moved from the cloud of unforgotten
 things,

That sometimes on the horizon of the
 mind

Lies folded, often sweeps athwart in
 storm—

Flash upon flash they lighten thro' me—
 days

Of dewy dawning and the amber eves
 When thou and I, Camilla, thou and I
 Were borne about the bry or safely
 moon'd

Beneath a low brow'd cavern, where the
 tide

Plash'd, sapping its worn ribs, and all
 without

The slowly-riding rollers on the cliffs
 Clash'd, calling to each other, and thro'
 the arch

Down those loud waters, like a setting
 star,

Mixt with the gorgeous west the light-
 house shone,

And silver smiling Venus ere she fell
 Would often loiter in her balmy blue,
 To crown it with herself

Here, too, my love

Waver'd at anchor with me, when day
 hung

From his mid-dome in Heaven's airy
 halls,

Gleams of the water-circles as they broke,
 Flicker'd like doubtful smiles about her
 lips,

Quiver'd a flying glory on her hair,
 Leapt like a passing thought across her
 eyes,

And mine with one that will not pass,
 till earth

And heaven pass too, dwelt on my heaven,
 a face

Most stairy fan, but kindled from within
 As 'twere with dawn She was dark
 han'd, dark-eyed

Oh, such dark eyes ! a single glance of
 them

Will govern a whole life from birth to
 death,

Cueless of all things else, led on with light
 In trances and in visions look at them,
 You lose yourself in utter ignorance,
 You cannot find their depth, for they go
 back,

And farther back, and still withdraw
 themselves

Quite into the deep soul, that evermore
 Fresh springing from her fountains in the
 brain,

Still pouring thro', floods with redundant
 life

Her narrow portals

Trust me, long ago

I should have died, if it were possible
 To die in gazing on that perfectness
 Which I do bear within me I had died,
 But from my farthest lapse, my latest ebb,
 Thine image, like a charm of light and
 strength

Upon the waters, push'd me back again
 On these deserted sands of barren life
 Tho' from the deep vault where the heart
 of Hope

Fell into dust, and crumbled in the dark—
 Forgetting how to render beautiful
 Her countenance with quick and health-
 ful blood—

Thou didst not sway me upward, could
 I perish

While thou, a meteor of the sepulchre,
 Didst swathe thyself all round Hope's
 quiet urn

For ever? He, that saith it, hath o'er-
 slept

The slippery footing of his narrow wit,
 And fall'n away from judgment Thou
 art light,

To which my spirit leaneth all her flowers,
 And length of days, and immortality

Of thought, and freshness ever self re-
new'd
For Time and Grief abode too long with
Life,
And, like all other friends i' the world, at
last
They grew aweary of her fellowship
So Time and Grief did beckon unto
Death,
And Death drew nigh and beat the doors
of Life,
But thou didst sit alone in the inner house,
A wakeful postress, and didst parle with
Death,—
'This is a charmed dwelling which I
hold,'
So Death gave back, and would no
further come
Yet is my life nor in the present time,
Nor in the present place To me alone,
Push'd from his chair of regal herriage,
The Present is the vessel of the Past
So that, in that I *have* lived, do I live,
And cannot die, and am, in having been—
A portion of the pleasant yesterday,
Thrust forward on to day and out of
place,
A body journeying onward, sick with
toil,
The weight as if of age upon my limbs,
The grasp of hopeless grief about my
heart,
And all the senses weaken'd, save in that,
Which long ago they had glean'd and
garner'd up
Into the granaries of memory—
The clear brow bulwark of the precious
brain,
Chink'd as you see, and serv'd—and all
the while
The light soul twines and tangles with
the growths
Of vigorous early days, attracted, won,
Married, made one with, molten into all
The beautiful in Past of act or place,
And like the all enduring camel, driven
Far from the diamond fountain by the
palms,
Who toils across the middle moonlit
nights,

Or when the white heats of the blinding
noons
Bart from the concave sand, yet in him
keeps
A draught of that sweet fountain that he
loves,
To stay his feet from falling, and his spirit
From buttness of death

Ye ask me, friends,
When I began to love How should I
tell you?

Or from the afterfulness of my heart,
Flow back again unto my slender spring
And first of love, tho' every turn and
depth

Between is clearer in my life than all
Its present flow Ye know not what ye
ask

How should the broad and open flower
tell

What sort of bud it was, when, priest
together

In its green sheath, close kept in silken
folds,

It seem'd to keep its sweetness to itself,
Yet was not the less sweet for that it
seem'd?

For young Love knows not when young
Life was born,

But takes it all for granted neither Love,
Warm in the heart, his cradle, can re-
member.

Love in the womb, but restless satisfied,
Looking on her that brought him to the
light

Or as men know not when they fall asleep
Into delicious dreams, our other life,
So know I not when I began to love
This is my sum of knowledge—that my
love

Grew with myself—say rather, was my
growth,

My inward sap, the hold I have on earth,
My outward circling air wherewith I
breathe,

Which yet upholds my life, and evermore
Is to me daily life and daily death

For how should I have lived and not
have loved?

Can ye take off the sweetness from the
flower,
The colour and the sweetness from the
rose,
And place them by themselves, or set
apart
Their motions and their bughtness from
the stairs,
And then point out the flower or the star?
Or build a wall betwixt my life and love,
And tell me where I am? 'Tis even
thus
In that I live I love, because I love
I live whate'er is fountain to the one
Is fountain to the other, and whene'er
Our God unknots the riddle of the one,
There is no shade or fold of mystery
Swathing the other

Many, many years,
(For they seem many and my most of life,
And well I could have linger'd in that
poich,
So unproportion'd to the dwelling place,
In the Maydews of childhood, opposite
The flush and dawn of youth, we lived
together,
Apart, alone together on those hills

Before he saw my day my father died,
And he was happy that he saw it not,
But I and the first daisy on his grave
From the same clay came into light at
once

As Love and I do number equal years,
So she, my love, is of an age with me
How like each other was the birth of
each!

On the same morning, almost the same
hour,

Under the selfsame aspect of the stars,
(Oh falsehood of all starcraft!) we were
born

How like each other was the birth of each!
The sister of my mother—she that bore
Camilla close beneath her beating heart,
Which to the imprison'd spirit of the child,
With its true-touched pulses in the flow
And hourly visitation of the blood,
Sent notes of preparation manifold,

And mellow'd echoes of the outer world—
My mother's sister, mother of my love,
Who had a twofold claim upon my heart,
One twofold mightier than the other was,
In giving so much beauty to the world,
And so much wealth as God had charged
her with—

Loathing to put it from herself for ever,
Left her own life with it, and dying thus,
Crown'd with her highest act the placid
face

And breathless body of her good deeds
past

So were we born, so orphan'd She
was motherless
And I without a father So from each
Of those two pillars which from earth
uphold
Our childhood, one had fallen away, and
all

The careful burthen of our tender years
Trembled upon the other He that gave
Her life, to me delightedly fulfill'd
All lovingkindnesses, all offices
Of watchful care and trembling tender-
ness

He waked for both he play'd for both
he slept
Dreaming of both nor was his love the
less

Because it was divided, and shot forth
Boughs on each side, laden with whole-
some shade,

Wherein we nested sleeping or awake,
And sang aloud the matin song of life

She was my foster-sister on one arm
The flaxen ringlets of our infancies
Wander'd, the while we rested one soft
lap

Pillow'd us both a common light of eyes
Was on us as we lay our baby lips,
Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence
The stream of life, one stream, one life,
one blood,

One sustenance, which, still as thought
grew large,
Still larger moulding all the house of
thought,

Made all our tastes and fancies like,
perhaps—

All—all but one, and strange to me,
and sweet,

Sweet thro' strange years to know that
whatsoever

Our general mother meant for me alone,
Our mutual mother dealt to both of us

So what was earliest mine in earliest life
I shared with her in whom myself remains

As was our childhood, so our infancy,

They tell me, was a very miracle

Of fellow-feeling and communion

They tell me that we would not be alone —

We cried when we were parted, when I
wept,

Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears,
Stay'd on the cloud of sorrow, that we
loved

The sound of one another's voices more
Than the gray cuckoo loves his name, and
learn'd

To lip in tune together, that we slept
In the same cradle always, free to free

Heart beating time to heart, lip pressing
lip,

Folding each other, breathing on each
other,

Dreaming together (dreaming of each
other

They should have added), till the morning
light

Sloped thro' the pines, upon the dewy
pane

Falling, unseal'd our eyelids, and we woke
To gaze upon each other If this be

true,
At thought of which my whole soul
languishes

And faints, and hath no pulse, no breath
—as tho'

A man in some still garden should infuse
Rich atar in the bosom of the rose,

Till, drunk with its own wine, and over
full

Of sweetness, and in smelling of itself,
It fall on its own thorns—if this be true—

And that way my wish leads me evermore
Still to believe it—'tis so sweet a thought,

Why in the utter stillness of the soul

Doth question'd memory answer not, not
tell

Of this our earliest, our closest dream,
Most loveliest, and by heavenliest hush

on ours?

O blossom'd port of the lovely house,
Greece prelude, April perfume, give new
year

Of Being, which with earliest violets
And lavish carol of clearest chords licks

Filled all the March of life—I will not
speak of thee

These have not seen thee, these can never
know thee,

They cannot understand me Pass we
thence

A term of eighteen years Yet you'd but
hush,

If I should tell you how I heard in
thought

The faded rhymes and scraps of ancient
songs,

Gray relics of the names of the world,
Which are as gems set in my memory,

Because she learnt them with me, or
what use

To know her father left us as before
The daffodil was blown? or how we

found

The dead man cast upon the shore? All
this

Seems to the quiet daylight of your minds
But cloud and smoke, and in the dark of

mine

Is traced with frame Move with me to
the event

There came a glorious morning, such a
one

As dawns but once a season Mercury
On such a morning would have hung
himself

From cloud to cloud, and swum with
balanced wings

To some tall mountain when I said to
her,

'A day for Gods to stoop,' she answered,
Ay

And men to soar ' for as that other
gazed,

Shading his eyes till all the fiery cloud,

The prophet and the chanot and the
 steeds,
 Suck'd into oneness like a little star
 Were drunk into the inmost blue, we
 stood,
 When first we came from out the pines at
 noon,
 With hands for eaves, uplooking and
 almost
 Waiting to see some blessed shape in
 heaven,
 So bathed we were in brilliance Never
 yet
 Before or after have I known the spring
 Pour with such sudden deluges of light
 Into the middle summer, for that day
 Love, rising, shook his wings, and chaug'd
 the winds
 With spiced May sweets from bound to
 bound, and blew
 Fresh fire into the sun, and from within
 Burst thro' the heated buds, and sent his
 soul
 Into the songs of birds, and touch'd far
 off
 His mountain-altars, his high hills, with
 flame
 Milder and purer

Thro' the rocks we wound
 The great pine shook with lonely sounds
 of joy
 That came on the sea wind As moun-
 tain streams
 Our bloods ran free the sunshine seem'd
 to blood
 More warmly on the heart than on the
 brow
 We often paused, and, looking back, we
 saw
 The clefts and openings in the mountains
 fill'd
 With the blue valley and the glistening
 brooks,
 And all the low dark groves, a land of
 love
 A land of promise, a land of memory,
 A land of promise flowing with the milk
 And honey of delicious memories

And down to sea, and far as eye could
 ken,
 Each way from verge to verge a Holy
 Land,
 Still growing holier as you near'd the
 bay,
 For there the Temple stood

When we had reach'd
 The grassy platform on some hill, I
 stoop'd,
 I gather'd the wild herbs, and for her
 brows
 And mine made garlands of the selfsame
 flower,
 Which she took smiling, and with my
 work thus
 Crown'd her clear forehead Once or
 twice she told me
 (For I remember all things) to let grow
 The flowers that run poison in their veins
 She said, 'The evil flourish in the world'
 Then playfully she gave herself the lie—
 'Nothing in nature is unbeautiful,
 So, brother, pluck and spare not' So
 I wove
 Ev'n the dull blooded poppy stem, 'whose
 flower,
 Hued with the scarlet of a fierce sunrise,
 Like to the wild youth of an evil prince,
 Is without sweetness, but who crowns
 himself
 Above the naked poisons of his heart
 In his old age' A graceful thought of
 hers
 Grav'n on my fancy ' And oh, how like
 a nymph,
 A stately mountain nymph she look'd '
 how native
 Unto the hills she trod on ' While I
 gazed
 My coronal slowly disentwined itself
 And fell between us both, tho' while I
 gazed
 My spirit leap'd as with those thrills of
 bliss
 That strike across the soul in prayer, and
 show us
 That we are surely heard Methought a
 light

Dust from the garland I ad wor'ed, and
stood
A solid glory on her bright black hair,
A light methought broke from her dark
eyes,
And shot itself into the singing winds,
A mystic light flash'd ev'n from her white
robe
As from a glass in the sun, and fell about
My footsteps on the mountains

Last we came

To what our people call 'The Hill of
Woe'
A bridge is there, that, look'd at from
beneath
Seems but a cobweb filament to link
The yawning of an earthquake cleft
chasm
And thence one night, when all the winds
were loud,
A woful man (for so the story went)
Had thrust his wife and child and dash'd
himself
Into the dizzy depth below Below,
Fierce in the strength of fair descent, a
sticam
Flew with a shatter'd foam along the
chasm
The path was perilous, loosely strown
with crags
We mounted slowly, yet to both there
came
The joy of life in steepness overcome,
And victories of ascent, and looking down
On all that had look'd down on us, and
joy
In breathing nearer heaven, and joy to
me,
High over all the azure circled earth,
To breathe with her as if in heaven itself,
And more than joy that I to her became
Her guardian and her angel, raising her
Still higher, past all peril, until she saw
Beneath her feet the region far away,
Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky
brows,
Arise in open prospect—heath and hill,
And hollow lined and wooded to the lips,
And steep down walls of battlemented rock

Gilded with bloom, or shatter'd into
spires,
And glory of broad waters interfused,
Whence rose as it were breath and steam
of gold,
And over all the great wood noting
And climbing, streak'd or strid at
intervals
With falling brook or blossom'd bush—
and last,
Framing the mighty landscape to the west,
A purple range of mountain cones, be-
tween
Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding
busts
The incorporate blaze of sun and sea

At length

Descending from the point and standing
both,
There on the tremulous bridge, that from
beneath
Had seem'd a gossamer filament up in air,
We paused amid the splendour All the
west
And c'n unto the middle south was
ribb'd
And baird with bloom on bloom The
sun below,
Held for a space 'twixt cloud and wave,
shower'd down
Rays of a mighty circle, weaving over
That various wilderness a tissue of light
Unparallel'd On the other side, the
moon,
Half-melted into thin blue air, stood still,
And pale and fibrous as a wither'd leaf,
Nor yet endured in presence of His eyes
To induce his lustre, most unloverlike,
Since in his absence full of light and joy,
And giving light to others But this
most,
Next to her presence whom I loved so
well,
Spoke loudly even into my inmost heart
As to my outward hearing the loud
stream,
Forth issuing from his portals in the crag
(A visible link unto the home of my
heart),

Ran amber toward the west, and nigh
 the sea
 Parting my own loved mountains was
 received,
 Shorn of its strength, into the sympathy
 Of that small bay, which out to open
 main
 Glow'd intermingling close beneath the
 sun
 Spirit of Love ' that little hour was bound
 Shut in from Time, and dedicate to
 thee
 Thy fies from heaven had touch'd it,
 and the earth
 They fell on became hallow'd evermore

We turn'd our eyes met heis were
 bright, and mine
 Were dim with floating tears, that shot
 the sunset
 In lightnings round me, and my name
 was boine
 Upon her breath Henceforth my name
 has been
 A hallow'd memory like the names of old,
 A center'd, glory-circled memory,
 And a peculiar treasure, brooking not
 Exchange or currency and in that hour
 A hope flow'd round me, like a golden
 mist
 Charm'd amid eddies of melodious airs,
 A moment, ere the onward whirlwind
 shatter it,
 Wave'd and floated—which was less
 than Hope,
 Because it lack'd the power of perfect
 Hope,
 But which was more and higher than all
 Hope,
 Because all other Hope had lower aim,
 Even that this name to which her gracious
 lips
 Did lend such gentle utterance, this one
 name,
 In some obscure hereafter, might in-
 wreath
 (How lovelier, nobler then ') her life, her
 love,
 With my life, love, soul, spirit, and heart
 and strength

' Brother,' she said, ' let this be call'd
 henceforth
 The Hill of Hope,' and I replied, ' O
 sister,
 My will is one with thine, the Hill of
 Hope '
 Nevertheless, we did not change the name

I did not speak I could not speak my
 love
 Love lieth deep Love dwells not in lip-
 depths
 Love wraps his wings on either side the
 heart,
 Constraining it with kisses close and warm,
 Absorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts
 So that they pass not to the shrine of
 sound
 Else had the life of that delighted hour
 Drunk in the largeness of the utterance
 Of Love, but how should Earthly mea-
 sure mete
 The Heavenly unmeasured or unlimited
 Love,
 Who scarce can tune his high majestic
 sense
 Unto the thundersong that wheels the
 spheres,
 Scarce living in the Æolian harmony,
 And flowing odour of the spacious air,
 Scarce housed within the circle of this
 Earth,
 Be cabin'd up in words and syllables,
 Which pass with that which breathes
 them? Sooner Earth
 Might go round Heaven, and the strait
 girth of Time
 Inswathe the fulness of Eternity,
 Than language grasp the infinite of Love

O day which did enwomb that happy
 hour,
 Thou art blessed in the years, divinest day!
 O Genius of that hour which dost uphold
 Thy coronal of glory like a God,
 Amid thy melancholy mates far-seen,
 Who walk before thee, ever turning round
 To gaze upon thee till their eyes are dim
 With dwelling on the light and depth of
 thine,

Thy name is ever worshipp'd among
hous'!

Had I died then, I had not seem'd to die,
For bliss stood round me like the light of
Heaven,—

Had I died then, I had not known the
death,

Yea had the Power from whose right
hand the light

Of Life issueth, and from whose left hand
floweth

The Shadow of Death, perennial efflu-
ences,

Whereof to all that draw the wholesome
air,

Somewhile the one must overflow the
other,

Then had he stemm'd my day with night,
and driven

My current to the fountain whence it
sprang,—

Even his own abiding excellence—

On me, methinks, that shock of gloom
had fall'n

Unfelt, and in this glory I had merged
The other, like the sun I gazed upon,

Which seeming for the moment due to
death,

And dipping his head low beneath the
verge,

Yet bearing round about him his own day,
In confidence of unabated strength,

Steppeth from Heaven to Heaven, from
light to light,

And holdeth his undimmed forehead far
Into a clearer zenith, pure of cloud

We trod the shadow of the downward
hill,

We past from light to dark On the
other side

Is scoop'd a cavern and a mountain hall,
Which none have fathom'd If you go
far in

(The country people rumour) you may
hear

The moaning of the woman and the child,
Shut in the secret chambers of the rock.

I too have heard a sound—perchance of
streams

Running full on within its inmost halls,
The home of darkness, but the cavern-
mouth,

Half overhailed with a wanton weed,
Gives birth to a brawling brook, that
passing lightly

Adown a natural stair of tangled roots,
Is presently received in a sweet grave
Of eglantines, a place of burial

Far lovelier than its cradle, for unseen,
But taken with the sweetness of the place,

It makes a constant bubbling melody
That drowns the nearer echoes Lower

down
Spreads out a little lake, that, flooding,

leaves
Low banks of yellow sand, and from the
woods

That belt it rise three dark, tall cy-
presses,—

Three cypresses, symbols of mortal woe,
That men plant over graves

H then we came,

And sitting down upon the golden moss,
Held converse sweet and low—low con-

verse sweet,
In which our voices bore lest put The

wind
Told a love-tale beside us, how he woo'd

The waters, and the waters answering
hisp'd

To kisses of the wind, that, sick with love,
Fainted at intervals, and grew again

To utterance of passion Ye cannot
shape

Fancy so fair as is this memory
Methought all excellence that ever was

Had drawn herself from many thousand
years,

And all the separate Edens of this earth,
To centre in this place and time I

listen'd,
And her words stole with most prevailing

sweetness
Into my heart, as thronging fancies come

To boys and girls when summer days are
new,

And soul and heart and body are all at
ease

What marvel my Camilla told me all?
 It was so happy an hour, so sweet a place,
 And I was as the brother of her blood,
 And by that name I moved upon her
 breath,
 Dear name, which had too much of near-
 ness in it
 And heralded the distance of this time!
 At first her voice was very sweet and low,
 As if she were afraid of utterance,
 But in the onward current of her speech,
 (As echoes of the hollow banked brooks
 Are fashion'd by the channel which they
 keep),
 Her words did of their meaning borrow
 sound,
 Her cheek did catch the colour of her
 words
 I heard and trembled, yet I could but
 hear,
 My heart paused—my raised eyelids
 would not fall,
 But still I kept my eyes upon the sky
 I seem'd the only part of Time stood still,
 And saw the motion of all other things,
 While her words, syllable by syllable,
 Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear
 Fell, and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not
 to speak,
 But she spake on, for I did name no wish,
 What marvel my Camilla told me all
 Her maiden dignities of Hope and Love—
 'Perchance,' she said, 'return'd' Even
 then the stars
 Did tremble in their stations as I gazed,
 But she spake on, for I did name no wish,
 Nowish—no hope Hope was not wholly
 dead,
 But breathing hard at the approach of
 Death,—
 Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine
 No longer in the dearest sense of mine—
 For all the secret of her inmost heart,
 And all the maiden empire of her mind,
 Lay like a map before me, and I saw
 There, where I hoped myself to reign as
 king,
 There, where that day I crown'd myself
 as king,
 There in my realm and even on my throne,

Another! then it seem'd as tho' a link
 Of some tight chain within my inmost
 frame
 Was given in twain that life I heeded not
 Flow'd from me, and the darkness of the
 grave,
 The darkness of the grave and utter night,
 Did swallow up my vision, at her feet,
 Even the feet of her I loved, I fell,
 Smut with exceeding sorrow unto Death

Then had the earth beneath me yawn-
 ing cloven
 With such a sound as when an iceberg
 splits
 From cope to base—had Heaven from
 all her doors,
 With all her golden thresholds clashing,
 roll'd
 Her heaviest thunder—I had lain—as
 dead,
 Mute, blind and motionless as then I lay,
 Dead, for henceforth there was no life
 for me!
 Mute, for henceforth what use were
 words to me!
 Blind, for the day was as the night to
 me!
 The night to me was kinder than the
 day,
 The night in pity took away my day,
 Because my grief as yet was newly born
 Of eyes too weak to look upon the light,
 And thro' the hasty notice of the ear
 Frail Life was startled from the tender
 love
 Of him she brooded over Would I had
 lain
 Until the plated ivy tress had wound
 Round my worn limbs, and the wild brier
 had driven
 Its knotted thorns thro' my unpainging
 brows,
 Leaning its roses on my faded eyes
 The wind had blown above me, and the
 rain
 Had fall'n upon me, and the gilded snake
 Had nestled in this bosom throne of
 Love,
 But I had been at rest for evermore

Long time entrancement held me All
 too soon
 Life (like a wanton too officious friend,
 Who will not *hear* denial, vain and rude
 With proffer of unwish'd for services)
 Entering all the avenues of sense
 Past thro' into his citadel, the brain,
 With hated warmth of apprehensiveness
 And first the chillness of the sprinkled
 brook
 Smote on my brows, and then I seem'd
 to hear
 Its murmur, as the dawning seaman
 hears,
 Who with his head below the surface
 dropt
 Listens the muffled booming indistinct
 Of the confused floods, and dimly knows
 His head shall rise no more and then
 came in
 The white light of the wery moon
 above,
 Diffused and molten into flaky cloud
 Was my sight drunk that it did shape to
 me
 Him who should own that name? Were
 it not well
 If so be that the echo of that name
 Ringing within the fancy had updrawn
 A fashion and a phantasm of the form
 It should attach to? Phantom!—had
 the ghastliest
 That ever lusted for a body, sucking
 The foul steam of the grave to thicken
 by it,
 There in the shuddering moonlight
 brought its face
 And what it has for eyes as close to
 mine
 As he did—better that than his, than he
 The friend, the neighbour, Lionel, the
 beloved,
 The loved, the lover, the happy Lionel,
 The low voiced, tender spirited Lionel,
 All joy, to whom my agony was a joy
 O how her choice did leap forth from his
 eyes!
 O how her love did clothe itself in smiles
 About his lips! and—not one moment's
 grace—

Then when the effect weigh'd seas upon
 my head

To come my way! to twit me with the
 cause!

Was not the land as free thro' all her
 ways

To him as me? Was not his wont to
 walk

Between the going light and growing
 night?

Had I not learnt my loss before he came?
 Could that be more because he came my
 way?

Why should he not come my way if he
 would?

And yet to night, to night—when all my
 wealth

Flash'd from me in a moment and I fell
 Beggard for ever—why *should* he come
 my way

Robed in those robes of light I must not
 wear,

With that great crown of beams about his
 brows—

Come like an angel to a damned soul,
 To tell him of the bliss he had with
 God—

Come like a clueless and a greedy heir
 That scarce can wait the reading of the
 will

Before he takes possession? Was mine
 a mood

To be invaded rudely, and not rather
 A sacred, secret, unapproach'd woe,
 Unspeakable? I was shut up with
 Grief,

She took the body of my past delight,
 Nerded and swathed and balm'd it for
 herself,

And laid it in a sepulchre of rock
 Never to rise again I was led mute
 Into her temple like a sacrifice,
 I was the High Priest in her holiest
 place,
 Not to be loudly broken in upon

Oh friend, thoughts deep and heavy as
 these well nigh

O'erbore the limits of my brain but he

Bent o'er me, and my neck his arm up-
 stay'd
 I thought it was an adder's fold, and once
 I strove to disengage myself, but fail'd,
 Being so feeble she bent above me, too,
 Wan was her cheek, for whatso'er of
 blight
 Lives in the dewy touch of pity had made
 The red rose there a pale one—and her
 eyes—
 I saw the moonlight glitter on their
 tears—
 And some few drops of that distressful
 rain
 Fell on my face, and her long ringlets
 moved,
 Drooping and beaten by the breeze, and
 brush'd
 My fallen forehead in their to and fro,
 For in the sudden anguish of her heart
 Loosed from their simple thrall they had
 flow'd abroad,
 And florted on and patted round her neck,
 Mantling her form halfway She, when
 I woke,
 Something she ask'd, I know not what,
 and ask'd,
 Unanswer'd, since I spake not, for the
 sound
 Of that dear voice so musically low,
 And now first heard with any sense of
 pain,
 As it had taken life away before,
 Choked all the syllables, that strove to
 rise
 From my full heart

The blissful lover, too,
 From his great hoard of happiness dis-
 till'd
 Some drops of solace, like a vain rich
 man,
 That, having always prosper'd in the
 world,
 Folding his hands, deals comfortable
 words
 To hearts wounded for ever, yet, in
 truth,
 Fair speech was his and delicate of
 phrase,

Falling in whispers on the sense, ad-
 dress'd
 More to the inward than the outward
 ear,
 As rain of the midsummer midnight soft,
 Scarce heard, recalling fragrance and the
 green
 Of the dead spring but mine was wholly
 dead,
 No bud, no leaf, no flower, no fruit for
 me
 Yet who had done, or who had suffer'd
 wrong?
 And why was I to darken their pure love,
 If, as I found, they two did love each
 other,
 Because my own was darken'd? Why
 was I
 To cross between their happy star and
 them?
 To stand a shadow by their shining doors,
 And vex them with my darkness? Did
 I love her?
 Ye know that I did love her, to this
 present
 My full o'ber'd love has waned not Did
 I love her,
 And could I look upon her tearful eyes?
 What had *she* done to weep? Why
 should *she* weep?
 O innocent of spirit—let my heart
 Break rather—whom the gentlest airs of
 Heaven
 Should kiss with an unwonted gentleness
 Her love did murder mine? What then?
 She deem'd
 I wore a brother's mind she call'd me
 brother
 She told me all her love she shall not
 weep

The brightness of a burning thought,
 awhile
 In battle with the glooms of my dark will,
 Moonlike emerged, and to itself lit up
 There on the depth of an unfathom'd woe
 Reflex of action Starting up at once,
 As from a dismal dream of my own death,
 I, for I loved her, lost my love in Love,
 I, for I loved her, grasp'd the hand she lov'd,

And hid it in her own, and sent my cry
Thro' the blank night to Him who loving
made
The happy and the unhappy love, that He
Would hold the hand of blessing over them,
Lionel, the happy, and he, and he, his
bride!
Let them so love that men and boys may
say,
'Lo! how they love each other!' till
their love
Shall open to a proverb, unto all
Known, when their faces are forgot in
the land—
One golden dream of love, from which
my death
Awake them with heaven's music in a life
More living to some happier happiness,
Swallowing its precedent in victory
And as for me, Cumilla, as for me,—
The dew of tears is an unwholesome dew,
They will but sicken the sick plant the
more
Deem that I love thee but as brothers do,
So shalt thou love me still as sisters do,
Or if thou deem aught fatherly, deem
but how
I could have loved thee, had there been
none else
To love as lovers, loved again by thee

Or this, or somewhat like to this, I
spoke,
When I beheld her weep so usefully,
For sure my love should ne'er induce the
front
And mask of Hate, who lives on others'
moans
Shall Love pledge Hated in her bitter
draughts,
And bitten on her poisons? Love forbids!
Love passeth not the threshold of cold
Hate,
And Hate is strange beneath the roof of
Love
O Love, if thou be'st Love, dry up these
tears
Shed for the love of Love, for tho' mine
image,
The subject of thy power, be cold in heart,

Yet, like cold snow, it melteth in the
source
Of these sad tears, and feeds them down
ward flow
So Love, a rugged judgment and to
death,
Received unto himself a part of blame,
Being guiltless, as an innocent prisoner,
Who, when the woful sentence hath been
past,
And all the clearness of his faine hath gone
Beneath the shadow of the curse of man,
First falls asleep in sorrow, wherewith
awaked,
And looking round upon his tearful friends,
Forthwith and in his agony conceives
A shameful sense as of a cleaving crime—
For whence without some guilt should
such grief be?

So died that hour, and fell into the
abyss
Of forms outworn, but not to me outworn,
Who never hail'd another—was there
one?
There might be one—one other, worth
the life
That made it sensible So that hour died
Like odour rapt into the winged wind
Borne into alien lands and far away

There be some hearts so anily built,
that they,
They—when their love is wreck'd—if
Love can wreck—
On that sharp ridge of utmost doom ride
highly
Above the perilous seas of Change and
Chance,
Nay, more, hold out the lights of cheer-
fulness,
As the tall ship, that many a decade year
Knit to some dismal sandbank fast at sea,
All thro' the livelong hours of utter dark,
Snowe's slanting light upon the dolorous
wave
For me—what light, what gleam on those
black ways
Where Love could walk with banish'd
Hope no more?

It was ill done to part you, Sisters fair,
 Love's arms were wreath'd about the
 neck of Hope,
 And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew
 in her breath
 In that close kiss, and dank her
 whisper'd tales
 They said that Love would die when
 Hope was gone,
 And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd
 after Hope,
 At last she sought out Memory, and they
 trod
 The same old paths where Love had
 walk'd with Hope,
 And Memory fed the soul of Love with
 tears

II

FROM that time forth I would not see
 her more,
 But many weary moons I lived alone—
 Alone, and in the heart of the great forest
 Sometimes upon the hills beside the sea
 All day I watch'd the floating isles of shade,
 And sometimes on the shore, upon the
 sands
 Insensibly I drew her name, until
 The meaning of the letters shot into
 My brain, anon the wanton billow wash'd
 Them over, till they faded like my love
 The hollow caverns heard me—the black
 brooks
 Of the midforest heard me—the soft
 winds,
 Laden with thistledown and seeds of
 flowers,
 Paused in their course to hear me, for my
 voice
 Was all of thee the merry linnet knew
 me,
 The squirrel knew me, and the dragonfly
 Shot by me like a flash of purple fire
 The rough brier tore my bleeding palms,
 the hemlock,
 Brow-hug, did strike my forehead as I
 past,
 Yet trod I not the wildflower in my path,
 Nor bruised the wildbird's egg

Was this the end?
 Why grew we then together in one plot?
 Why fed we from one fountain? diew
 one sun?
 Why were our mothers' branches of one
 stem?
 Why were we one in all things, save in
 that
 Where to have been one had been the
 cope and crown
 Of all I hoped and fear'd?—if that same
 nearness
 Were father to this distance, and that
 one
 Vauntcourier to this *double*? if Affection
 Living slew Love, and Sympathy hew'd
 out
 The bosom sepulchre of Sympathy?

Chiefly I sought the cavern and the hill
 Where last we roam'd together, for the
 sound
 Of the loud stream was pleasant, and the
 wind
 Came wooingly with woodbine smells
 Sometimes
 All day I sat within the cavern-mouth,
 Fixing my eyes on those three cypress
 cones
 That spired above the wood, and with
 mad hand
 Tearing the bright leaves of the ivy
 screen,
 I cast them in the noisy brook beneath,
 And watch'd them till they vanish'd from
 my sight
 Beneath the bower of wreathed eglan-
 tines
 And all the fragments of the living rock
 (Huge blocks, which some old trembling
 loosen'd of the world
 Had loosen'd from the mountain, till they
 fell
 Half-digging their own graves) these in
 my agony
 Did I make bare of all the golden moss,
 Wherewith the dashing runnel in the
 spring
 Had liveried them all over In my
 brain

The spirit seem'd to fling from thought to thought,
 As moonlight wandering thro' a mist my blood
 Crept like marsh dews thro' all my languid limbs,
 The motions of my heart seem'd far within me,
 Unfrequent, low, as tho' it told its pulses,
 And yet it shook me, that my frame would shudder,
 As if 'twere drawn asunder by the rack
 But over the deep graves of Hope and Fear,
 And all the broken palaces of the Past,
 Brooded one master passion evermore,
 Like to a low hung and a fiery sky
 Above some fair metropolis, with shock'd,—
 Hung round with ragged fumes and burning folds,—
 Embathing all with wild and woful hues,
 Great hills of ruins, and collapsed masses
 Of thunder-shaken columns indistinct
 And fused together in the tyrannous light—
 Ruins, the ruin of all my life and me !

Sometimes I thought Camilla was no more,
 Some one had told me she was dead,
 and ask'd
 If I would see her burial then I seem'd
 To rise, and through the forest-shadow borne
 With more than mortal swiftness, I ran down
 The steepy sea bank, till I came upon
 The rear of a procession, curving round
 The silver-sheeted bay in front of which
 Six stately virgins, all in white, upbore
 A broad earth sweeping pall of whitest lawn,
 Wreathed round the bier with garlands
 in the distance,
 From out the yellow woods upon the hill
 Look'd forth the summit and the pinna-
 cles
 Of a gray steeple—thence at intervals

A low bell tolling All the pageantry,
 Save those six virgins which uphold the bier,
 Were stolid from head to foot in flowing black,
 One walk'd abreast with me, and wail'd his woe,
 And he was loud in weeping and in praise
 Of her we follow'd a strong sympathy
 Shook all my soul I flung myself upon him
 In tears and cries I told him all my love,
 How I had loved her from the first, whereat
 He shrank and howl'd, and from his brow
 drew back
 His hand to push me from him, and the face,
 The very face and form of Lionel
 Flash'd thro' my eyes into my innermost brain,
 And at his feet I seem'd to faint and fall,
 To fall and die away I could not rise
 Albeit I strove to follow They past on,
 The lordly Phantasms in their floating folds
 They past and were no more but I had fallen
 Prone by the dashing unrel on the grass

Alway the inaudible invisible thought,
 Artifice and subject, lord and slave,
 Shaped by the audible and visible,
 Moulded the audible and visible,
 All crisped sounds of wive and leaf and wind,
 Flatter'd the fancy of my fading brain,
 The cloud-pavilion'd element, the wood,
 The mountain, the three cypresses, the cave,
 Storm, sunset, glows and glories of the moon
 Below black firs, when suent-creeping winds
 Laid the long night in silver streaks and bays,
 Were wrought into the tissue of my dream
 The mornings in the forest, the loud brook,

Cries of the partridge like a rusty key
 Turn'd in a lock, owl-whoop and doi-
 hawk-whirr
 Awoke me not, but were a part of sleep,
 And voices in the distance calling to me
 And in my vision bidding me dream on,
 Like sounds without the twilight realm
 of dreams,
 Which wander round the bases of the
 hills,
 And murmur at the low dropt eaves of
 sleep,
 Half entering the portals Oftentimes
 The vision had fair prelude, in the end
 Opening on darkness, stately vestibules
 To caves and shows of Death whether
 the mind,
 With some revenge—even to itself un-
 known,—
 Made strange division of its suffering
 With her, whom to have suffering view'd
 had been
 Extremest pain, or that the clear eyed
 spirit,
 Being blunted in the Present, grew at
 length
 Prophetical and prescient of whate'er
 The Future had in store or that which
 most
 Enchains belief, the sorrow of my spirit
 Was of so wide a compass it took in
 All I had loved, and my dull agony,
 Ideally to her transferr'd, became
 Anguish intolerable

 The day waned,
 Alone I sat with her about my brow
 Her warm breath floated in the utterance
 Of silver-chorded tones her lips were
 sunder'd
 With smiles of tranquil bliss, which broke
 in light
 Like morning from her eyes—her elo-
 quent eyes,
 (As I have seen them many a hundred
 times)
 Fill'd all with pure clear fire, thro' mine
 down rain'd
 Then spirit searching splendours As a
 vision

Unto a haggard prisoner, non stay'd
 In damp and dismal dungeons under
 ground,
 Confined on points of faith, when strength
 is shock'd
 With torment, and expectancy of worse
 Upon the morrow, thro' the ragged walls,
 All unawares before his half shut eyes,
 Comes in upon him in the dead of night,
 And with the excess of sweetness and of
 awe,
 Makes the heart tremble, and the sight
 run over
 Upon his steely gyves, so those fair eyes
 Shone on my darkness, forms which ever
 stood
 Within the magic cirque of memory,
 Invisible but deathless, waiting still
 The edict of the will to reassume
 The semblance of those rare realities
 Of which they were the mirrors Now
 the light
 Which was then life, burst through the
 cloud of thought
 Keen, irrepressible

 It was a room
 Within the summer house of which I spake,
 Hung round with paintings of the sea,
 and one
 A vessel in mid ocean, her heaved prow
 Clambering, the mast bent and the ravin
 wind
 In her sail roaring From the outer day,
 Betwixt the close-set ivies came a broad
 And solid beam of isolated light,
 Crowded with driving atomies, and fell
 Slanting upon that picture, from prime
 youth
 Well known well-loved She drew it
 long ago
 Forthgazing on the waste and open sea,
 One morning when the upblown billow
 ran
 Shoreward beneath red clouds, and I had
 pour'd
 Into the shadowing pencil's naked forms
 Colour and life it was a bond and seal
 Of friendship, spoken of with tearful
 smiles,

A monument of childhood and of love,
 The poesy of childhood, my lost love
 Symbol'd in storm We gazed on it
 together
 In mute and glad remembrance, and
 each heart
 Grew closer to the other, and the eye
 Was riveted and charm bound, gazing
 like
 The Indian on a still eyed snake, low-
 couch'd—
 A beauty which is death, when all at
 once
 That painted vessel, as with inner life,
 Began to heave upon that painted sea,
 An earthquake, my loud heart-beats,
 made the ground
 Reel under us, and all at once, soul, life
 And breath and motion, past and flow'd
 away
 To those unreal billows round and
 round
 A whirlwind caught and bore us, mighty
 gyres
 Rapid and vast, of hissing spray wind
 driven
 Far thro' the dizzy dark Aloud she
 shriek'd,
 My heart was cloven with pain, I wound
 my arms
 About her we whirl'd giddily, the wind
 Sung, but I clasp'd her without fear
 her weight
 Shrank in my grasp, and over my dim
 eyes,
 And parted lips which drank her breath,
 down hung
 The jaws of Death I, groaning, from
 me flung
 Her empty phantom all the sway and
 whirl
 Of the storm dropt to windless calm, and I
 Down welter'd thro' the dark ever and
 ever

III

I CAME one day and sat among the
 stones
 Strewn in the entry of the morning
 cave,

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A morning all, sweet after rain, run
 over
 The rippling levels of the lake, and
 blew
 Coolness and moisture and all smells of
 bud
 And foliage from the dark and cupping
 woods
 Upon my fever'd blows that shook and
 throb'd
 From temple unto temple To what
 height
 The day had grown I know not Then
 came on me
 The hollow tolling of the bell, and all
 The vision of the bier As heretofore
 I walk'd behind with one who veil'd his
 brow
 Methought by slow degrees the sullen
 bell
 Toll'd quicker, and the breakers on the
 shore
 Sloped into louder surf those that went
 with me,
 And those that held the bier before my
 face,
 Moved with one spirit round about the
 bier,
 Trod swifter steps, and while I walk'd
 with these
 In marvel at that gradual change, I
 thought
 Four bells instead of one began to ring,
 Four merry bells, four merry marriage
 bells,
 In clanging cadence jangling peal on
 peal—
 A long loud clash of rapid marriage
 bells
 Then those who led the van, and those
 in rear,
 Rush'd into dance, and like wild Bac-
 chant
 Fled onward to the steeple in the
 woods
 I, too, was borne along and felt the
 blast
 Beat on my heated eyelids all at once
 The front rank made a sudden halt, the
 bells

E 2

Lapsed into frightful stillness, the surge
 fell
 From thunder into whispers, those six
 maids
 With shrieks and ringing laughter on the
 sand
 Threw down the bier, the woods upon
 the hill
 Waved with a sudden gust that sweeping
 down
 Took the edges of the pall, and blew it
 far
 Until it hung, a little silver cloud
 Over the sounding seas I turn'd my
 heart
 Shrank in me, like a snowflake in the
 hand,
 Waiting to see the settled countenance
 Of her I loved, adorn'd with fading
 flowers
 But she from out her death like chrysalis,
 She from her bier, as into fresher life,
 My sister, and my cousin, and my
 love,
 Leapt lightly clad in bridal white—her
 hair
 Studded with one rich Provence rose—a
 light
 Of smiling welcome round her lips—her
 eyes
 And cheeks as bright as when she climb'd
 the hill
 One hand she reach'd to those that came
 behind,
 And while I mused not yet endured to
 take
 So rich a prize, the man who stood with
 me
 Stept gaily forward, throwing down his
 robes,
 And claspt her hand in his again the
 bells
 Jangled and clang'd again the stormy
 surf
 Clash'd in the shingle and the whirling
 rout
 Led by those two rush'd into dance, and
 fled
 Wind-footed to the steeple in the
 woods,

Till they were swallow'd in the leafy
 bowers,
 And I stood sole beside the vacant bier

There, there, my latest vision—then the
 event¹

IV

THE GOLDEN SUPPER¹

(*Another speaks*)

He flies the event he leaves the event
 to me
 Poor Julian—how he rush'd away, the
 bells,
 Those marriage bells, echoing in ear and
 heart—
 But cast a parting glance at me, you say,
 As who should say 'Continue' Well
 he had
 One golden hour—of triumph shall I say?
 Solace at least—before he left his home

Would you had seen him in that hour
 of his!
 He moved thro' all of it majestically—
 Restrain'd himself quite to the close—
 but now—

Whether they *were* his lady's marriage
 bells,
 Or prophets of them in his fantasy,
 I never ask'd but Lionel and the girl
 Were wedded, and our Julian came
 again
 Back to his mother's house among the
 pines
 But these, then gloom, the mountains and
 the Bay,
 The whole land weigh'd him down as
 Ætna does
 The Giant of Mythology he would go,
 Would leave the land for ever, and had
 gone
 Surely, but for a whisper, 'Go not yet,'
 Some warning—sent divinely—as it
 seem'd

¹ This poem is founded upon a story in Boccaccio See Introduction, p 115

By that which follow'd—but of this I deem
 As of the visions that he told—the event
 Glanced back upon them in his after
 life,
 And partly made them—tho' he knew it
 not

And thus he stay'd and would not look
 at her—
 No not for months but, when the
 eleventh moon
 After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,
 Heard yet once more the tolling bell, and
 said,
 Would you could toll me out of life, but
 found—
 All softly as his mother broke it to him—
 A cruel person than a crazy ear,
 For that low knell tolling his lady dead—
 Dead—and had lain three days without
 a pulse
 All that look'd on her had pronounced
 her dead
 And so they bore her (for in Julian's land
 They never nail a dumb head up in
 elm),
 Bore her free faced to the free aus of
 heaven,
 And laid her in the vault of her own kin

What did he then? not die he is here
 and hale—
 Not plunge headforemost from the moun-
 tain there,
 And leave the name of Lover's Leap
 not he
 He knew the meaning of the whisper now,
 Thought that he knew it 'Thus, I stay'd
 for this,
 O love, I have not seen you for so long
 Now, now, will I go down into the grave,
 I will be all alone with all I love,
 And kiss her on the lips She is his no
 more
 The dead returns to me, and I go down
 To kiss the dead'

The fancy stir'd him so
 He rose and went, and entering the dim
 vault,

And, making there a sudden light, beheld
 All round about him that which all will
 be

The light was but a flash, and went again
 Then at the far end of the vault he saw
 His lady with the moonlight on her face,
 Her breast as in a shadow prison, bars
 Of black and bands of silver, which the
 moon

Struck from an open grating overhead
 High in the wall, and all the rest of her
 Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the
 vault

'It was my wish,' he said, 'to pass, to
 sleep,
 To rest, to be with her—till the great
 day
 Peal'd on us with that music which rights
 all,
 And rused us hand in hand' And
 kneeling there
 Down in the dreadful dust that once was
 man,
 Dust, as he said, that once was loving
 hearts,
 Hearts that had beat with such a love as
 mine—
 Not such as mine, no, not for such as
 her—
 He softly put his arm about her neck
 And kiss'd her more than once, till help
 less death
 And silence made him bold—nay, but I
 wrong him,
 He revered his dear lady even in
 death,
 But, placing his true hand upon her
 heart,
 'O, you warm heart,' he moan'd, 'not
 even death
 Can chill you all at once' then starting,
 thought
 His dreams had come again 'Do I
 wake or sleep?
 Or am I made immortal, or my love
 Mortal once more?' It beat—the heart
 —it beat
 Fant—but it beat at which his own
 began

To pulse with such a vehemence that it
 down'd
 The feebler motion underneath his hand
 But when at last his doubts were satisfied,
 He raised her softly from the sepulchre,
 And, wrapping her all over with the cloak
 He came in, and now striding fast, and
 now
 Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore
 Holding his golden burthen in his arms,
 So bore her thro' the solitary land
 Back to the mother's house where she
 was born

There the good mother's kindly ministring,
 With half a night's appliances, recall'd
 Her fluttering life she rais'd an eye that
 ask'd
 'Where?' till the things familiar to her
 youth
 Had made a silent answer then she spoke
 'Here' and how came I here?' and
 learning it
 (They told her somewhat rashly as I
 think)
 At once began to wander and to wail,
 'Ay, but you know that you must give
 me back
 Send' bid him come,' but Lionel was
 away—
 Stung by his loss had vanish'd, none
 knew where
 'He casts me out,' she wept, 'and goes'
 —a wail
 That seeming something, yet was nothing,
 born
 Not from believing mind, but shatter'd
 nerve,
 Yet haunting Julian, as her own reproof
 At some precipitance in her burial
 Then, when her own true spirit had
 return'd,
 'Oh yes, and you,' she said, 'and none
 but you?
 For you have given me life and love again,
 And none but you yourself shall tell him
 of it,
 And you shall give me back when he
 returns'

'Stay then a little,' answer'd Julian,
 'here,
 And keep yourself, none knowing, to
 yourself,
 And I will do your will I may not stay,
 No, not an hour, but send me notice of
 him
 When he returns, and then will I return,
 And I will make a solemn offering of you
 To him you love' And faintly she
 replied,
 'And I will do *your* will, and none shall
 know'

Not know? with such a secret to be
 known
 But all their house was old and loved
 them both,
 And all the house had known the loves
 of both,
 Had died almost to serve them any way,
 And all the land was waste and solitary
 And then he rode away, but after this,
 An hour or two, Camilla's travail came
 Upon her, and that day a boy was born,
 Heir of his face and land, to Lionel

And thus our lonely lover rode away,
 And pausing at a hostel in a marsh,
 There fever seized upon him myself was
 then
 Travelling that land, and meant to rest
 an hour,
 And sitting down to such a base repast,
 It makes me angry yet to speak of it—
 I heard a groaning overhead, and climb'd
 The moulder'd stairs (for everything was
 vile)
 And in a loft, with none to wait on him,
 Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton alone,
 Raving of dead men's dust and beating
 hearts

A dismal hostel in a dismal land,
 A flat malarian world of reed and rush
 But there from fever and my care of him
 Sprang up a friendship that may help us
 yet
 For while we roam'd along the dreary
 coast,

And waited for her message, piece by piece
 I learnt the drearier story of his life,
 And, tho' he loved and honour'd Lionel,
 Found that the sudden wul his lady
 made
 Dwelt in his fancy did he know her
 worth,
 Her beauty even? should he not be taught,
 Ev'n by the price that others set upon it,
 The value of that jewel he had to guard?

Suddenly came her notice and we part,
 I with our lover to his native Bay

This love is of the brain the mind, the
 soul
 That makes the sequel pure, tho' some
 of us

Beginning at the sequel know no more
 Not such am I and yet I say the bird
 That will not hear my call, however
 sweet,

But if my neighbour whistle answers
 him—

What matter? there are others in the
 wood

Yet when I saw her (and I thought him
 crazed,

Tho' not with such a craziness as needs
 A cell and keeper), those dark eyes of
 hers—

Oh! such dark eyes! and not her eyes
 alone,

But all from these to where she touch'd
 on earth,

For such a craziness as Julian's look'd
 No less than one divine apology

So sweetly and so modestly she came
 To greet us, her young hero in her arms!
 'Kiss him,' she said 'You gave me
 life again

He, but for you, had never seen it once
 His other father you! Kiss him, and then
 Forgive him, if his name be Julian too'

Talk of lost hopes and broken heart!
 his own

Sent such a flame into his face, I knew
 Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him
 there

But he was all the more resolved to go,
 And sent at once to Lionel, praying him
 By that great love they both had borne
 the dead,

To come and revel for one hour with him
 Before he left the land for evermore,
 And then to friends—they were not many
 —who lived

Scatteringly about that lonely land of
 his,

And bade them to a banquet of farewells

And Julian made a solemn feast I
 never

Sat at a costlier, for all round his hall
 From column on to column, as in a
 wood,

Not such as here—an equatorial one,
 Great garlands swung and blossom'd,
 and beneath,

Heavenlooms, and ancient miracles of Art,
 Chalice and calver, wines that Heaven
 knows when,

Had suck'd the fire of some forgotten
 sun,

And kept it thro' a hundred years of
 gloom,

Yet glowing in a heart of ruby—cups
 Where nymph and god ran ever round in
 gold—

Others of glass as costly—some with
 gems

Moveable and resettable at will,
 And trebling all the rest in value—Ah
 heavens!

Why need I tell you all?—suffice to say
 That whatsoever such a house as his,
 And his was old, has in it rare or fair
 Was brought before the guest and they,
 the guests,

Wonder'd at some strange light in Julian's
 eyes

(I told you that he had his golden hour),
 And such a feast, ill-suited as it seem'd
 To such a time, to Lionel's loss and his
 And that resolved self exile from a land
 He never would revisit, such a feast
 So rich, so strange, and stranger ev'n
 than rich,

But rich as for the nuptials of a king

And stranger yet, at one end of the hall
Two great funereal curtains, looping down,
Parted a little ere they met the floor,
About a picture of his lady, taken
Some years before, and falling hid the frame
And just above the parting was a lamp
So the sweet figure folded round with night
Seem'd stepping out of darkness with a smile

Well then—our solemn feast—we ate
and drank,
And might—the wines being of such
nobleness—
Have jested also, but for Julian's eyes,
And something weird and wild about it all
What was it? for our lover seldom spoke,
Scarce touch'd the meats, but ever and anon
A priceless goblet with a priceless wine
Arising, show'd he drank beyond his use,
And when the feast was near an end, he said

'There is a custom in the Orient,
friends—
I read of it in Persia—when a man
Will honour those who feast with him,
he brings
And shows them whatsoever he accounts
Of all his treasures the most beautiful,
Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be
This custom——'

Pausing here a moment, all
The guests broke in upon him with
meeting hands
And cries about the banquet—'Beautiful!
Who could desire more beauty at a feast?'

The lover answer'd, 'There is more
than one
Here sitting who desires it Laud me not
Before my time, but hear me to the close
This custom steps yet further when the
guest
Is loved and honour'd to the uttermost

For after he hath shown him gems or gold,
He bungs and sets before him in rich
guise
That which is thice as beautiful as these,
The beauty that is dearest to his heart—
"O my heart's lord, would I could show
you," he says,
"Ev'n my heart too" And I propose
to night
To show you what is dearest to my heart,
And my heart too

'But solve me first a doubt
I knew a man, nor many years ago;
He had a faithful servant, one who loved
His master more than all on earth beside
He falling sick, and seeming close on
death,
His master would not wait until he died—
But bad his menials bear him from the
door,
And leave him in the public way to die
I knew another, not so long ago,
Who found the dying servant, took him
home,
And fed, and cherish'd him, and saved
his life
I ask you now, should this first master
claim
His service, whom does it belong to?
him
Who thrust him out, or him who saved
his life?'

This question, so flung down before
the guests,
And balanced either way by each, at
length
When some were doubtful how the law
would hold,
Was handed over by consent of all
To one who had not spoken, Lionel

Fan speech was his, and delicate of
phrase
And he beginning languidly—his loss
Weigh'd on him yet—but warning as he
went,
Glanced at the point of law, to pass it by,
Affirming that as long as either lived,

By all the laws of love and gratefulness,
The service of the one so saved was due
All to the saviour—adding, with a smile,
The first for many weeks—a semi smile
As at a strong conclusion—body and
soul
And life and limbs, all his to work his will '

Then Julian made a secret sign to me
To bring Camilla down before them all
And crossing her own picture as she came,
And looking as much lovelier as herself
Is lovelier than all others—on her head
A diamond circlet, and from under this
A veil, that seemed no more than gilded
air,

Flying by each fine ear, an Eastern gauze
With seeds of gold—so, with that grace
of hers,

Slow moving as a wave against the wind,
That flings a mist behind it in the sun—
And bearing high in arms the mighty babe,
The younger Julian, who himself was
crowned

With roses, none so rosy as himself—
And over all her babe and her the jewels
Of many generations of his house
Sprinkled and flash'd, for he had decked
them out

As for a solemn sacrifice of love—
So she came in—I am long in telling it,
I never yet beheld a thing so strange,
Sad, sweet, and strange together—float'd
in—

While all the guests in mute amazement
rose—

And slowly pacing to the middle hall,
Before the board, there paused and stood,
her breast

Hurd heaving, and her eyes upon her feet,
Not daring yet to glance at Lionel
But him she carried, him nor lights nor
feast

Dazed or amazed, nor eyes of men, who
cared

Only to use his own, and staring wide
And hungering for the guilt and jewell'd
world

About him, look'd, as he is like to prove,
When Julian goes, the lord of all he saw

'My guests,' said Julian you are
honour'd now

Even to the uttermost in her behold
Of all my treasures the most beautiful,
Of all things upon earth the dearest to me
Then waving us a sign to seat ourselves,
Led his dear lady to a chair of state
And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his face
Fire, and dead ashes and all fire again
Thrice in a second, felt him tumble too,
And heard him muttering, 'So like, so
like,

She never had a sister I knew none
Some cousin of his and hers—O God, so
like '

And then he suddenly ask'd her if she
were

She shook, and cast her eyes down, and
was dumb

And then some other question'd if she
came

From foreign lands, and still she did not
speak

Another, if the boy were hers but she
To all their queries answer'd not a word,
Which made the amazement more, till
one of them

Said, shuddering, 'Her specter!' But
his friend

Replied, in half a whisper, 'Not at least
The specter that will speak if spoken to
Terrible pity, if one so beautiful
Prove, as I almost dread to find her,
dumb '

But Julian, sitting by her, answer'd not
'She is but dumb, because in her you
see

That faithful servant whom we spoke
about,

Obedient to her second master now,
Which will not last I have heart to night
a guest

So bound to me by common love and
loss—

What' shall I bind him more? in his
behalf,

Shall I exceed the Persian, giving him
That which of all things is the dearest to
me,

Not only showing, and he himself pronounced

That my rich gift is wholly mine to give

'Now all be dumb, and promise all of you

Not to break in on what I say by word
Or whisper, while I show you all my heart'

And then began the story of his love
As here to day, but not so wordily—
The passionate moment would not suffer that—

Past thro' his visions to the burial, thence
Down to this last strange hour in his own hall,

And then rose up, and with him all his guests

Once more as by enchantment, all but he,
Lionel, who fain had risen, but fell again,
And sat as if in chains—to whom he said

'Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife,

And were it only for the giver's sake,
And tho' she seem so like the one you lost,
Yet cast her not away so suddenly,
Lest there be none left here to bring her back

I leave this land for ever' Here he ceased

Then taking his dear lady by one hand,
And bearing on one arm the noble babe,
He slowly brought them both to Lionel
And there the widower husband and dead wife

Rush'd each at each with a cry, that rather seem'd

Forsome new death than for a life renewed,
Whereat the very babe began to wail,
At once they turn'd, and caught and brought him in

To their charm'd circle, and, half killing him

With kisses, round him closed and claspt again

But Lionel, when at last he freed himself
From wife and child, and lifted up a face
All over glowing with the sun of life,
And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this

So frighted our good friend, that turning to me

And saying, 'It is over let us go'—

There were our horses ready at the doors—

We bade them no farewell, but mounting these

He past for ever from his native land,
And I with him, my Julian, back to mine

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

MY GRANDSON

GOLDEN-HAIRD Ally whose name is one with mine,

Crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine,

Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine,
O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine, O
Glorious poet who never hast written a line,

Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine

Mayst thou never be wrong'd by the name that is mine!

THE FIRST QUARREL

(IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT)

I

'WAIT a little,' you say, 'you are sure it 'll all come right,'

But the boy was born in trouble, an' looks so wan an' so white

Wait' an' once I ha' waited—I hadn't to wait for long

Now I wait, wait, wait for Harry—No, no, you are doing me wrong!

Harry and I were married the boy can hold up his head,

The boy was born in wedlock, but after my man was dead,

I ha' work'd for him fifteen years, an' I work an' I wait to the end

I am all alone in the world, an' you are my only friend

II

Doctor, if you can wait, I'll tell you the tale o' my life

When Harry an' I were children, he call'd me his own little wife,

I was happy when I was with him, an'
 sorry when he was away,
 An' when we play'd together, I loved him
 better than play,
 He wotk me the dusy chain—he made
 me the cowslip ball,
 He fought the boys that were rude, an' I
 loved him better than all
 Passionate gill tho' I was, an' often at
 home in disgrace,
 I never could quarrel with Harry—I had
 but to look in his face

III

There was a farmer in Doiset of Harry's
 kin, that had need
 Of a good stout lad at his farm, he sent,
 an' the father agreed,
 So Harry was bound to the Doisetshue
 farm for years an' for years,
 I walked with him down to the quarry,
 poor lad, an' we parted in tears
 The boat was beginning to move, we
 heard them a ringing the bell,
 'I'll never love any but you, God bless
 you, my own little Nell'

IV

I was a child, an' he was a child, an' he
 came to haim,
 There was a gill, a hussy, that wotk with
 him up at the farm,
 One had deceived her an' left her alone
 with her sin an' her shame,
 And so she was wicked with Harry, the
 girl was the most to blame

V

And years went over till I that was little
 had grown so tall,
 The men would say of the muds, 'Our
 Nelly's the flower of 'em all'
 I didn't take heed o' *them*, but I taught
 myself all I could
 To make a good wife for Harry, when
 Harry came home for good

VI

Oft'n I seem'd unhappy, and often as
 happy too,
 For I heard it abroad in the fields 'I'll
 never love any but you,'

'I'll never love any but you' the morning
 song of the lark,
 'I'll never love any but you' the nightin
 gale's hymn in the dark

VII

And Harry came home at last, but he
 look'd at me sidelong and shi,
 Vext me a bit, till he told me that so
 many years had gone by,
 I had grown so handsome and tall—that
 I might ha' forgot him somehow—
 For he thought—there were other lads—
 he was fear'd to look at me now

VIII

Hard was the frost in the field, we were
 married o' Christmas day,
 Married among the red berries, an' all as
 merry as May—
 Those were the pleasant times, my house
 an' my man were my pride,
 We seem'd like ships in the Channel
 sailing with wind an' tide

IX

But work was scant in the Isle tho' he
 tried the villages round,
 So Harry went over the Solent to see if
 work could be found,
 An' he wrote 'I ha' six weeks' work,
 little wife, so far as I know,
 I'll come for an hour to-morrow, an' I'll
 you before I go'

X

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't
 he coming that day?
 An' I hit on an old deal box that was
 push'd in a corner away,
 It was full of old odds an' ends, an' a
 letter along w' the rest,
 I had better ha' put my naked hand in a
 hornets' nest

XI

'Sweetheart'—this was the letter—this
 was the letter I read—
 'You promised to find me work near you,
 an' I wish I was dead—'

Didn't you kiss me an' promise? you
haven't done it, my lad,
An' I almost died o' you going away,
an' I wish that I had'

XII

I too wish that I had—in the pleasant
times that had past,
Before I quarrell'd with Harry—*my*
quarrel—the first an' the last

XIII

For Harry came in, an' I flung him the
letter that drove me wild,
An' he told it me all at once, as simple as
any child,
'What can it matter, my lass, what I did
wi' my single life?
I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to
his wife,
An' *she* wasn't one o' the worst' 'Then,'
I said, 'I'm none o' the best'
An' he smiled at me, 'Ain't you, my love?
Come, come, little wife, let it rest'
The man isn't like the woman, no need
to make such a stir'
But he anger'd me all the more, an' I said
'You were keeping with her,
When I was a loving you all along an' the
same as before'
An' he didn't speak for a while, an' he
anger'd me more and more
Then he patted my hand in his gentle
way, 'Let bygones be'
'Bygones' you kept yours hush'd,' I said,
'when you married me'
By-gones ma' be come agains, an' *she*—
in her shame an' her sin—
You'll have her to nurse my child, if I
die o' my lying in'
You'll make her its second mother' I
hate her—an' I hate you'
Ah, Harry, my man, you had better ha'
beaten me black an' blue
Than ha' spoken as kind as you did,
when I were so crazy wi' spite,
'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'll
all come right'

XIV

An' he took three turns in the run, an' I
watch'd him, an' when he came in

I felt that my heart was hard, he was all
wet thro' to the skin,
An' I never said 'off wi' the wet,' I never
said 'on wi' the dry,'
So I knew my heart was hard, when he
came to bid me goodbye
'You said that you hated me, Ellen, but
that isn't true, you know,
I am going to leave you a bit—you'll kiss
me before I go?'

XV

'Going' you're going to her—kiss her—
if you will,' I said—
I was near my time wi' the boy, I must
ha' been light i' my head—
'I had sooner be cursed than kiss'd'—I
didn't know well what I meant,
But I turn'd my face from *him*, an' he
turn'd *his* face an' he went

XVI

And then he sent me a letter, 'I've gotten
my work to do,
You wouldn't kiss me, my lass, an' I
never loved any but you,
I am sorry for all the quarrel an' sorry for
what she wrote,
I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey an' go to
night by the boat'

XVII

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought
of him out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame, he was
always kind to me
'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'll
all come right'
An' the boat went down that night—the
boat went down that night

RIZPAH

17—

I

WAILING, wailing, wailing, the wind
over land and sea—
And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O mother,
come out to me'

Why should he call me to night when he
knows that I cannot go?
For the downs are as bright as day, and
the full moon stairs at the snow

II

We should be seen, my dear, they would
spy us out of the town
The loud black nights for us, and the
storm rushing over the down,
When I cannot see my own hand, but am
led by the creak of the chain,
And grovel and grope for my son till I
find myself detached with the rain

III

Anything fallen again? nay—what was
there left to fall?
I have taken them home, I have numbered
the bones, I have hidden them all
What am I saying? and what are *you*?
do you come as a spy?
Falls? what falls? who knows? As the
tree falls so must it lie

IV

Who let her in? how long has she been?
you—what have *you* heard?
Why did *you* sit so quiet? *you* never have
spoken a word
O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—none
of their spies—
But the night has crept into my heart,
and begun to darken my eyes

V

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what
should *you* know of the night,
The blast and the burning shame and the
bitter frost and the fright?
I have done it, while *you* were asleep—
you were only made for the day
I have gather'd my baby together—and
now *you* may go your way

VI

Nay—for it's kind of *you*, Madam, to sit
by an old dying wife
But say nothing hard of my boy, I have
only an hour of life

I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he
went out to die

They dared me to do it,' he said, and he
never has told me a lie

I whipt him for robbing an orchard once
when he was but a child—

'The farmer dared me to do it, he said,
he was always so wild—

And idle—and couldn't be idle—my
Willy—he never could rest

The King should have made him a soldier,
he would have been one of his best

VII

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and
they never would let him be good,

They swore that he dare not rob the mill,
and he swore that he would,

And he took no life, but he took' ore
purse, and when all was done

He flung it among his fellows—I'll none
of it, said my son

VIII

I came into court to the Judge and the
lawyers I told them my tale,

Cod's own truth—but they kill'd him,
they kill'd him for robbing the mail

They hang'd him in chains for a show—
we had always borne a good name—

To be hang'd for a thief—and then put
away— isn't that enough shame?

Dust to dust—low down—let us hide'
but they set him so high

That all the ships of the world could
strike at him, passing by

God'll punish the hell blackraven and
horrible fowls of the air,

But not the black heart of the lawyer who
kill'd him and hang'd him there

IX

And the ruler forced me away I had
bid him my last goodbye,

They had fasten'd the door of his cell
'O mother!' I heard him cry

I couldn't get back tho' I tried, he had
something further to say,

And now I never shall know it The
jailer forced me away

X

Then since I couldn't but hear that cry
 of my boy that was dead,
 They seized me and shut me up they
 fasten'd me down on my bed
 'Mother, O mother!'—he call'd in the
 dark to me year after year—
 They beat me for that, they beat me—
 you know that I couldn't but hear,
 And then at the last they found I had
 grown so stupid and still
 They let me abroad again—but the
 creatures had worked their will

XI

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of
 my bone was left—
 I stole them all from the lawyers—and
 you, will you call it a theft?—
 My baby, the bones that had suck'd me,
 the bones that had laughed and
 had cried—
 Theus? O no! they are mine—not
 theirs—they had moved in my side

XII

Do you think I was scared by the bones?
 I kiss'd 'em, I buried 'em all—
 I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night
 by the churchyard wall
 My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the
 trumpet of judgment 'ill sound,
 But I charge you never to say that I laid
 him in holy ground

XIII

They would scratch him up—they would
 hang him again on the cursed tree
 Sin? O yes—we are sinners, I know—
 let all that be,
 And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's
 good will toward men—
 'Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord'
 —let me hear it again,
 'Full of compassion and mercy—long
 suffering' Yes, O yes!
 For the lawyer is born but to murder—
 the Saviour lives but to bless

He'll never put on the black cap except
 for the worst of the worst,
 And the first may be last—I have heard it
 in church—and the last may be
 first
 Suffering—O long suffering—yes, as the
 Lord must know,
 Year after year in the mist and the wind
 and the shower and the snow

XIV

Heard, have you? what? they have told
 you he never repented his sin
 How do they know it? are *they* his
 mother? are *you* of his kin?
 Heard! have you ever heard, when the
 storm on the downs began,
 The wind that 'ill wail like a child and
 the sea that 'ill moan like a man?

XV

Election, Election and Reprobation—it's
 all very well
 But I go to night to my boy, and I shall
 not find him in Hell
 For I cared so much for my boy that the
 Lord has look'd into my care,
 And He means me I'm sure to be happy
 with Willy, I know not where

XVI

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul,
 that is all you desire
 Do you think that I care for *my* soul if
 my boy be gone to the fire?
 I have been with God in the dark—go,
 go, you may leave me alone—
 You never have borne a child—you are
 just as hard as a stone

XVII

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think
 that you mean to be kind,
 But I cannot hear what you say for my
 Willy's voice in the wind—
 The snow and the sky so bright—he used
 but to call in the dark,
 And he calls to me now from the church
 and not from the gibbet—for hark!

Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is
coming—shaking the walls—
Willy—the moon's in a cloud—Good-
night I am going He calls

THE NORTHERN COBBLER

I

WAAIT till our Sally cooms in, fu! thou
mun a' sights¹ to tell
Eh, but I be maan glad to seea tha sa
'arty an' well
'Cast awaay on a disolut land w! a
vaitical soon²!
Strange fur to goa fur to think what
saailois a' seen an' a' doon,
'Summat to dink—sa' 'ot' I 'a nowt
but Adam's wine
What's the 'eat o' this little 'ill side to
the 'eat o' the line?

II

'What's i' tha bottle a-stanning theer?'
I'll tell tha Gin
But if thou wants thy grog, tha mun goa
fu! it down to the inn
Naay—fur I be maan gl'd, but thaw tha
was iver sa dry,
Thou guts naw gin fio' the bottle theer,
an' I'll tell tha why

III

Mea an' thy sister was married, when
wur it? back-end o' June,
Ten year sin', and wa'greed as well as a
fiddle i' tune
I could fettle and clump owd booots and
shoes w! the best on 'em all,
As fei as fro' Thusby thuin hup to
Hainsby and Hutterby Hall

¹ The vowels *az*, pronounced separately though in the closest conjunction, best render the sound of the long *z* and *y* in this dialect. But since such words as *craun*, *dawn*, *what*, *at* (I), etc., look awkward except in a page of express phonetics, I have thought it better to leave the simple *z* and *y*, and to trust that my readers will give them the broader pronunciation

² The *oo* short, as in 'wood'

We was busy as becas i' the bloom an' as
'appy as 'at could think,
An' then the babby wui burn, and then
I taakes to the dink

IV

An' I weant grainsaay it, my lad, thaw I
be hafe shamed on it now,
We could sing a good song at the Plow, we
could sing a good song at the Plow,
Thaw once of a frosty night I slither d an'
hurted my huck,¹
An' I coom'd neck an crop soomtimes
slaape down i' the squad an' the
muck
An' once I fowt w! the Taailor—not hafe
ov a man, my lad—
Fur he scrawm d an' scratted my faace
like a cat, an it m'ade 'ei sa mad
That Sally she tuin'd a tongue banger,²
an' raated ma, 'Sottin thy braams
Guzzlin' an' soakin' an' smokin' an'
hawmin'³ about i' the laanes,
Soa sow droonk that th! doesn't touch
thv 'at to the Squire,
An' I loook'd cock eyed at my noase an
I seead 'im a-gittin' o' fire,
But sin' I wui hallus i' liquoi an' hallus
as droonk as a king,
Foalks' coostom flitted awaay like a kite
w! a broken string

V

An' Sally she wesh'd foalks' cloaths to
keep the wolf fio' the door,
Eh but the moo! she iled me, she druv
me to dink the moor,
Fur I fun', when 'ei back wur turn'd,
whee! Sally's owd stockin' wui 'id,
An' I giabb'd the munny she maade, and
I wea'd it o' liquoi, I did

VI

An' one night I cooms 'oam like a bull
gotten loose at a faar,
An' she wui a-waaitin' fo'mma, an' cryin'
and tearin' 'er 'aair,

¹ Hip

² Scold

³ Lounging

An' I tummled athunt the craadle an'
 swear'd as I'd break ivry stick
 O' furnitui 'eie i' the 'ouse, an' I gied
 our Sally a kick,
 An' I mash'd the t'ables an' chaus, an'
 she an' the babby beal'd,¹
 Fui I knaw'd naw mooi what I did nor
 a mortal beast o' the feald

VII

An' when I waked i' the munnin' I seead
 that our Sally went laamed
 Cos' o' the kick as I gied 'er, an' I wur
 dreadful ashamed,
 An' Sally wur sloomy² an' draggle taal'd
 in an owd turn gown,
 An' the babby's faace wun't wesh'd an'
 the 'ole 'ouse hupside down

VIII

An' then I minded our Sally sa piatty
 an' neat an' sweet,
 Straat is a pole an' clean as a flower fio'
 'ead to feeat
 An' then I minded the fust kiss I gied
 'er by Thuisby thurn,
 Theer wui a lark a singin' 'is best of a
 Sunday at murn,
 Couldn't see 'im, we 'eud 'im a-mountin'
 oop 'igher an' 'igher,
 An' then 'e tuin'd to the sun, an' 'e
 shined like a sparkle o' fie
 'Doesn't tha see 'im,' she axes, 'fur I
 can see 'im?' an' I
 Seead nobbut the smile o' the sun as
 danced in 'er piatty blue eye,
 An' I says 'I mun gie tha a kiss,' an'
 Sally says 'Noa, thou moant,'
 But I gied 'er a kiss, an' then anoother,
 an' Sally says 'doant''

IX

An' when we coom'd into Meeatn', at
 fust she wui all in a tew,
 But, ater, we sing'd the 'ymn togethe
 like birds on a beugh,

¹ Bellowed, cried out² Sluggish, out of spirits

An' Muggins 'e pieach'd o' Hell fie an
 the loov o' God fur men,
 An' then upo' coomin' awaay Sally gied
 me a kiss ov 'ersen

X

Heer wur a fall fio' a kiss to a kick like
 Saatan as fell
 Down out o' heaven i' Hell fie—thaw
 theei's naw dinkin' i' Hell,
 Mea fur to kick our Sally as kep the wolf
 fro' the dooi,
 All along o' the drink, fur I loov'd 'er
 as well as afoor

XI

Sa like a graat num cumpus I blubber'd
 awray o' the bed—
 'Weant niver do it naw mooi,' an'
 Sally loookt up an' she said,
 'I'll upowd it¹ tha weant, thou't like
 the rest o' the men,
 Thou'll goa sniffin' about the tap till tha
 does it agern
 Theer's thy hennemy, man, an' I knaws,
 as knaws tha sa well,
 That, if tha seesas 'im an' smells 'im tha'll
 follei 'im slick into Hell'

XII

'Naay,' says I, 'fur I weant goa sniffin'
 about the tap'
 'Weant tha?' she says, an' mysen I
 thowt i' mysen 'mayhap'
 'Nor' an' I started awaay like a shot,
 an' down to the Hinn,
 An' I browt what thr seesas stannin' theei,
 yon big black bottle o' gin

XIII

'That caps owt,'² says Sally, an' saw she
 begins to cry,
 But I puts it inte 'er 'ands an' I says to
 'er, 'Sally,' says I,
 'Stan' 'im theer i' the naame o' the Lord
 an' the power ov 'is Grace,
 'Stan' 'im theer, fur I'll loook my hennemy
 strait i' the faace,

¹ I'll uphold it² That's beyond everything

Stan' 'im theer i' the winder, an' let ma
look at 'im then,
'E seem's naw moo' nor watter, an' 'e's
the Devil's oan sen'

XIV

An' I wur down i' thea mouth, couldn't do
naw work an' all,
Nasty an' snaggy an' shaaky, an' poonch'd
my 'and wi' the hawl,
But she wur a power o' coomfut, an'
sattled 'ersen o' my knee,
An' coayd an' coodled me oop till agean
I feel'd mysen fice

XV

An' Sally she tell'd it about, an' foalk
stood a gawmun'¹ in,
Asthaw it wur summat bewitch'd istead
of a quat o' gin,
An' some on 'em said it wur watter—an'
I wur chousin' the wife,
Fui I couldn't 'owd 'ands off gin, wui it
nobbut to saave my life,
An' blacksmith 'e strips me the thick ov
'is aum, an' 'e shaws it to me,
'Feeal thou this ' thou can't grow this
upo' watter ' ' says he
An' Doctor 'e calls o' Sunday an' just as
candles was lit,
'Thou moant do it,' he says, 'tha mun
break 'im off bit by bit'
'Thou'rt but a Methody man,' says Par
son, and laays down 'is 'at,
An' 'e points to the bottle o' gin, 'but I
respects tha fur that',
An' Squire, his oan very sen, walks down
fro' the 'All to see,
An' 'e spansk 'is 'and into mine, 'fur I
respects tha,' says 'e,
An' coostom agean diaw'd in like a wind
fio' fu an' wide,
And browt me the booots to be cobbled
fro' hafe the coontryside

XVI

An' theer 'e stans an' theer 'e shall stan
to my dying daay,

¹ Staring vacantly

I 'a gotten to loov 'im agean in 'noother
kind of a waay,
Proud on 'im, like, my lad, an' I kee ups
'im clean an' bight,
Loovs im, an' 'n' roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im,
an' puts 'im back i' the light

XVII

Wouldn't a pint 'e sarved as well as a
quat? Naw doubt
But I lik'd a bigger feller to fight wi' an'
fowt it out
Fine an' mella 'e mun be by this, if I
cared to taaste,
But I moant, my lad, and I weint, fur
I d feel mysen c'lein disgnaaced

XVIII

An' once I said to the Missis, 'My lass,
when I cooms to die,
Smash the bottle to smithers, the Devil's
in 'im,' said I
But aiter I chaanged my mind, an' if
Sally be left alone,
I'll hev 'im a buried wi'mma an' traake
'im afoot the Throan

XIX

Coom thou 'eei—yon landy a-steppin'
along the steeat,
Doesn't tha know 'ei—sa pritty, an' feat,
an' neat, an' sweet?
Look at the cloaths on 'ei back, thebbe
ammot spick spen-new,
An' Tommy's face le as fiesh as a codlin
wesh d i' the dew

XX

'Ere be ou Sally an' Tommy, an' we be
a goin to dine,
Baacon an' tates, an' a beslings pud-
din'¹ an' Adam's wine,
But if tha wants ony grog tha mun goa
fui it down to the Hinn,
Fui I weant shed a drop on 'is blood,
noa, not fui Sally's oan kin

¹ A pudding made with the first milk of the cow
after calving

THE REVENGE

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

I

AT FLORES in the Azores Sir Richard
Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bud, came
flying from far away
'Spanish ships of war at sea' we have
sighted fifty three '
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard
'Foe God I am no coward,
But I cannot meet them here, for my
ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick I must
fly, but follow quick
We are six ships of the line, can we
fight with fifty-three?'

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville 'I
know you are no coward,
You fly them for a moment to fight with
them again
But I've ninety men and more that are
lying sick ashore
I should count myself the coward if I left
them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devil
doms of Spain'

III

So Lord Howard past away with five
ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent
summer heaven,
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick
men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down
below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they
were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the
glory of the Lord

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work
the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the
Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon
the weather bow
'Shall we fight or shall we fly?'
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die '
There'll be little of us left by the time
this sun be set '
And Sir Richard said again 'We be all
good English men
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the
children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or
devil yet '

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and
we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the
heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and
her ninety sick below,
For half of their fleet to the right and
half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the
long sea lane between

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down
from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at
the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain like San Philip that,
of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with
her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we
stay'd

VII

And while now the great San Philip hung
above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon
the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them
all

VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she be
thought herself and went
Having that within her womb that had
left her ill content,
And the rest they came aboard us, and
they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their
pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a
dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars
came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of
the one and the fifty three
Ship after ship, the whole night long,
their high built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long,
with her battle thunder and flame,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew
back with her dead and her shame
For some were sunk and many were shat-
ter'd, and so could fight us no
more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this
in the world before?

X

For he said 'Fight on! fight on!'
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck,
And it chanced that, when half of the
short summer night was gone,
With a gusly wound to be drest he had
left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing
it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the
side and the head,
And he said 'Fight on! fight on!'

XI

And the night went down, and the sun
smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides
lay round us all in a ring,
But they dared not touch us again, for
they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were
slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the
desperate strife,
And the sick men down in the hold were
most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent,
and the powder was all of it spent,
And the masts and the rigging were lying
over the side,
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
'We have fought such a fight for a day
and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gannet—sink
her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the
hands of Spain!'

XII

And the gunner said 'Ay, ay,' but the
sermen made reply
'We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives
We will make the Spaniard promise, if
we yield, to let us go,
We shall live to fight again and to strike
another blow'
And the lion there lay dying, and they
yielded to the foe

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their
flagship bore him then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old
 Sir Richard caught at last,
 And they praised him to his face with
 their courtly foreign grace,
 But he rose upon their decks, and he cried
 'I have fought for Queen and Faith like
 a valiant man and true,
 I have only done my duty as a man is
 bound to do
 With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Gren-
 ville die !'
 And he fell upon their decks, and he died

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had
 been so valiant and true,
 And had holden the power and glory of
 Spain so cheap
 That he dared her with one little ship
 and his English few,
 Was he devil or man? He was devil
 for aught they knew,
 But they sank his body with honour down
 into the deep,
 And they munn'd the Revenge with a
 swaathier alien crew,
 And away she sail'd with her loss and
 long'd for her own,
 When a wind from the lands they had
 run'd awoke from sleep,
 And the water began to heave and the
 weather to moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great
 gale blew,
 And a wave like the wave that is raised
 by an earthquake grew,
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails
 and their masts and their flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on
 the shot shatter'd navy of Spain,
 And the little Revenge herself went down
 by the island crags
 To be lost evermore in the main

THE SISTERS

THEY have left the doors ajar, and by
 their clash,
 And prelude on the keys, I know the
 song,

Their favourite—which I call 'The Tables
 Turned'
 Evelyn begins it 'O diviner Air'

EVELYN

O diviner Air,
 Thro' the heat, the drowth, the dust, the
 glare,
 Far from out the west in shadowing
 showers,
 Over all the meadow baked and bare,
 Making fresh and fair
 All the bowers and the flowers,
 Fainting flowers, faded bowers,
 Over all this weary world of ours,
 Breathe, diviner Air !

A sweet voice that—you scarce could
 better that
 Now follows Edith echoing Evelyn

EDITH

O diviner light,
 Thro' the cloud that roofs our noon with
 night,
 Thro' the blotting mist, the blinding
 showers,
 Far from out a sky for ever bright,
 Over all the woodland's flooded bowers,
 Over all the meadow's downing flowers,
 Over all this run'd world of ours,
 Breathe, diviner light !

Marvellously like, their voices—and them-
 selves !

Tho' one is somewhat deeper than the
 other,

As one is somewhat graver than the other—
 Edith than Evelyn Your good Uncle,
 whom

You count the father of your fortune,
 long

For this alliance let me ask you then
 Which voice most takes you? for I do
 not doubt

Being a watchful parent, you are taken
 With one or other tho' sometimes I
 fear

You may be flickering, fluttering in a
 doubt

Between the two—which must not be—
which might

Be death to one they both are beautiful
Evelyn is gayer, wittier, prettier, says
The common voice, if one may trust it
she?

No! but the paler and the graver, Edith
Woo her and gain her then no waver-
ing, boy!

The graver is perhaps the one for you
Who jest and laugh so easily and so well
For love will go by contrast, as by likes

No sisters ever prized each other more
Not so their mother and her sister loved
More passionately still

But that my best
And oldest friend, your Uncle, wishes it,
And that I know you worthy every way
To be my son, I might, perchance, be loath
To part them, or part from them and
yet one

Should marry, on all the broad lands in
your view

From this bay window—which our house
has held

Three hundred years—will pass collater-
ally

My father with a child on either knee,
A hand upon the head of either child,
Smoothing their locks, as golden as his
own

Were silver, 'get them wedded' would
he say

And once my prattling Edith ask'd him
'why?'

Ay, why? said he, 'for why should I go
lame?'

Then told them of his wars, and of his
wound

For see—this wine—the grape from
whence it flow'd

Was blackening on the slopes of Portugal,
When that brave soldier, down the terrible
ridge

Plunged in the last fierce charge at
Waterloo,

And caught the laming bullet He left
me this,

Which yet returns a memory of its youth,
As I of mine, and my first passion
Come!

Here's to your happy union with my child!

Yet must you change your name no
fault of mine!

You say that you can do it as willingly
As birds make ready for their bridal
time

By change of feather for all that, my
boy,

Some birds are sick and sullen when they
moult

An old and worthy name! but mine that
sturr'd

Among our civil wars and earlier too
Among the Roses, the more venerable
I care not for a name—no fault of mine
Once more—a happier marriage than my
own!

You see yon Lombard poplar on the
plain

The highway running by it leaves a breadth
Of sward to left and right, where, long
ago,

One bright May morning in a world of
song,

I lay at leisure, watching overhead

The aerial poplar wave, an amber spire

I dozed, I woke An open landaulet
Whirl'd by, which, after it had past me,
show'd

Turning my way, the lovehest face on
earth

The face of one there sitting opposite,
On whom I brought a strange unhappi-
ness,

That time I did not see

Love at first sight
May seem—with goodly rhyme and
reason for it—

Possible—at first glimpse, and for a face
Gone in a moment—strange Yet once,
when first

I came on lake Llanberis in the dark,
A moonless night with storm—one light-
ning fork

Flash'd out the lake, and tho' I loiter'd
there
The full day after, yet in retrospect
That less than momentary thunder sketch
Of lake and mountain conquers all the day

The Sun himself has linn'd the face
for me
Not quite so quickly, no, nor half as well
For look you here—the shadows are too
deep,
And like the critic's blurring comment
make
The veriest beauties of the work appear
The darkest faults the sweet eyes frown
the lips
Seem but a gash My sole memorial
Of Edith—no, the other,—both indeed

So that bright face was flash'd thro'
sense and soul
And by the poplars vanish'd—to be found
Long after, as it seem'd, beneath the tall
Tree-bowers, and those long-sweeping
beechen boughs
Of our New Forest I was there alone
The phantom of the whirling landaulet
For ever past me by when one quick
peal
Of laughter drew me thro' the glimmer-
ing glades
Down to the snowlike sparkle of a cloth
On fern and foxglove Lo, the face again,
My Rosalind in this Arden—Edith—all
One bloom of youth, health, beauty,
happiness,
And moved to merriment at a passing jest

There one of those about her knowing
me
Call'd me to join them, so with these I
spent
What seem'd my crowning hour, my day
of days

I woo'd her then, nor unsuccessfully,
The worse for her, for me ' was I content
Ay—no, not quite, for now and then I
thought
Laziness, vague love longings, the bight
May,

Hud made a heated haze to magnify
The charm of Edith—that a man's ideal
Is high in Heaven, and lodged with
Plato's God,
Not findable here—content, and not con-
tent,
In some such fashion as a man may be
That having had the portrait of his friend
Drawn by an artist, looks at it, and says,
'Good ' very like ' not altogether he '

As yet I had not bound myself by
words,
Only, believing I loved Edith, made
Edith love *me* Then came the day
when I,
Flattering myself that all my doubts were
fools
Born of the fool this Age that doubts, of
all—

Not I that day of Edith's love or mine—
Had braced my purpose to declare my-
self

I stood upon the stairs of Paradise
The golden gates would open at a word
I spoke it—told her of my passion, seen
And lost and found again, had got so far,
Had caught her hand, her eyelids fell—I
heard

Wheels, and a noise of welcome at the
doors—

On a sudden after two Italian years
Had set the blossom of her health again,
The younger sister, Evelyn, enter'd—
there,

There was the face, and altogether she
The mother fell about the daughter's
neck,

The sisters closed in one another's arms,
Then people throng'd about them from
the hall,

And in the thick of question and reply
I fled the house, driven by one angel face,
And all the Furies

I was bound to her,
I could not free myself in honour—bound
Not by the sounded letter of the word,
But counterpressures of the yielded hand
That timorously and faintly echoed mine,

Quick blushes, the sweet dwelling of her eyes
 Upon me when she thought I did not see—
 Were these not bonds? nay, nay, but could I wed her
 Loving the other? do her that grieve wrong?
 Had I not dream'd I loved her yestern-morn?
 Had I not known where Love, at first a fear,
 Grew after marriage to full height and form?
 Yet after marriage, that mock-sister there—
 Brother-in-law—the fiery nearness of it—
 Unlawful and disloyal brotherhood—
 What end but darkness could ensue from this
 For all the three? So Love and Honour join'd
 Tho' Love and Honour join'd to raise the full
 High tide of doubt that sway'd me up and down
 Advancing nor retreating

Edith wrote
 'My mother bids me ask' (I did not tell you—
 A widow with less guile than many a child
 God help the wrinkled children that are Christ's
 As well as the plump cheek—she wrought us harm,
 Poor soul, not knowing) 'are you ill?' (so ran
 The letter) 'you have not been here of late
 You will not find me here At last I go
 On that long promised visit to the North
 I told you wayside story to my mother
 And Evelyn She remembers you Farewell
 Pray come and see my mother Almost blind
 With ever growing cat uact, yet she thinks
 She sees you when she hears Again farewell'

Cold words from one I had hoped to warm so fast
 That I could stamp my image on her heart!
 'Pray come and see my mother, and farewell'
 Cold, but as welcome as free air of heaven
 After a dungeon's closeness Selfish, strange!
 What dwarfs are men! my strangled vanity
 Utter'd a stifled cry—to have vent myself
 And all in vain for her—cold heart or none—
 No bride for me Yet so my path was clear
 To win the sister

Whom I would and won
 For Evelyn knew not of my former suit,
 Because the simple mother work'd upon
 By Edith pray'd me not to whisper of it
 And Edith would be bridesmaid on the day

But on that day, not being all at ease,
 I from the altar glancing back upon her,
 Before the first 'I will' was utter'd, saw
 The bridesmaid pale, startlelike, passionless—

'No harm, no harm' I turn'd again, and placed
 My ring upon the finger of my bride

So, when we parted, Edith spoke no word,
 She wept no tear, but round my Evelyn clung
 In utter silence for so long, I thought
 'What, will she never set her sister free?'

We left her, happy each in each, and then,
 As tho' the happiness of each in each
 Were not enough, must fain have torrents, lakes,
 Hills, the great things of Nature and the fur,
 To lift us as it were from commonplace,
 And help us to our joy Better have sent

Ou! Edith thio' the glories of the eath,
To change with hei horizon, if true Love
Were not his own imperial all-in all

Far off we went My God, I would
not live
Save that I think this gross hard seeming
world
Is ou! misshaping vision of the Powers,
Behind the world, that make ou! griefs
ou! gains

For on the dark night of our marriage
day
The great Tragedian, that had quench'd
herself
In that assumption of the bridesmaid—
she
That loved me—our true Edith—hei
brain broke
With over-acting, till she rose and fled
Beneath a pitiless rush of Autumn rain
To the deaf church—to be let in—to pray
Before *that* altar—so I think, and there
They found her beating the hard Protest
ant doors
She died and she was buried ere we
knew

I learnt it first I had to speak At
once
The bright quick smile of Evelyn, that
had sunn'd
The morning of our marriage, past away
And on ou! home return the daily want
Of Edith in the house, the garden, still
Haunted us like her ghost, and by and
by,
Either from that necessity for talk
Which lives with blindness, or plain
innocence
Of nature, or desire that hei lost child
Should earn from both the praise of
heroism,
The mother broke her promise to the
dead,
And told the living daughter with what
love
Edith had welcomed my brief wooing of
her,
And all hei sweet self sacrifice and death

Henceforth that mystic bond betwixt
the twins—
Did I not tell you they were twins?—
prevail'd
So far that no caress could win my wife
Back to that passionate answer of full
heart
I had from her at first Not that her love,
Tho' scarce as great as Edith's power of
love,
Had lessen'd, but the mother's garulous
wail
For ever woke the unhappy Past again,
Till that dead bridesmaid, meant to be
my bride,
Put forth cold hands between us, and I
fear'd
The very fountains of her life were
chill'd,
So took her thence, and brought her
here, and here
She bore a child, whom reverently we
call'd
Edith, and in the second year was born
A second—this I named from hei own
self,
Evelyn, then two weeks—no more—she
joined,
In and beyond the grave, that one she
loved

Now in this quiet of declining life,
Thio' dreams by night and trances of the
day,
The sisters glide about me hand in hand,
Both beautiful alike, nor can I tell
One from the other, no, nor care to tell
One from the other, only know they
come,
They smile upon me, till, remembering
all
The love they both have borne me, and
the love
I bore them both—divided as I am
From either by the stillness of the grave—
I know not which of these I love the
best

But *you* love Edith, and her own true
eyes
Are traitors to her, ou! quick Evelyn—

The merner, prettier, wittier, as they
talk,
And not without good reason, my good
son—
Is yet untouch'd and I that hold them
both
Dearest of all things—well, I am not
sure—
But if there be a preference either way,
And in the rich vocabulary of Love
'Most dearest' be a true superlative—
I think / likewise love you! Edith most

THE VILLAGE WIFE, OR, THE ENTAIL¹

I

'OUSE KEEPER sent tha my lass, fur New
Squire coom'd last night
Butter an' heggs—yis—yis I'll goa wi'
tha back all right,
Butter I warrants be prime, an' I war
rants the heggs be as well,
Hafe a pint o' milk runs out when ya
breaks the shell

II

Sit thysen down fur a bit hev a glass o'
cowslip wine!
I liked the owd Squire an' 'is gells as
thaw they was gells o' mine,
Fur then we was all es one, the Squire
an' 'is darters an' me,
Hall but Miss Annie, the heldest, I niver
not took to she
But Nelly, the last of the clutch,² I liked
'ei the fust on 'em all,
Fur hoffens we talkt o' my darter es died
o' the fever at fall
An' I thowt 'twur the will o' the Lord, but
Miss Annie she said it wur diaains,
Fur she hedn't naw coomfut in 'er, an'
arn'd naw thanks fur 'er paains
Eh! thebbe all wi' the Lord my childer,
I han't gotten none!
Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taail in 'is
'and, an' owd Squire's gone

¹ See note to 'Northern Cobbler'

² A brood of chickens

III

Fur staate be i' taail, my lass tha dosn'
knaw what that be?
But I knaws the law, I does, for the
lawyer he tow'd it me
'When theer's naw 'eid to a 'Ouse by
the fault o' that eie marle—
The gells they counts fur nowt, and the
next un he taakes the trail'

IV

What be the next un like? can tha tell
ony harm on 'im lass?
Naay sit down—naw 'urry—sa cowl'd—
hev another glass!
Straange an' cowl'd fur the time! we may
happen a fall o' snaw—
Not es I caes fu to hear ony harm, but
I likes to know
An' I 'oaps es 'e beant boooklam'd but
'e dosn' not coom fro' the shere,
We'd anew o' that wi' the Squire, an' we
haates boooklamin' eie

V

Fur Squire wur a Varsity scholar, an'
niver lookt ater the land—
Whoats or turmuts or taates—'e 'ed
hallus a boook i' 'is 'and,
Hallus aloan wi' 'is boooks, thaw nigh
upo' seventy year
An' boooks, what's boooks? thou knaws
thebbe neyther 'eie nor theer

VI

An' the gells, they hedn't naw taails, an'
the lawyer he tow'd it me
That 'is taail were soa tied up es he
couldn't cut down a tree!
'Drat the trees,' says I, to be sewer I
haates 'em, my lass,
Fur we puts the muck o' the land an'
they sucks the muck fro' the grass

VII

An' Squire wur hallus a smiln', an' gied
to the tramps goun' by—
An' all o' the wust i' the parish—wi'
hoffens a drop in 'is cye

An' ivry darter o' Squire's hed her awn
ridin erse to 'ersen,
An' they rampaged about wi' then grooms,
an' was 'untin' aitei the men,
An' hallus a dallack't¹ an' dizen'd out,
an' a buyin' new cloathes,
While 'e sit like a graat glimmer gowk²
wi' 'is glasses athut 'is noase,
An' 'is noase sa gufted wi' snuff es it
couldn't be scioob'd awaay,
Fur atween 'is readin' an' writin' 'e snifft
up a box in a daay,
An' 'e niver runn'd urther the fox, nor
alter the buds wi' 'is gun,
An' 'e niver not shot one 'aie, but 'e
leaved it to Charlie 'is son,
An' 'e niver not fish'd 'is awn ponds, but
Charlie 'e cotch'd the pike,
Foi 'e warn't not burn to the land, an' 'e
didn't take kind to it like,
But I eais es 'e'd gie fui a howry³ owd
book thutty pound an' moor,
An' 'e'd wote an owd book, his awn sen,
sa I knaw'd es 'e'd coom to be poor,
An' 'e gied—I be fear'd fur to tell tha 'ow
much—fur an owd sciatted stoan,
An' 'e digg'd up a loomp i' the land an'
'e got a brown pot an' a boan,
An' 'e bowt owd money, es wouldn't goa,
wi' good gowd o' the Queen,
An' 'e bowt little statutes all naakt an'
which was a shaame to be seen,
But 'e niver loookt ower a bill, nor 'e
niver not seed to owt,
An' 'e niver knawd nowt but boooks, an'
boooks, as thou knaws, beant nowt

VIII

But owd Squire's laady es long es she
lived she kep 'em all clear,
Thaw es long es she lived I niver hed
none of 'er darters 'ere,
But aitei she died we was all es one, the
childer an' me,
An' sarvints runn'd in an' out, an' offenses
we hed 'em to tea
Lawk 'ow I laugh'd when the lasses 'ud
talk o' their Missis's waays,

¹ Overdrest in gay colours² Owl³ Filthy

An' the Missis talk'd o' the lasses—I'll
tell tha some o' these daays
Hoanly Miss Annie were saw stuck oop,
like 'er mother afoor—
'Er an' 'ei blessed darter—they niver
derken'd my door

IX

An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled till 'e'd
gotten a fright at last,
An' 'e calls fui 'is son, fur the 'tuney's
letteis they foller'd sa fast,
But Squire wur afear'd o' 'is son, an' 'e
says to 'im, meek as a mouse,
'Lad, thou mun cut off thy taail, or the
gells 'ull goa to the 'Ouse,
Fur I finds es I be that i' debt, es I 'oap,
es thou'll 'elp me a bit,
An' if thou'll 'gree to cut off thy taail, I
may saave mysen yit'

X

But Charlie 'e sets back 'is eais, an' 'e
swears, an' 'e says to 'im 'Noa
I've gotten the 'staate by the taail an'
be dang'd if I iver let goa'
Coom ' coom ' feyther,' 'e says, 'why
shouldn't thy boooks be sowd?
I heais es soom o' thy boooks mebbe
worth their weight i' gowd'

XI

Heaps an' heaps o' boooks, I ha' see'd
'em, belong'd to the Squire,
But the lasses 'ed teard out leaves i' the
middle to kindle the fie,
Sa moast on 'is owd big boooks fetch'd
nigh to nowt at the saale,
And Squire were at Charlie agean to git
'im to cut off 'is taail

XII

Ya wouldn't find Charlie's likes—'e were
that outdacious at 'oam,
Not thaw ya went fur to raake out Hell
wi' a small tooth coamb—
Droonk wi' the Quoloty's wine, an' droonk
wi' the farmer's aale,
Mad wi' the lasses an' all—an' 'e wouldn't
cut off the taail.

XIII

Thou's coom'd oop by the beck, and a
thurn be a-grown theer,
I niver ha seed it sa white wi' the Maay
es I see'd it to year—
Theerabouts Charlie joomp!—and it gried
me a scare tother night,
Fur I thowt it wur Charlie's ghoast i'
the deik, fur it loookt sa white
'Billy,' says 'e, 'hev a joomp!—thaw
the banks o' the beck be sa high,
Fur he ca'd 'is 'erse Billy-ough un, thaw
niver a hair wur awry,
But Billy fell bakkuds o' Charlie, an'
Charlie 'e brok 'is neck,
Sa theer wur a hend o' the taail, fur 'e
lost 'is taail i' the beck

XIV

Sa 'is taail wur lost an' 'is boooks wur
gone an' 'is boy wur dead,
An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled, but 'e
niver not lift oop 'is 'ead
Hallus a soft un Squire! an' 'e smiled,
fur 'e hedn't naw friend,
Sa feyther an' son was buried togither,
an' this wur the hend

XV

An' Parson 's hesn't the call, nor the
mooney, but hes the pride,
'E reads of a sewer an' sartin 'oap o' the
tother side,
But I beent that sewer es the Lord, how
saw pray'd an' praay'd,
I can then enter 'aven easy es leaves their
deeds to be paid
Saver the mon'ds rattled down upo' poor
cave by re i' the wood,
A d' l' erie 'er wi' the gells, fur they
v'at niver coom to naw good

XVI

Fur Molly the long un she walkt awaay
wi' a hoffer lad,
An' nawbody 'eard on 'er sin, s' o' cooise
she be gone to the bad!
An' Lucy wur laame o' one leg, sweet
'arts she niver 'ed none—

IV

Strange an' unheppen! Miss Lucy! we
naamed her 'Dot an' gaw one!
An' Hetty wur weak i' the hattics, wi'out
ony harm i' the legs,
An' the fever 'ed baaked Jinny's 'ead as
bild as one o' them heggs,
An' Nelly wur up fro' the chardie as big
i' the mouth as a cow,
An' saw she mun hammergate,² lass, or
she weant git a maate onyhow!
An' es for Miss Annie es call'd me afor
my awn foalks to my 'arce
'A hignoiant village wife as 'ud hev to
be lain'd her awn plaace,
Hes fur Miss Hanne the heldest hes now
be a-gawin' s' Lowd,
I knaws that mooch o' shea es it beant
not fit to be tow'd!

XVII

Sa I didn't not taake it kindly ov owd
Miss Annie to say
Es I should be talkin agean em, es soon
es they went awaay,
Fur, lawks! 'ow I cued when they went,
an' ou Nelly she gried me 'u and,
Fur I'd ha done owt for the Squire an' 's
gells es belong'd to the lund,
Boooks, es I said afor, thebbe nuyder
'ere nor theer!
But I sarved 'em wi' butter an' heggs fur
huppuds o' twenty year

XVIII

An' they hallus paid what I had'd, sa I
hallus deal'd wi' the Hall,
An' they know'd what butter wur, an' they
know'd what a hegg wur an' all,
Hugger mugger they lived, but they
wasn't that easy to please,
Till I gried 'em Hinjan curn, an' they
laaid big heggs es tha seeas,
An' I niver puts saame³ i' my butter,
they does it at Willis's farm,
Taaste another diop o' the wine—tweant
do tha naw harm

¹ Ungainly, awkward² Emigrate³ Lard

XIX

Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taail in 'is
 'and, an' owd Squire's gone,
 I heard 'im a loomlin' by, but arter my
 nightcap wur on,
 Sa I han't clapt eyes on 'im yit, fui he
 coom'd last night sa laate—
 Pluksh ' ' ' the hens i' the peas ' why
 didn't tha hesp the gaate?

IN THE CHILDREN'S
HOSPITAL

EMMIE

I

OUR doctor had call'd in another, I never
 had seen him before,
 But he sent a chill to my heart when I
 saw him come in at the door,
 Fresh from the surgery schools of France
 and of other lands—
 Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big
 merciless hands!
 Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but
 they said too of him
 He was happier using the knife than in
 trying to save the limb,
 And that I can well believe, for he look'd
 so coarse and so red,
 I could think he was one of those who
 would break their jests on the dead,
 And mangle the living dog that had loved
 him and fawn'd at his knee—
 Diench'd with the hellish oorah—that
 ever such things should be!

II

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of
 our children would die
 But for the voice of Love, and the smile,
 and the comforting eye—
 Here was a boy in the ward, every bone
 seem'd out of its place—
 Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all
 but a hopeless case

¹ A cry accompanied by a clapping of hands to
 scare trespassing fowl

And he handled him gently enough, but
 his voice and his face were not kind,
 And it was but a hopeless case, he had
 seen it and made up his mind,
 And he said to me roughly 'The lad will
 need little more of your cure'
 'All the more need,' I told him, 'to seek
 the Lord Jesus in prayer,
 They are all his children here, and I pray
 for them all as my own'
 But he turn'd to me, 'Ay, good woman,
 can prayer set a broken bone?'
 Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I
 know that I heard him say
 'All very well—but the good Lord Jesus
 has had his day'

III

HAD? has it come? It has only dawn'd
 It will come by and by
 O how could I serve in the wards if the
 hope of the world were a lie?
 How could I bear with the sights and the
 loathsome smells of disease
 But that He said 'Ye do it to me, when
 ye do it to these?'

IV

So he went And we past to this ward
 where the younger children are laid
 Here is the cot of our orphan, our dar-
 ling, our meek little maid,
 Empty you see just now! We have lost
 her who loved her so much—
 Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive
 plant to the touch,
 Heirs was the prettiest piattie, it often
 moved me to tears,
 Heirs was the gratefullest heart I have
 found in a child of her years—
 Nay you remember our Emmie, you used
 to send her the flowers,
 How she would smile at 'em, play with
 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!
 They that can wander at will where the
 works of the Lord are reveal'd
 Little guess what joy can be got from a
 cowslip out of the field,
 Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all
 they can know of the spring,

They freshen and sweeten the wards like
 the waft of an Angel's wing,
 And she lay with a flower in one hand and
 , her thin hands crost on her breast—
 Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire,
 and we thought her at rest,
 Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor
 said 'Poor little dear,
 Nurse, I must do it to-morrow, she'll
 never live thro' it, I fear'

V

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as
 far as the head of the stair,
 Then I return'd to the ward, the child
 didn't see I was there

VI

Nexer since I was nurse, had I been so
 grieved and so vext'
 Emmie had heard him Softly she call'd
 from her cot to the next,
 'He says I shall never live thro' it, O
 Annie, what shall I do?'
 Annie consider'd 'If I,' said the wise
 little Annie, 'was you,
 I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to
 help me, for, Emmie, you see,
 It's all in the picture there "Little
 children should come to me"'
 (Meaning the print that you gave us, I
 find that it always can please
 Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with
 children about his knees)
 'Yes, and I will,' said Emmie, 'but then
 if I call to the Lord,
 How should he know that it's me? such
 a lot of beds in the ward!'
 That was a puzzle for Annie Again she
 consider'd and said
 'Emmie, you put out your arms, and you
 leave 'em outside on the bed—
 The Lord has so much to see to! but,
 Emmie, you tell it him plain,
 It's the little girl with her arms lying out
 on the counterpane'

VII

I had sat three nights by the child—I
 could not watch her for four—

My brain had begun to reel—I felt I
 could do it no more
 That was my sleeping night, but I thought
 that it never would pass
 There was a thunderclap once, and a
 clatter of hail on the glass,
 And there was a phantom cry that I heard
 as I tost about,
 The motherless bleat of a lamb in the
 storm and the darkness without,
 My sleep was broken besides with dreams
 of the dreadful knife
 And fears for our delicate Emmie who
 scarce would escape with her life,
 Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd
 she stood by me and smiled,
 And the doctor came at his hour, and we
 went to see to the child

VIII

He had brought his ghastly tools we
 believed her asleep again—
 Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out
 on the counterpane,
 Say that His day is done! Ah why should
 we care what they say?
 The Lord of the children had heard her,
 and Emmie had past away

DEDICATORY POEM TO THE
PRINCESS ALICE

DEAR PRINCESS, living Power, if that,
 which lived
 True life, live on—and if the fatal kiss,
 Born of true life and love, divorce thee
 not
 From earthly love and life—if what we call
 The spirit flash not all at once from out
 This shadow into Substance—then perhaps
 The mellow'd murmur of the people's
 praise
 From thine own State, and all our
 breadth of realm,
 Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds
 in light,
 Ascends to thee, and this March morn
 that sees
 Thy Soldier brother's bridal orange-bloom

Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy
grave,
And thine Imperial mother smile again,
May send one ray to thee ' and who can
tell—
Thou—England's England loving daugh-
ter—thou
Dying so English thou wouldst have her
flag
Borne on thy coffin—where is he can
swear
But that some broken gleam from our
poor earth
May touch thee, while remembering thee,
I lay
At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds
Of England, and her banner in the East?

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW

I

BANNER of England, not for a season, O
banner of Britain, hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to
the battle cry!
Never with nightier glory than when we
had rear'd thee on high
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly
siege of Lucknow—
Shot thro' the staff of the halcyon, but
ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew

II

Fall were the works that defended the
hold that we held with our lives—
Women and children among us, God help
them, our children and wives!
Hold it we might—and for fifteen days
or for twenty at most
'Never surrender, I charge you, but
every man die at his post!'
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our
Lawrence the best of the brave
Cold were his blows when we kiss'd
him—we laid him that night, in
his grave

'Every man die at his post!' and then
hail'd on our houses and halls
Death from their rifle-bullets, and death
from their cannon balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and
death at our slight barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and
death while we stooped to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the
wounded, for often there fell,
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro'
it, their shot and their shell,
Death—for their spies were among us, their
marksmen were told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke thro' the
brain that could think for the rest,
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and
bullets would ram at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the
rebels that guided us round—
Death at the glimpse of a finger from
over the breadth of a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and
the palace, and death in the ground!
Mine? yes, mine! Countermine! down,
down! and creep thro' the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! you can hear
him—the murderous mole!
Quiet, hush! quiet—wait till the point of
the pickaxe be thro'!
Click with the pick, coming nearer and
nearer again than before—
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the
dark pioneer is no more,
And ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew!

III

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many
times, and it chanced on a day
Soon as the blast of that underground
thunderclap echo'd away,
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like
so many fiends in their hell—
Cannon shot, musket shot, volley on
volley, and yell upon yell—
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad
enemy fell
What have they done? where is it? Out
vonder! Guard the Redan!

Storm at the Water gate ' storm at the
 Bailey-gate ' storm, and it ran
 Swinging and swaying all round us, as
 ocean on every side
 Plunges and heaves at a bank that is
 daily drown'd by the tide—
 So many thousands that if they be bold
 enough, who shall escape?
 Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall
 know we are soldiers and men '
 Ready ' take aim at their leaders—their
 masses are gapp'd with our grape—
 Backward they reel like the wave, like
 the wave flinging forward again,
 Flying and foild at the last by the hand
 ful they could not subdue,
 And ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner of England blew

IV

Handful of men as we were, we were
 English in heart and in limb,
 Strong with the strength of the race to
 command, to obey, to endure,
 Each of us fought as if hope for the gain
 son hung but on him,
 Still—could we watch at all points? we
 were every day fewer and fewer—
 There was a whisper among us, but only
 a whisper that past
 ' Children and wives—if the tigers leap
 into the fold unawares—
 Every man die at his post—and the foe
 may outlive us at last—
 Better to fall by the hands that they love,
 than to fall into theirs '—
 Roar upon roar in a moment two mines
 by the enemy sprung
 Clove into perilous chasms our walls and
 our poor palisades
 Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure
 that your hand be as true '
 Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed
 are you flank fusillades—
 Twice do we hurl them to earth from the
 ladders to which they had clung,
 Twice from the ditch where they shelter
 we drive them with hand-grenades,
 And ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner of England blew

V

Then on another wild morning another
 wild earthquake out-toe
 Clean from our lines of defence ten or
 twelve good paces or more
 Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there
 from the light of the sun—
 One has leapt up on the breach, crying
 out ' Follow me, follow me '—
 Mark him—he falls ' then another, and
 him too and down goes he
 Had they been bold enough then, who
 can tell but the traitors had won?
 Boardings and rafters and doors—an em-
 biasure ' make way for the gun '
 Now double charge it with grape ' It is
 charged and we fire, and they
 run
 Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the
 dark face have his due!
 Thanks to the kindly dark faces who
 fought with us, faithful and few,
 Fought with the bravest among us, and
 drove them, and smote them, and
 slew,
 That ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner in India blew

VI

Men will forget what we suffer and not
 what we do ' We can fight '
 But to be soldier all day and be sentinel
 all thro' the night—
 Ever the mine and assault, our sallies,
 their lying alarms,
 Bugles and drums in the darkness, and
 shoutings and soundings to arms
 Ever the labour of fifty that had to be
 done by five,
 Ever the marvel among us that one should
 be left alive,
 Ever the day with its traitorous death
 from the loopholes around,
 Ever the night with its coffinless corpse
 to be laid in the ground,
 Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge
 of cataract skies,
 Stench of old ossal decaying and infinite
 torment of flies,

Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing
 over an English field,
 Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound
 that *would* not be heil'd,
 Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful
 pitiless knife,—
 Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never
 could save us a life
 Valour of delicate women who tended the
 hospital bed,
 Horror of women in travail among the
 dying and dead,
 Grief for our perishing children, and
 never a moment for grief,
 Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering
 hopes of relief,
 Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd
 for all that we knew—
 Then day and night, day and night, coming
 down on the still shatter'd walls
 Millions of musket bullets, and thousands
 of cannon balls—
 But ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner of England blew

VII

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what
 was told by the scout,
 Outram and Havelock breaking their way
 through the fell mutineers?
 Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing
 again in our ears!
 All on a sudden the garison utter a jubila-
 nt shout,
 Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer
 with conquering cheers,
 Sick from the hospital echo them, women
 and children come out,
 Blessing the wholesome white faces of
 Havelock's good fusileers,
 Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the
 Highlander wet with their tears!
 Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are
 saved!—is it you? is it you?
 Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved
 by the blessing of Heaven!
 'Hold it for fifteen days!' we have held
 it for eighty-seven!
 And ever aloft on the palace roof the old
 banner of England blew

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, LORD
COBHAM

(IN WALES)

My friend should meet me somewhere
 hereabout
 To take me to that hiding in the hills

I have broke their cage, no gilded one,
 I throw—
 I read no more the prisoner's mute wail
 Scribbled or carved upon the pitiless stone,
 I find hard rocks, hard life, hard cheer, or
 none,
 For I am emptier than a friar's brains,
 But God is with me in this wilderness,
 These wet black passes and foam churn-
 ing chasms—
 And God's free air, and hope of better
 things

I would I knew their speech, not now
 to glean,
 Not now—I hope to do it—some scatter'd
 ears,
 Some ears for Christ in this wild field of
 Wales—
 But, bread, merely for bread This
 tongue that wagg'd
 They said with such heretical arrogance
 Against the proud archbishop Arundel—
 So much God's cause was fluent in it—is
 here
 But as a Latin Bible to the crowd,
 'Bara!'—what use? The Shepherd,
 when I speak,
 Vailing a sudden eyelid with his hand
 'Dim Saesneg' passes, wroth at things
 of old—
 No fault of mine Had he God's word
 in Welsh
 He might be kindlier happily come the
 day!
 Not least art thou, thou little Bethle-
 hem
 In Judah, for in thee the Lord was born,
 Nor thou in Britain, little Lutterworth,
 Least, for in thee the word was born again

Heaven-sweet Evangel, ever living
 word,
 Who whilome spakest to the South in
 Greek
 About the soft Mediterranean shores,
 And then in Latin to the Latin crowd,
 As good need was—thou hast come to
 talk our isle
 Hereafter thou, fulfilling Pentecost,
 Must learn to use the tongues of all the
 world
 Yet art thou thine own witness that thou
 bringest
 Not peace, a sword, a fire
 What did he say,
 My fought Wichl-preacher whom I
 crost
 In flying hither? that one night a crowd
 Throng'd the waste field about the city
 gates
 The king was on them suddenly with a
 host
 Why there? they came to hear their
 preacher Then
 Some cried on Cobham, on the good
 Lord Cobham,
 Ay, for they love me! but the king—no
 voice
 Nor finger rused against him—took and
 hang'd,
 Took, hang'd and burnt—how man,—
 thirty-nine—
 Call'd it rebellion—hang'd, poor friends,
 as rebels
 And burn'd alive as heretics! for your
 Priest
 Labels—to take the king along with
 him—
 All heiesy, treason but to call men
 traitors
 May make men traitors
 Rose of Lancaster,
 Red in thy birth, redder with household
 war,
 Now reddest with the blood of holy men,
 Redder to be, red rose of Lancaster—
 If somewhere in the North, as Rumour
 sang
 Fluttering the hawks of this crown lust
 ing line—

By firth and loch thy silver sister grow,¹
 That were my iose, there my allegiance
 due
 Self starved, they say—nay, murder'd,
 doubtless dead
 So to this king I cleaved my friend was
 he,
 Once my fast friend I would have given
 my life
 To help his own from scathe, a thousand
 lives
 To save his soul He might have come
 to learn
 Our Wichl's learning but the worldly
 Priests
 Who fear the king's hard common sense
 should find
 What rotten piles uphold their mason
 work,
 Urge him to foreign war O had he
 will'd
 I might have stricken a lusty stroke for
 him,
 But he would not for he had led my
 friend
 Back to the pure and universal church,
 But he would not whether that heless
 flew
 In his throne's title make him feel so
 frail,
 He leans on Antichrist, on that his mind,
 So quick, so capable in soldieriship,
 In matters of the faith, was the while!
 More worth than all the kingdoms of
 this world,
 Runs in the rut, a coward to the Priest
 Burnt—good Sir Roger Acton, my
 dear friend!
 Bunt too, my faithful preacher, Beverley!
 Lord give thou power to thy two wit
 nesses!
 Lest the false faith make merry over
 them!
 Two—nay but thirty nine have risen and
 stand,
 Dark with the smoke of human sacrifice,
 Before thy light, and cry continually—
 Cry—against whom?
 '

¹ Richard II

Him, who should bear the sword
Of Justice—what! the kingly, kindly boy,
Who took the world so easily heretofore,
My boon companion, tavern fellow—him
Who gibed and japed—in many a merry
tale

That shook our sides—at Pardoners,
Summoners,

Fairs, absolution sellers, monkies
And nunneries, when the wild hour and
the wine

Had set the wits aflame

Hurry of Monmouth,
Or Annals of the East?

Better to sink
Thy fleurs-de-lis in slime again, and fling
Thy royalty back into the noxious fits

Of wine and harlotry—thy shame, and
mine,

Thy comrade—than to persecute the
Lord,

And play the Saul that never will be Paul

Burnt, burnt! and while this muted
Arundel

Dooms our unlicensed preacher to the
flame,

The mitre-sanction'd halot draws his
clerks

Into the suburb—their hard celibacy,
Sworn to be veriest ice of piousness, molten
Into adulterous living, or such crimes
As holy Paul—a shame to speak of
them—

Among the heathen—

Sanctuary granted
To bandit, thief, assassin—yet to him

Who hacks his mother's throat—denied
to him,

Who finds the Saviour in his mother
tongue

The Gospel, the Priest's pearl, flung
down to swine—

The swine, lay-men, lay-women, who
will come,

God willing, to outlearn the filthy friar
Ah rather, Lord, than that thy Gospel,
meant

To course and range thro' all the world,
should be

Teth'd to these dead pillars of the
Church—

Rather than so, if thou wilt have it so,
Burst vein, snap sinew, and crack heart,
and life

Pass in the fire of Babylon! but how
long,

O Lord, how long!

My friend should meet me here
Here is the copse, the fountain and—a
Cross!

To thee, dead wood, I bow not head nor
knees

Rather to thee, green boscage, work of
God,

Black holly, and white-flower'd wayfar-
ing tree!

Rather to thee, thou living water, drawn
By this good Wiclif mountain down from
heaven,

And speaking clearly in thy native
tongue—

No Latin—He that thirsteth, come and
drink!

Eh! how I anger'd Arundel asking me
To worship Holy Cross! I spread mine
arms,

God's work, I said, a cross of flesh and
blood

And holier! That was heresy (My good
friend

By this time should be with me)
'Images?'

'Bury them as God's truer images
Are daily buried' 'Heresy—Penance?'

'Fast,
Hairshirt and scourge—nay, let a man

repent,
Do penance in his heart, God hears him'

'Heresy—
Not shriven, not saved?' 'What profits

an ill Priest
Between me and my God? I would not

spurn
Good counsel of good friends, but shrive

myself
No, not to an Apostle' 'Heresy'

(My friend is long in coming) 'Pil-
grimages?'

'Drink, bagpipes, revelling, devil's-
 dances, vice
 The poor man's money gone to fat the
 friar
 Who leads of begging saints in Scripture?'
 —'Heresy'—
 (Hath he been here—not found me—gone
 again?)
 Have I mislearnt our place of meeting?)
 'Bread—
 Bread left after the blessing?' how they
 stared,
 That was their main test question—
 glared at me!
 'He veil'd Himself in flesh, and now He
 veils
 His flesh in bread, body and bread
 together'
 Then rose the howl of all the cassock'd
 wolves,
 'No bread, no bread God's body'
 Archbishop, Bishop,
 Priors, Canons, Friars, bellingers,
 Paish clerks—
 'No bread, no bread'—'Authority of
 the Church,
 Power of the keys'—Then I, God help
 me, I
 So mock'd, so spuin'd, so baited two
 whole days—
 I lost myself and fell from evenness,
 And rail'd at all the Popes, that ever since
 Sylvester shed the venom of world-wealth
 Into the church, had only prov'n them
 selves
 Poisoners, murderers Well—God pay
 don all—
 Me, them, and all the world—yea, that
 proud Priest,
 That mock meek mouth of utter Anti-
 christ,
 That traitor to King Richard and the
 truth,
 Who rose and doom'd me to the fire
 Amen!
 Nay, I can burn, so that the Lord of life
 Be by me in my death
 Those three! the fourth
 Was like the Son of God! Not burnt
 were they

On *them* the smell of burning had not
 past
 That was a miracle to convert the king
 These Phaupees, this Canaphas Arundel
 What miracle could turn? *He* here
 again,
He thwarting their traditions of Him
 self,
He would be found a heretic to Himself,
 And doom'd to burn alive
 So, caught, I burn
 Burn? heathen men have borne as much
 as this,
 For freedom, or the sake of those they
 loved,
 Or some less cause, some cause far less
 than mine,
 For every other cause is less than mine
 The moth will singe her wings, and
 singe return,
 Her love of light quenching her fear of
 pain—
 How now, my soul, we do not heed the
 fire?
 Faint-hearted? tut!—faint-stomach'd!
 Funt as I am,
 God willing, I will burn for Him
 Who comes?
 A thousand marks are set upon my
 head
 Friend?—foe perhaps—a tussle for it
 then!
 Nay, but my friend Thou art so well
 disguised,
 I knew thee not Hast thou brought
 bread with thee?
 I have not broken bread for fifty hours
 None? I am damn'd already by the
 Priest
 For holding there was bread where bread
 was none—
 No bread My friends await me yonder?
 Yes
 Lead on then Up the mountain? Is
 it far?
 Not far Climb first and reach me down
 thy hand
 I am not like to die for lack of bread,
 For I must live to testify by *life*¹

¹ He was burnt on Christmas Day, 1417

COLUMBUS

CHAINS, my good lord in your raised
brows I read
Some wonder at our chamber ornaments
We brought this non from our isles of
gold

Does the king know you deign to visit
him
Whom once he rose from off his throne
to greet
Before his people, like his brother king?
I saw your face that morning in the crowd

At Barcelona—tho' you were not then
So bearded Yes The city deck'd
herself

To meet me, roar'd my name, the king,
the queen

Bad me be seated, speak, and tell them all
The story of my voyage, and while I
spoke

The crowd's roar fell as at the 'Peace,
be still'

And when I ceased to speak, the king,
the queen,

Sank from their thrones, and melted into
tears,

And knelt, and lifted hand and heart and
voice

In praise to God who led me thro' the
waste

And then the great 'Laudamus' rose to
heaven

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean
chains

For him who gave a new heaven, a new
earth,

As holy John had prophesied of me,
Gave glory and more empire to the kings
Of Spain than all their battles' chains

for him

Who push'd his prows into the setting sun,
And made West East, and sail'd the
Dragon's mouth,

And came upon the Mountain of the
World,

And saw the rivers roll from Paradise'

Chains ' we are Admirals of the Ocean,
we,

We and our sons for ever Ferdinand
Hath sign'd it and our Holy Catholic
queen—

Of the Ocean—of the Indies—Admirals
we—

Our title, which we never mean to yield,
Our guerdon not alone for what we did,
But our amends for all we might have
done—

The vast occasion of our stronger life—
Eighteen long years of waste, seven in
your Spain,

Lost, showing courts and kings a truth
the babe

Will suck in with his milk hereafter—
earth

A sphere

Were you at Salamanca? No
We fronted there the learning of all
Spain,

All then cosmogonies, then astronomies
Guess-work *they* guess'd it, but the
golden guess

Is morning star to the full round of truth
No guess work! I was certain of my goal,
Some thought it heresy, but that would
not hold

King David call'd the heavens a hide, a
tent

Spread over earth, and so this earth was
flat

Some cited old Lactantius could it be
That trees grew downward, rain fell up
ward, men

Walk'd like the fly on ceilings? and be-
sides,

The great Augustine wrote that none
could breathe

Within the zone of heat, so might there
be

Two Adams, two mankinds, and that
was clean

Against God's word thus was I beaten
back,

And chiefly to my sorrow by the Church,
And thought to turn my face from Spain,
appeal

Once more to Fiance or England, but
 our Queen
 Recall'd me, for at last their Highnesses
 Were half assured this earth might be a
 sphere

All glory to the all blessed Trinity,
 All glory to the mother of our Lord,
 And Holy Church, from whom I never
 sweived
 Not even by one hair's breadth of heiesy,
 I have accomplish'd what I came to do

Not yet—not all—last night a dream—
 I sail'd
 On my first voyage, harass'd by the frights
 Of my first crew, their curses and their
 groans
 The great flame-banner borne by Tene
 riffe,
 The compass, like an old friend false at last
 In our most need, appall'd them, and the
 wind
 Still westward, and the weedy seas—at
 length
 The landbird, and the branch with berries
 on it,
 The carved staff—and last the light, the
 light
 On Guanahani! but I changed the name,
 San Salvador I call'd it, and the light
 Grew as I gazed, and brought out a broad
 sky
 Of dawning over—not those alien palms,
 The marvel of that fair new nature—not
 That Indian isle, but our most ancient
 East
 Moriah with Jerusalem, and I saw
 The glory of the Lord flash up, and beat
 Thro' all the homely town from jasper,
 sapphire,
 Chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius,
 Chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysopraxe,
 Jacynth, and amethyst—and those twelve
 gates,
 Pearl—and I woke, and thought—death
 —I shall die—
 I am written in the Lamb's own Book
 of Life
 To walk within the glory of the Lord

Sunless and moonless, utter light—but
 no!
 The Lord had sent this bight, strange
 dream to me
 To mind me of the secret vow I made
 When Spain was waging war against
 the Moor—
 I strove myself with Spain against the
 Moor
 There came two voices from the Sepul-
 chre,
 Two friars crying that if Spain should
 oust
 The Moslem from her limit, he the fierce
 Soldan of Egypt, would break down and
 raze
 The blessed tomb of Christ, whereon I
 vow'd
 That, if our Princes hearken'd to my
 prayer,
 Whatever wealth I brought from that new
 world
 Should, in this old, be consecrate to lend
 A new crusade against the Saracen,
 And free the Holy Sepulchre from thrall

Gold? I had brought you Princes
 gold enough
 If left alone! Being but a Genovese,
 I am handled worse than had I been a
 Moor,
 And breach'd the belting wall of Cambalu,
 And given the Great Khan's palaces to
 the Moor,
 Or clutch'd the sacred crown of Prester
 John,
 And cast it to the Moor but had I
 brought
 From Solomon's now recover'd Ophir all
 The gold that Solomon's navies carried
 home,
 Would that have gilded me? Blue blood
 of Spain,
 Tho' quighting your own royal arms of
 Spain,
 I have not blue blood and black blood
 of Spain,
 The noble and the convict of Castile,
 How'd me from Hispaniola, for you
 know

The flies at home, that ever swarm about
And cloud the highest heads, and murmur
down

Truth in the distance—these outbuzz'd
me so

That even our prudent king, our righteous
queen—

I pray'd them being so calumniated
They would commission one of weight
and worth

To judge between my slander'd self and
me—

Fonseca my main enemy at their court,
They send me out *his* tool, Bovadilla, one
As ignorant and impolitic as a beast—
Blockish irreverence, brainless greed—
who sack'd

My dwelling, seized upon my papers,
loosed

My captives, feed the rebels of the crown,
Sold the crown fairs for all but nothing,
gave

All but free leave for all to work the
mines,

Drove me and my good brothers home in
chains,

And gathering ruthless gold—a single
piece

Weigh'd nigh four thousand Castilianos
—so

They tell me—weigh'd him down into the
abyss—

The hurricane of the latitude on him fell,
The seas of our discovering over-roll
Him and his gold, the frailer caravel,
With what was mine, came happily to the
shore

There was a glimmering of God's hand

And God

Hath more than glimmer'd on me O
my lord,

I swear to you I heard his voice between
The thunders in the black Veragua
nights,

'O soul of little faith, slow to believe'
Have I not been about thee from thy
birth?

Given thee the keys of the great Ocean,
sea?

Set thee in light till time shall be no
more?

Is it I who have deceived thee or the
world?

Endure! thou hast done so well for men,
that men

Cry out against thee was it otherwise
With mine own Son?

And more than once in days
Of doubt and cloud and storm, when
downing hope

Sank all but out of sight, I heard his
voice,

'Be not cast down I lead thee by the
hand,

Fear not' And I shall hear his voice
again—

I know that he has led me all my life,
I am not yet too old to work his will—
His voice again

Still for all that, my lord,
I lying here bedridden and alone,
Cast off, put by, scouted by court and
king—

The first discoverer starves—his followers,
all

Flower into fortune—our world's way—
and I,

Without a roof that I can call mine own,
With scarce a coin to buy a meal withal,
And seeing what a door for scoundrel
scum

I open'd to the West, thro' which the lust,
Villany, violence, avarice, of your Spain
Pour'd in on all those happy naked isles—
Their kindly native princes slain or slaved,
Their wives and children Spanish concu-
bines,

Their innocent hospitalities quench'd in
blood,

Some dead of hunger, some beneath the
scourge,

Some over labour'd, some by their own
hands,—

Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Nature,
kill

Their babies at the breast for hate of
Spain—

Ah God, the harmless people whom we
found
In Hispaniola's island-Paradise !
Who took us for the very Gods from
Heaven,
And we have sent them very fiends from
Hell,
And I myself, myself not blameless, I
Could sometimes wish I had never led
the way

Only the ghost of our great Catholic
Queen
Smiles on me, saying, 'Be thou com-
forted !'
This credulous people will be brought to
Christ
And own the holy governance of Rome '

*But who could dream that we, who
bore the Cross
Thither, were excommunicated there,
For curbing crimes that scandalised the
Cross,
By him, the Catalanian Minorite,
Rome's Vicar in our Indies ? who believe
These hard memorials of our truth to
Spain
Clung closer to us for a longer term
Than any friend of ours at Court ? and yet
Pardon—too harsh, unjust I am rack'd
with pains

You see that I have hung them by my
bed,
And I will have them buried in my grave

Sir, in that flight of ages which are
God's
Own voice to justify the dead—perchance
Spain once the most chivalric race on
earth,
Spain then the mightiest, wealthiest realm
on earth,
So made by me, may seek to unbury me,
To lay me in some shrine of this old Spain,
Or in that vaster Spain I leave to Spain
Then some one standing by my grave
will say,
'Behold the bones of Christopher
Colon'—

'Ay, but the chains, what do *they* mean
—the chains ?'—
I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain
Who then will have to answer, 'These
same chains
Bound these same bones back thro' the
Atlantic sea,
Which he uncham'd for all the world to
come'

O Queen of Heaven who seest the souls
in Hell
And purgatory, I suffer all as much
As they do—for the moment Stay, my
son
Is here anon my son will speak for me
Ablie than I can in these spasms that
grind
Bone against bone You will not One
last word

You move about the Court, I pry you
tell
King Ferdinand who plays with me, that
one,
Whose life has been no play with him
and his
Hidalgos—shipwrecks, famines, fevers,
fights,
Mutinies, treacheries—win'd at, and
condoned—
That I am loyal to him till the death,
And ready—tho' our Holy Catholic
Queen,
Who fain had pledged her jewels on my
first voyage,
Whose hope was mine to spread the
Catholic faith,
Who wept with me when I return'd in
chains,
Who sits beside the blessed Virgin now,
To whom I send my prayer by night and
day—
She is gone—but you will tell the King,
that I,
Rack'd as I am with gout, and wrench'd
with pains
Gain'd in the service of His Highness,
yet
*Am ready to sail forth on one last voyage,

And readier, if the King would hear, to
lead

One last crusade against the Saracen,
And save the Holy Sepulchre from
thrall

Going? I am old and slighted you
have dared
Somewhat perhaps in coming? my poor
thanks!
I am but an alien and a Genovese

THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE

(FOUNDED ON AN IRISH LEGEND
A D 700)

I

I WAS the chief of the race—he had
stricken my father dead—
But I gather'd my fellows together, I
swore I would strike off his head
Each of them look'd like a king, and was
noble in birth as in worth,
And each of them boasted he sprang from
the oldest race upon earth
Each was as brave in the fight as the
bravest hero of song,
And each of them hither had died than
have done one another a wrong
He lived on an isle in the ocean—we
sail'd on a Friday morn—
He that had slain my father the day
before I was born

II

And we came to the isle in the ocean,
and there on the shore was he
But a sudden blast blew us out and away
thio' a boundless sea

III

And we came to the Silent Isle that we
never had touch'd at before,
Where a silent ocean always broke on a
silent shore,
And the brooks glitter'd on in the light
without sound, and the long
waterfalls

Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the base
of the mountain walls,
And the poplar and cypress unshaken by
storm flourish'd up beyond sight,
And the pine shot aloft from the crag to
an unbelievable height,
And high in the heaven above it there
flicker'd a songless lark,
And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull
couldn't low, and the dog couldn't
bark
And round it we went, and thro' it, but
never a murmur, a breath—
It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it
quiet as death,
And we hated the beautiful Isle, for
whenever we strove to speak
Our voices were thinner and fainter than
any flittermouse-shriek,
And the men that were mighty of tongue
and could raise such a battle cry
That a hundred who heard it would rush
on a thousand lances and die—
O they to be dumb'd by the charm!—so
fluster'd with anger were they
They almost fell on each other, but after
we sail'd away

IV

And we came to the Isle of Shouting, we
landed, a score of wild birds
Cried from the topmost summit with
human voices and words,
Once in an hour they cried, and whenever
their voices peal'd
The steel fell down at the plow and the
harvest died from the field,
And the men dropt dead in the valleys
and half of the cattle went lame,
And the roof sank in on the hearth, and
the dwelling broke into flame,
And the shouting of these wild birds ran
into the hearts of my crew,
Till they shouted along with the shout
ing and seized one another and
slew,
But I drew them the one from the other,
I saw that we could not stay,
And we left the dead to the birds and we
sail'd with our wounded away

V

And we came to the Isle of Flowers
 their breath met us out on the seas,
 For the Spring and the middle Summer
 sat each on the lap of the breeze,
 And the red passion flower to the cliffs,
 and the dark blue clematis, clung,
 And stair'd with a myriad blossom the
 long convolvulus hung,
 And the topmost spire of the mountain
 was lilies in lieu of snow,
 And the lilies like glaciers winded down,
 running out below
 Thro' the fie of the tulip and poppy, the
 blaze of gorse, and the blush
 Of millions of roses that sprang without
 leaf or a thorn from the bush,
 And the whole isle-side flashing down
 from the peak without ever a tree
 Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky
 to the blue of the sea,
 And we roll'd upon crests of cistus and
 vaulted our kith and our kin,
 And we wallow'd in beds of lilies, and
 chanted the triumph of Finn,
 Till each like a golden image was pollen'd
 from head to feet
 And each was as dry as a cricket, with
 thirst in the middle day heat
 Blossom and blossom, and promise of
 blossom, but never a fruit!
 And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we
 hated the isle that was mute,
 And we tore up the flowers by the million
 and flung them in bight and bay,
 And we left but a naked rock, and in
 anger we sail'd away

VI

And we came to the Isle of Fruits all
 round from the cliffs and the capes,
 Purple or amber, dangled a hundred
 fathom of grapes,
 And the warm melon lay like a little sun
 on the tawny sand,
 And the fig ran up from the beach and
 dotted over the land,
 And the mountain arose like a jewell'd
 throne thro' the fragrant air,

Glowing with all colour'd plums and with
 golden masses of pear,
 And the crimson and scarlet of berries
 that flamed upon bine and vine,
 But in every berry and fruit was the
 poisonous picaresque of wine,
 And the peak of the mountain was apples,
 the hugest that ever were seen,
 And they grew, as they grew, on each other,
 with hardly a leaflet between,
 And all of them redder than rosiest health
 or than utterest shame,
 And setting, when Even descended, the
 very sunset aflame,
 And we stay'd three days, and we goiged
 and we madden'd, till every one
 drew

His sword on his fellow to slay him, and
 ever they struck and they slew,
 And myself, I had eaten but sparingly, and
 fought till I sunder'd the fiav,
 Then I bid them remember my rather's
 death, and we sul'd away

VII

And we came to the Isle of Fire we were
 lured by the light from afar,
 For the peak sent up one league of fire
 to the Northern Star,
 Lured by the glare and the blue, but
 scarcely could stand upright,
 For the whole isle shudder'd and shook
 like a man in a mortal stright,
 We were giddy besides with the fruits we
 had goiged, and so crazed that at
 last
 There were some leap'd into the fire,
 and away we sul'd, and we past
 Over that undersea isle, where the water
 is clearer than air
 Down we look'd what a garden! O
 bliss, what a Paradise there!
 Towers of a happier time, low down in
 a rainbow deep
 Silent palaces, quiet fields of eternal
 sleep!
 And three of the gentlest and best of my
 people, whate'er I could save,
 Plunged head down in the sea, and the
 Paradise trembled away

VIII

And we came to the Bounteous Isle, where
 the heavens lean low on the land,
 And ever at dawn from the cloud glitter'd
 o'er us a sunbright hand,
 Then it open'd and dropt at the side of
 each man, as he rose from his
 rest,
 Bread enough for his need till the labour
 less day dipt under the West,
 And we wander'd about it and thro' it
 O never was time so good !
 And we sang of the triumphs of Finn, and
 the boast of our ancient blood,
 And we gazed at the wandering wave as
 we sat by the guggle of springs,
 And we chanted the songs of the Bards
 and the glories of fairy kings,
 But at length we began to be weary, to
 sigh, and to stretch and yawn,
 Till we hated the Bounteous Isle and the
 sunbright hand of the dawn,
 For there was not an enemy near, but the
 whole green Isle was our own,
 And we took to playing at ball, and we
 took to throwing the stone,
 And we took to playing at battle, but
 that was a perilous play,
 For the passion of battle was in us, we
 slew and we sail'd away

IX

And we came to the Isle of Witches and
 heard their musical cry—
 'Come to us, O come, come' in the
 stormy red of a sky
 Dashing the fires and the shadows of
 dawn on the beautiful shapes,
 For a wild witch naked as heaven stood
 on each of the loftiest capes,
 And a hundred ranged on the rock like
 white sea birds in a row,
 And a hundred gamboll'd and pranced
 on the wrecks in the sand below,
 And a hundred splash'd from the ledges,
 and bosom'd the burst of the
 spray,
 But I knew we should fall on each other,
 and hastily sail'd away

X

And we came in an evil time to the Isle
 of the Double Towers,
 One was of smooth cut stone, one carved
 all over with flowers,
 But an earthquake always moved in the
 hollows under the dells,
 And they shock'd on each other and butted
 each other with clashing of bells,
 And the daws flew out of the Towers and
 jangled and wrangled in vain,
 And the clash and boom of the bells rang
 into the heart and the brain
 Till the passion of battle was on us, and
 all took sides with the Towers,
 There were some for the clean cut stone,
 there were more for the carved
 flowers,
 And the wrathful thunder of God peal'd
 over us all the day,
 For the one half slew the other, and after
 we sail'd away

XI

And we came to the Isle of a Saint who
 had sail'd with St Brendan of
 yore,
 He had lived ever since on the Isle and
 his winters were fifteen score,
 And his voice was low as from other
 worlds, and his eyes were sweet,
 And his white hair sank to his heels and
 his white beard fell to his feet,
 And he spake to me, 'O Maeldune, let
 be this purpose of thine !'
 Remember the words of the Lord when
 he told us "Vengeance is mine !"
 His fathers have slain thy fathers in war
 or in single strife,
 Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each
 taken a life for a life,
 Thy father had slain his father, how long
 shall the murder last ?
 Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer
 the Past to be Past !
 And we kiss'd the fringe of his beard and
 we pray'd as we heard him pray,
 And the Holy man he assail'd us, and
 sadly we sail'd away

XII

And we came to the Isle we were blown
from, and there on the shore was he,
The man that had slain my father I
saw him and let him be
O weary was I of the travel, the trouble,
the strife and the sin,
When I landed again, with a tithe of my
men, on the Isle of Finn

DE PROFUNDIS

THE TWO GREETINGS

I

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the
deep,
Where all that was to be, in all that was,
Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the vast
Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddyding
light—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the
deep,
Thro' all this changing world of change-
less law,
And every phase of ever heightening life,
And nine long months of antenatal gloom,
With this last moon, this crescent—her
dark orb
Touch'd with earth's light—thou comest,
darling boy,
Our own, a babe in lineament and limb
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man,
Whose face and form are his and mine
in one,
Indissolubly married like our love,
Live, and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race thy kin so well, that men
May bless thee as we bless thee, O young
life
Breaking with laughter from the dark,
and may
The fated channel where thy motion lives
Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy
course
Along the years of haste and random youth
Unshatter'd, then full-current thro' full
man,

And last in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly dying power,
To that last deep where we and thou are
still

II

I

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the
deep,
From that great deep, before our world
begins,
Whereon the Spirit of God moves as he
will—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the
deep,
From that true world within the world
we see,
Whereof our world is but the bounding
shore—
Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,
With this ninth moon, that sends the
hidden sun
Down yon dark sea, thou comest, darling
boy

I

For in the world, which is not ours, They
said
'Let us make man' and that which
should be man,
From that one light no man can look upon,
Drew to this shore lit by the suns and
moons
And all the shadows O dear Spirit
half lost
In thine own shadow and this fleshly sign
That thou art thou—who wailest being
born
And banish'd into mystery, and the pain
Of this divisible indivisible world
Among the numerable innumerable
Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite
space
In finite infinite Time—our mortal veil
And shatter'd phantom of that infinite
One,
Who made thee unconceivably Thyself
Out of His whole World self and all in
all—

Live thou ' and of the grun and hush,
 the grape
 And ivyberry, choose, and still depart
 From death to death thro' life and life,
 and find
 Nearer and ever nearer Him, who
 wrought
 Not Matter, nor the finite infinite,
 But this main-miracle, that thou art thou,
 With power on thine own act and on the
 world

THE HUMAN CRY

I

HALLOWED be Thy name—Halleluah '—
 Infinite Idealty '
 Immeasurable Reality '
 Infinite Personalty '
 Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluah '

II

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou
 and in Thee,
 We feel we are something—that also has
 come from Thee,
 We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt
 help us to be
 Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluah '

PREFATORY SONNET

TO THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY'

THOSE that of late had fled to far and fast
 To touch all shores, now leaving to the
 skull
 Of others their old craft seaworthy still,
 Have charter'd this, where, mindful of
 the past,
 Our true comrades gathered round the
 mast,
 Of diverse tongue, but with a common
 will
 Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil
 And crocus, to put forth and brave the
 blast,
 For some, descending from the sacred
 peak

Of hoar high templed Faith, have leagued
 again
 Their lot with ours to love the world
 about,
 And some are wilder comrades, sworn to
 seek
 If any golden harbour be for men
 In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of
 Doubt

TO THE REV W H BROOK-
FIELD

BROOKS, for they call'd you so that knew
 you best,
 Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth
 my rhymes,
 How oft we two have heard St. Mary's
 chimes '
 How oft the Cantab supper, host and
 guest,
 Would echo helpless laughter to your
 jest '
 How oft with him we paced that walk of
 limes,
 Him, the lost light of those dawn golden
 times,
 Who loved you well ' Now both are gone
 to rest
 You man of humorous melancholy mark,
 Dead of some inward agony—is it so ?
 Our kindlier, trustier Jaques, past away '
 I cannot laud this life, it looks so dark
Σκιδs εναρ—dream of a shadow, go—
 God bless you I shall join you in a
 day

MONTENEGRO

THEY rose to where their *ορν* eagle
 sails,
 They kept their faith, then freedom, on
 the height,
 Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and
 night
 Against the Turk, whose inroad nowhere
 scales
 Their headlong passes, but his footstep
 fals,

And red with blood the Crescent see's
from fight
Before then dauntless hundreds, in prone
flight
By thousands down the crags and thro'
the vales
O smallest among peoples' rough rock
throne
Of Freedom ' warriors beating back the
swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernogoia ' never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake
the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier moun-
taineers

TO VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR in Drama, Victor in Romance,
Cloud weaver of phantasmal hopes and
fears,

French of the French, and Lord of human
tears,
Child lover, Bud whose fame lit laurels
glance
Darkening the wreaths of all that would
advance,
Beyond our strut, then claim to be thy
peer,
Weird Titan by thy winter weight of
years
As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of
France!
Who dost not love our England—so they
say,
I know not—England, France, all man
to be
Will make one people ere mine race be
run
And I, desiring that divine day,
Yield thee full thanks for thy full
courtesy
To younger England in the boy my son

TRANSLATIONS, ETC

BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH

Constantinus King of the Scots, after having
sworn allegiance to Athelstan, allied himself with
the Danes of Ireland under Anlaf, and invading
England was defeated by Athelstan and his
brother Edmund with great slaughter at Brunan-
burh in the year 937

I

ATHELSTAN King,
Lord among Eangs,
Bracelet bestower and
Son of Barons,
He with his brother,
Edmund Atheling,
Gaining a lifelong
Glory in battle,
Slew with the sword edge
There by Brunanburh,

¹ I have more or less availed myself of my
son's prose translation of this poem in the *Con-*
temporary Review (November 1876)

Break the shield wall,
Hev'd the lindenwood,²
Hack'd the battiesheld,
Sons of Edward with hamme d brands

II

Thens was a greatness
Got from their Gandsnes—
Thens thit so often in
Strife with then enemies
Struck for then hounds and then hearths
and then homes

III

Bow a the spouer,
Born the Scotsman,
Full the shipcraes
Doom'd to the death
All the field with blood of the fighteas
Flow'd, from when first the great
Sun star of morningtide,
Shields of lindenwood

Lamp of the Loid God
 Loid everlasting,
 Glode over eath till the glorious creatue
 Sank to his setting

IV

There lay many a man
 Marr'd by the javelin,
 Men of the Northland
 Shot over shield
 There was the Scotsman
 Weary of war

V

We the West Saxons,
 Long as the daylight
 Lasted, in companies
 Troubled the track of the host that we
 hated,
 Grimly with swords that were shaip from
 the grindstone,
 Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before
 us

VI

Mighty the Mercian,
 Hard was his hand play,
 Spairng not any of
 Those that with Anlaf,
 Warriors over the
 Weltering waters
 Borne in the bairk's bosom,
 Drew to this island
 Doom'd to the death

VII

Five young kings put asleep by the sword
 stroke,
 Seven strong Earls of the army of Anlaf
 Fell on the war-field, numberless numbers,
 Shipmen and Scotsmen

VIII

Then the Norse leader,
 Dire was his need of it,
 Few were his following,
 Fled to his warship
 Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king
 in it,
 Saving his life on the fallow flood

IX

Also the crafty one,
 Constantinus,
 Crept to his North again,
 Hoar headed hero¹

X

Slender wariant had
 He to be proud of
 The welcome of war knives—
 He that was reft of his
 Folk and his friends that had
 Fallen in conflict,
 Leaving his son too
 Lost in the carnage,
 Mangled to morsels,
 A youngster in war¹

XI

Slender reason had
 He to be glad of
 The clash of the war glaive—
 Traitor and trickster
 And spurner of treaties—
 He nor had Anlaf
 With armies so broken
 A reason for bragging
 That they had the better
 In perils of battle
 On places of slaughter—
 The struggle of standards,
 The rush of the javelins,
 The crash of the charges,¹
 The wielding of weapons—
 The play that they play'd with
 The children of Edward

XII

Then with their mail'd prowess
 Parted the Norsemen,²
 Blood reddened relic of
 Javelins over
 The jarring breaker, the deep
 sea billow,
 Shaping their way toward Dy
 fen² again,
 Shamed in their souls

¹ Lit 'the gathering of men' ² Dublin

XIII

Also the brethien,
King and Atheling,
Each in his glory,
Went to his own in his own West Saxon
land,
Glad of the war

XIV

Many a carcase they left to be carrion,
Many a livid one, many a sallow skin—
Left for the white-tail'd eagle to tear it,
and
Left for the horny nibb'd raven to rend
it, and
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge
it, and
That gray beast, the wolf of the weald

XV

Never had huge
Slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge—
Such as old writers
Have writ of in histories—
Hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither
Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow
Broke into Britain with
Haughty war workers who
Harried the Welshman, when
Earls that were lured by the
Hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land

ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH

— ILIAD, XVIII 202

So saying, light foot Irs pass'd away
Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus, and
round
The warrior's puissant shoulder Pallas
flung
Her fanged ægis, and around his head
The glorious goddess wreath'd a golden
cloud,

And from it lighted an all shining
flame
As when a smoke from a city goes to
heaven
Far off from out an island girt by foes,
All day the men contend in grievous
war
From their own city, but with set of
sun
Their fires flame thickly, and aloft the
glare
Flies streaming, if perchance the neigh-
bours round
May see, and sail to help them in the
war,
So from his head the splendour went to
heaven
From wall to dyke he stept, he stood,
nor join'd
The Achæans—honouring his wise
mother's word—
There standing, shouted, and Pallas far
away
Call'd, and a boundless panic shook the
foe
For like the clear voice when a trumpet
shuils,
Blown by the fierce beleaguereis of a
town,
So rang the clear voice of Æakidēs,
And when the brazen cry of Æakidēs
Was heard among the Trojans, all their
hearts
Were troubled, and the full maned horses
whirl'd
The chariots backward, knowing griefs
at hand,
And sheer astounded were the charioteers
To see the dread, unwearable fire
That always o'er the great Peleion's
head
Burn'd, for the bright eyed goddess made
it burn
Thence from the dyke he sent his mighty
shout,
Thrice backward reel'd the Trojans and
allies,
And there and then twelve of their noblest
died
Among their spears and chariots

TO PRINCESS FREDERICA
ON HER MARRIAGE

O YOU that were eyes and light to the
King till he past away
From the darkness of life—
He saw not his daughter—he blest her
the blind King sees you to day,
He blesses the wife

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN
ON THE CENOTAPH IN WESTMINSTER
ABBEY

NOT here ' the white North has thy
bones, and thou,
Heroic sailor soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole

TO DANTE

(WRITTEN AT REQUEST OF THE
FLORENTINES)

KING, that hast reign'd six hundred years,
and grown
In power, and ever growest, since thine
own
Fair Florence honouring thy nativity,
Thy Florence now the crown of Italy,
Hath sought the tribute of a verse from
me,
I, wearing but the garland of a day,
Cast at thy feet one flower that fades
away

THE END.

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